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Z. P. NIKOLAKI

A Talk With the President—By Samuel G. Blythe

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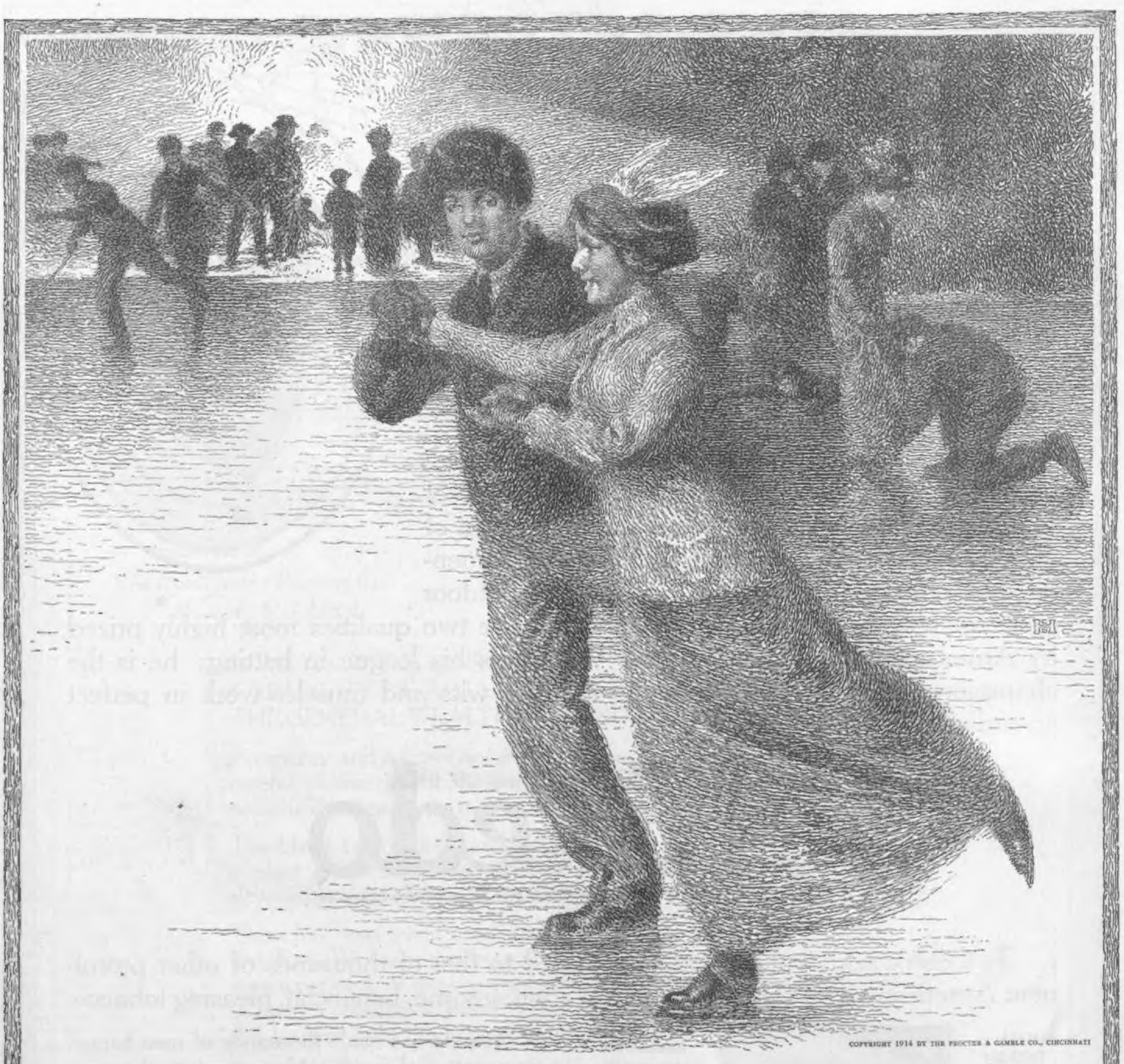

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A TALK WITH THE PRESIDENT

Wherein Sundry Phases of His Job are Considered

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE first time I knew I had made an appreciable impression in politics, the first time I felt even passably sure I was getting on, was when I was running for governor and was touring the northern part of New Jersey.

"We say, over there, that New Jersey is a bag, tied round by a string in the middle—the northern half and the southern half rather dissimilar in many characteristics, and the Pennsylvania Railroad representing the string. I was on my tour, making my speeches and meeting the voters. At one town, after I had spoken and was greeting my audience, a big, beefy, hearty fellow came up to me, gave me a tremendous thump on the back and roared:

"'Doc, you're all right!'"

The President swung his right arm through the air to illustrate the blow, and gave a fine, robust imitation of the voice of his energetic supporter. Then he laughed, and I laughed; and the President said: "At that moment I felt sure I had arrived."

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Far From Being Aloof From the People, His Passion is the People—the Real People

We were sitting in his private study on the second floor of the White House at eight of an evening in early December. He had just completed his address to Congress and had sent it to the printer; and his desk was still littered with scraps of paper on which there were notes in his minute handwriting, with books and documents and all the paraphernalia for address making.

The President had taken the chair he uses for his work at the desk. He had pulled it round and had asked me to take a seat near by. He slid easily into a most comfortable attitude, with one hand in a trousers pocket and the elbow of his other arm resting on the arm of the chair. He leaned back in the chair, crossed his legs, made a sort of circle of the thumb and first finger of the hand not pocketed, and peered at me through the circle. There was a twinkle in his eye.

"Now," he said, "what shall we talk about?"

"Well," I suggested tentatively, "the world is full of a number of things."

"It is," he replied; "but a good many of them are not talkable subjects at the present time."

So we took preparedness for war, and business, and currency, and trusts, and Mexico, and the shipping problem, and rural credits, and the European war—especially the European war—and set them up on the mantelpiece—squat, grouchy little manikins of pressing problems that had been and are pressing—and left them, in a scowling, uneasy row, to jostle one another and growl over the lack of appreciation of their importance, and went gayly to our talk, regardless of the mutterings of the grouchy pressing-problem manikins and their efforts to edge themselves into the conversation.

That was last night. And this morning, as I am writing, I have taken some more things and put them alongside the others. I have set up there what was said about the philosophy and psychology of politics; of the vitality and adaptability of the Constitution; of motives of various persons; of the maneuvering of various intrigants; of numerous abstract considerations and corollaries—because I want to write a human document about one of the most human men I ever met or knew.

There is a general disposition to regard the President as a thinking machine, as a large and brilliant but gelid intellect, incased in a nonresponsive and highly insulated covering. He is thought of and talked of as mostly brains—and cold, analytical, logical brains at that; and there can be no denying that he has those commodities in full supply. The other side of him is not so generally known, principally because his rise in public life has been so rapid and his transfer from academy to arena occurred so few years ago.

Wherefore, it seems about the proper time to set down the fact here that Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, is one of the most kindly, courteous, considerate, genial and companionable of men; that, so far from being aloof from the people, his passion is the people—the real people—and his sole desire is to serve them so long as his term of office shall continue, and afterward in such measure as he may. He holds his position to be that of a man connected with his fellow men by a peculiar relationship of responsibility, and the vivid sense of that responsibility is doubtless accountable for the impression of aloofness. However, that is not what I started out to say. The point that presses at this time is that the President of the United States weighs one hundred and seventy-six pounds, and that those one hundred and seventy-six pounds are mostly bone and muscle. There is not an ounce of excess baggage in the way of flesh about him. He lives out-of-doors as much as he can. His face is tanned and so are his sinewy hands. His eye is bright and clear. His laugh is hearty and unaffected. His spirit is good. He is buoyantly healthy. He sleeps well, eats well, works hard, and plays whenever he has a chance.

His principal recreation is golf. He plays every day, usually with Doctor Grayson, and goes to most of the links about Washington.

"I suppose," I said, "you are a good golf player?"

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

So I told him of a great millionaire I had seen playing golf once—playing with a personal attendant. The great millionaire would take his stance, waggle his club, contort himself in the most approved style, and make his wallop at the ball. It would dribble along a few yards or slice into the rough; and the personal attendant would assume an attitude of intense admiration and exclaim:

"Well played, sir; a marvelous shot!"

"I reckon," I said, "the President of the United States cannot fail—publicly—to be a good golfer."

"No," he replied; "I suppose not. I remember that, not long ago, when I played at Piping Rock, the papers said I went round in a highly sensational eighty. The fact was, that day was one of the worst golf days I have had since I began, and it took me one hundred and forty-six strokes to make the round.

"Golf," he continued, "is my physical and mental barometer. I know how I feel when I begin to play. For example, last night I worked until midnight on my address to Congress. There was a certain portion of it that I wanted to get into a satisfying shape, and I found it difficult to express my ideas. I toiled over it; and when I went to bed I suppose the wheels of my mind kept whirring, for I was not particularly refreshed this morning. I did not notice it when I got up; but when I went to the first tee I soon found I was not in form, and it was not until I had foozled over three holes that I got back, forgot everything and began to enjoy the game.

"Before I took up golf I used to ride my bicycle a great deal. I said then that I knew the state of my nerves by the condition of my legs as soon as I mounted my wheel.

If I started off jauntily I was all right; but if I found it an effort there was something wrong. I enjoyed riding a bicycle," he said. "To my mind there is nothing more pleasant than to ride through an agreeable countryside, not hampered by any set itinerary or forced to go anywhere you do not want to go. It was always my plan to go where I wanted to, and to make no provision for the morrow. When I got up I would select some place and make that journey in an entirely hit-or-miss spirit of vagabondia.

"I rode my bicycle in Europe several times, and reached many places rarely seen by the tourists—little out-of-the-way corners; and the experiences were delightful. I liked to meet and talk and perhaps journey with the other vagabonds on the road, who, free from all sense of responsibility, went where they liked and when they liked, and were always prepared for whatever adventure might ensue.

"I like to be with people, to rub elbows with them. It must be a very ordinary crowd not to interest me. Nothing bores me so much as a conventional assemblage, and nothing interests me so much as a crowd of people on a street—any street—who are just human beings, filled with human passions and joys and sorrows, and not trying to be what they are not.

"When I was at Johns Hopkins I walked a great deal. My companions were always surprised because I did not prefer to go into the country, to walk with them out in the open. Instead, I always insisted on plunging down to where there were the most people, to mingle with them and talk with them, and observe them, and have a good time with them. When you walk in the country the stillness and the aloneness of it press back on you, push you back into yourself; but in the crowd on the city street you can get out of yourself, and can perhaps get into the spirit of the people, who are the Nation."

He stopped and looked out the window at the full moon, which was aiding the searchlight to make the Washington Monument a massive shaft of silver.

After a moment I elucidated one of my pet theories of golf, to the effect that no person of great imagination can be a crack golfer; because, instead of keeping his mind on the ball and his eye on it, and attending strictly to the business of hitting the ball, the imaginative person fails to think of what he should do to the ball, but makes a mental picture of what he shall do to it; fancies it flying straight and true for two hundred yards. Whereas the golfer with no imagination thinks only of the business at hand, which is hitting the ball.

The President laughed.

"I must have a highly gifted imagination then," he said. "But isn't it a satisfying game? There is nothing I know of that gives a man more pride of accomplishment than a good drive or a good approach, or a shot well played."

Studies in Brassy Shots

"LATELY I have been trying to master the brassy; and on one links I made a wonderful shot one day. Every time I walk over that spot I have a thrill of pleasure, of pride of accomplishment. Only to-day I waited, at the club where I was playing, for a foursome to get away. One of the men made a remarkable drive. It was a beauty—two hundred and twenty-five yards I am sure, and straight down the middle. I fancy it was not a customary sort of drive for him; but, whether it was or not, you could see the pride in that man's legs as he walked away. His legs radiated pride, and so did his back. He had accomplished something.

"My chief golf fault is that I raise my eyes just before I finish my stroke. You see, when I began to play it was difficult to get caddies and I was forced to caddie for myself. Inasmuch as I had ample use for all my funds, the question of lost balls was of moment; so I grew into the habit of raising my eyes to watch the course of the ball, for if I didn't I knew I should lose ball after ball. That fault is pretty firmly implanted in me and it interferes with my progress."

I told him of a certain distinguished member of the Supreme Court of the United States who took up golf. In discussing his progress the eminent jurist said:

"I have taken many lessons from the professional. He assures me that my form is perfect; but," he added ruefully, "I cannot hit the ball."

"There's a commentary on Washington!" said the President. "There are so many men about here whose form is perfect,

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY. TAKEN WHILE MR. WILSON WAS GOVERNOR

His Principal Recreation is Golf

but who cannot hit the ball. That's all this amounts to—hitting the ball—hitting the ball. And that reminds me," he continued, leaning forward in his chair and laughing—"that reminds me of a man I knew, a relative of Mrs. Wilson's whom we called the Colonel, who wanted to learn golf. He was at one of the clubs in the South; and he went to the grounds keeper and told him he desired the poorest caddie of the lot.

"'I don't want one of those wise ones,' he said. 'You give me the worst one you have, and I'll teach him to caddie my way; and he can give me such information as I need.'

"So they gave him a short, squat negro they called Elephant, a big hulk of a boy with not a gleam of sense apparently. The Colonel started off. He made a sort of drive and proceeded to where the ball lay, tagged by Elephant. He found the ball in a depression. Elephant handed him an iron. The Colonel looked at the iron and looked at Elephant. He surveyed the ball. Then he turned to Elephant and shouted:

"'What'll I do, boy? What'll I do?'

"'Hit the ball, suh!' said Elephant. 'Hit the ball!'

"That's the philosophy of politics—of everything!" And the President sat back in his chair. "Hit the ball; hit it as well as you can—but hit it!"

The President Speaking in Independence Square, Philadelphia, July 4th, 1914

Since I had been in that room before, they had hung a fine, big American flag on the wall—a flag about six feet long. I asked about it.

"They gave me that flag at the unveiling of the Kearny Statue," the President said; "and I hung it there on the wall."

The conversation drifted along, touching on some things naturally connected with topics then pressing, and not unconnected, in a way, with the flag. And just here I want to say that President Wilson is the most conscientiously neutral man of all neutral men concerning the war in Europe. I talked with him intimately for more than two hours, and there was not a syllable from him about the great war; not an intimation that he knew there was a war; not an opinion or a comment, though he has forty war problems before him every day.

And, of course, the talk came to politics. I said that, in my opinion, and from my experience, the actuating motives in politics are vanity and jealousy.

"Yes," the President replied; "that is true—or egotism, rather, which amounts to the same thing. My father was a Presbyterian minister and all that implies in the very highest sense. On Sunday afternoons, after his sermon in the morning, he used to lie down on the couch by the fire. I would sit on the rug beside him and we would have wonderful talks. He told me once, I remember, when discussing this subject, that the old casuists had resolved all sins into the one great sin of egotism, because that consists in putting oneself before God."

He made a wry face.

The Essence of Political Greatness

"I DON'T suppose," he said, "that any man has greater opportunity than I to discover that the predominant trait in humans and in politics is vanity—egotism—the exaltation of self. This recalls a visit I had recently from a most able man, a man I have known for years, who is genuinely talented, highly cultured, affable and conscientious, and honest and correct in his usual relations with men. Still, when anything comes that bears any relation to himself—to his exalted ego—he forgets every principle he has, and forestalls all his culture and all his kindness to get for himself what he deems he deserves, because of his intense egotism.

"I found this out long before I went into public life. I discovered it soon after I became the head of Princeton, and it has been impressed on me more and more in my service as Governor of New Jersey and in my service here. The truly great politician—the statesman—you know, is the man who can take an impersonal view of politics—the impersonal view."

"But," I interrupted, "you do not find many of that kind, do you?"

"I think," the President replied, "that every really great man in politics, either in this country or abroad, was impersonal in his relations to his politics and his place. Take Lincoln, for example. You remember the stories of his troubles with Stanton, his Secretary of War? One of them is that once, when Lincoln sent an order to Stanton, Stanton tore up the order, refused to obey it, and said to the messenger:

"'You go back and tell Lincoln he is a damned fool!'

"The man went back and told Mr. Lincoln.

"'Did Stanton say I am a damned fool?' the President asked.

"'He did.'

"'Well,' said Lincoln, 'Stanton generally knows what he is talking about.'

"That's what I mean," continued the President earnestly—"the power to subtract one's personality from the subject at hand. It is more necessary here than elsewhere. One cannot consider these problems as an individual. One must consider them impersonally, as an executive, appointed for a certain time to administer the office he holds, with due regard to the requirements of the people, and not in any sense with regard to his own predilections or prejudices or passions. I am responsible for running the Government as best I know how; but I am not the Government. The people are the Government."

"I heard Premier Asquith say practically the same thing," I said.

"Yes," continued the President; "but we have the better of Asquith in a way. Asquith is more vitally the government of

(Continued on Page 37)

THE DOUBLE CROSS

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE express train, as it pounded southward toward the city, had left the river station far behind it before the passenger in the front seat of the smoker, up ahead, ventured to take a look about him. The young man's shyness, however, was not altogether due to modesty. By nature not in the least retiring, there were other, more practical reasons why he sought to avoid attention. One was the presence in the car of a thickset, bull-necked person in a straw hat and a business suit. Another was the clothes the young man himself had on. They were enough to make anyone self-conscious.

July was already well on its way toward August, yet, in spite of the heat and humidity that made the car like a cookstove, the suit he wore was of black serge, as stiff and heavy as armor. A fur overcoat could not have been more conspicuous. Then, too, there was his hat, a battered derby that sagged loosely. However, as is often pointed out, clothes do not make the man; and, whatever his attire, one would have remarked his face. Narrow, pale—queerly colorless, in fact—it was expressively knowing. One saw that now, as he turned to look furtively about him. The wisdom of many ages gleamed in its alert eyes.

His glance, as it drifted along the car, edged from seat to seat until it dwelt on that other passenger; then it swiftly leaped away. Afterward the black serge suit slouched down among the cushions, a shapeless huddle, its shoulders hunched, its trouser legs tucked up beneath it. The train, speeding on, was trundling across the Harlem River before the man in the smoker's front seat ventured to look again. And as he did he gasped.

The other had seen him! More than that, after a momentary gleam of comprehension he had risen and was lurching up the aisle. A moment later a voice grunted, "Hello, son!" and at the same time a hand tapped the young man's shoulder.

Zinsky leaped as though he had been shot. A stifled cry escaped him; and the other, as he looked down at the white face and darting eyes, grinned covertly. The spectacle seemed somehow to amuse him. Then, with a jerk of his thumb—"Move along there, bo!" he directed—he motioned Zinsky to make room on the seat beside him.

"Going home for a while, ain't you?" he suggested.

Fright still shook Zinsky; but, though it did, he stared with instinctive impudence.

"What's it to you?" he growled.

The other did not raise his voice. When he spoke, however, there was a note in his tone not to be mistaken.

"Move over there!" he repeated, and Zinsky moved. It was done as swiftly as though he dodged a missile. "That's right; be good!" the big man complimented; and, grunting, he sat down. Then, with another jerk of his thumb, he indicated Zinsky's clothes—the suit of black boardlike serge. "Back at the station, son, I wised y'r duds—them Sing Sing hand-me-downs; but your face I'd forgotten. What was it you was in for—huh?" His look inquiring, he was still gazing at Zinsky when the pale, narrow face was suddenly convulsed.

"Say," shrilled Zinsky, though he took care it was not too loud, "what're you putting over? You ain't got anything on me!"

The other merely repeated his question:

"What was it now, young feller? Fobbing? Upstairs work?"

Tears of impotent anger choked Zinsky, but after a moment he controlled himself.

"It was a house job, Horgan," he growled sulkily; "you made the pinch yourself."

Horgan recalled it now.

"That's right," he nodded; "you're Flatfoot Eddy, I remember. They gave you five years, didn't they?"

"Yes—and it was a plant, too!" Zinsky retorted bitterly. "You and one o' y'r stools fixed it up on me. You got me five years f'r it!"

Horgan's eyes twinkled amusedly.

"So I did! So I did!" he chuckled; and Zinsky, muttering, sank lower in his seat.

To get pinched was bad enough, but to drop for a stool pigeon's plant—ugh! He was still scowling, his face contorted, when Bull Horgan's elbow nudged him in the ribs.

"Say," said Horgan, his tone affable, "I've got a little proposition I'm going to make to you."

A proposition? Zinsky's head lopped lower between his shoulders. He knew what sort of an offer a bull like Horgan had to make; and he was grinning mockingly when Horgan's hand slipped out and closed on his wrist. At its practiced touch, Zinsky writhed.

"You be good!" said Horgan, and he smiled. "Now listen while I tell you."

"Say, What D'ye Think of Your Uncle Dudley Now?"

So, perforce, Zinsky listened. It was as he had expected. If Zinsky would be reasonable, Horgan would be a kind friend to him. If Zinsky would not, though, Horgan would pick him up the first time he saw him.

"Y'understand, don't you?" said Horgan. "What I want's easy, and there'll be a little money in it too."

In other words, what Horgan proposed was that Zinsky should become his stool pigeon. He was, in fact, still proposing it when the train rolled into the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Station.

"Now mind," said Horgan as he rose, "you'd better think it over. I'll be at the front office all the morning."

"All right," answered Zinsky wearily; "maybe I'll phone you there."

Then Horgan departed. The train, pulling out of the station, had hardly started on its way toward Forty-second Street when a curious change swept over Zinsky's face. He grinned first; then a titter of merriment escaped him.

"The big stiff!" he grunted to himself. "The big cheese!" Then a sneer—a scowl—wrinkled up his pallid countenance. He become a stool pigeon? He fall for Horgan's dirty money? His face was for the moment expressive. Horgan could go chase himself!

It was a little curious, perhaps. The fact is, however, the old saw still holds good: There is honor even among thieves—that is, small thieves, the little dips like Zinsky. In his opinion no depth of infamy equaled the baseness of double-crossing a pal. He had never snitched on a side partner any more than he had ever held out on the swag. The two, by his lights, were unforgivable.

But then, as has been said, Zinsky was only a little thief. He had yet to tread the higher walks of his somewhat extensive profession.

The train, pulling into Forty-second Street, had come slowly to a stop; and rising, Zinsky slouched toward the door. Outside, the platform was crowded. The passengers, all in their usual haste, were hurrying toward the street. Zinsky was in no hurry, though. He had time to spare; and, his hands in his pockets, his shoulders hunched to his ears, he was drifting through the gateway when a man behind him first trod on his heels, then as roughly jostled him aside. Zinsky wheeled in wrath.

"Say," he snapped, "who're you walking over?"

The man, a portly individual with dull eyes and a scrubby iron-gray mustache, did not even bother to reply. After a scowl he stalked on grimly, mingling with the crowd. But for the fear of some lurking bull, Zinsky would have been tempted to hand him a wallop in the ribs. The fat josser! His face sour, he hobbled through the gateway. There, in the street, all New York roared by, its voice alluring. Zinsky abruptly halted.

His plans were, for the moment, vague. The boys, of course—the old gang—would be waiting for him; but then there was no need of hurry. Before he went out on a job again he meant to lie by for a rest. It would not do, either, for him to get busy too soon. The bulls knew he was out again; besides which, there was Horgan. Once he guessed Zinsky had given him the laugh Horgan would be fierce.

A lot Zinsky cared, though! He had a ten-dollar bill in his kick—his jeans—and with this he would have a feed first; then a bit of a good time—a trip to Coney, maybe. The prison had given him the money. Like the clothes, his suit of cast-iron serge, it was a gift devised by a beneficent state to start him anew in life; and, debating idly, his eye on a quick-lunch place opposite, Zinsky slipped a hand into his trouser pocket. Instantly a cry escaped him. The ten-dollar bill was gone!

The street, for one giddy moment, swam about him, whirling like a merry-go-round. Gone! Money meant life to Zinsky—it was the blood and bone, the very thews and marrow, of existence; and as he stood there, stricken, all at once the realization burst on him:

The man in the station! The portly man with the dull eyes and scrubby mustache—he was the one! When he had bumped into Zinsky he had at the same time, of course, frisked him of his money.

The individual, his haste no longer evident, had crossed the street and for the moment was dawdling along in the crowd. Zinsky, as he plunged after him, for one brief moment thought the fellow meant to ply his trade anew. But no! Instead of slyly reaching for a leather or frisking some passer-by of his fob, the stout one paused and with a chubby finger signaled a passing taxicab. At the same instant a cop turned the corner; and the man, as he saw him, nodded idly. In turn, the cop touched a finger to his helmet.

Zinsky halted.

The thing, of course, was evident. The fat man was some big guy—one of the swell mob, naturally—or he would not be riding round in a gas-bucker. As for the cop's civility, that, too, was plain. The cop stood in with the big guy and was getting a rake-off to let him work the neighborhood. This being the case, Zinsky knew too much to make a beef about his ten-spot now. Why, the first minute he peeped, the cop would fan him out of the precinct! So with a sour grin he stood watching while the cab drove up to the curb. Evidently its driver knew the man too.

"Down town, sir?" he inquired.

"Wall Street," the fare responded.

The cop passed on, the man got into the cab; and Zinsky still stood rooted to the spot. There went his money! There went his breakfast too! There went his good time down at Coney! The cab, barking and spluttering as it started, shot away from the curb. Then Zinsky woke. A moment later, in a jam of traffic at the corner, he caught up with the smoking taxi. When it sped on again he was clinging perilously to its back.

Quick wits were a requirement of Zinsky's regular profession, and, brief as the time had been, he had already made his plans. The ten-dollar bill, he had no doubt, was tucked in that big dip's pocket. Therefore he meant to wait until he got him alone. Then the guy would either cough up willingly—a courtesy among brother professionals—or Zinsky intended to make him. During the ride, however, there were moments when he almost abandoned his purpose.

The first came early: At Thirty-fourth Street a traffic cop put up his hand; and the cab, abruptly stopping, very nearly threw Zinsky under its wheels. At Fourteenth Street that again occurred. Then at Spring Street another peril tried him: This was a dray that very nearly impaled him on its pole. There were other happenings also. At Canal Street another taxicab drew in behind, and for three blocks its driver amused himself by threatening Zinsky's shins with its mud guards. Then at Reade Street a boy took a shot at him with a half-rotten apple. Its aim was good, and Zinsky was still cursing when a truck driver reached playfully for him with his whiplash. Zinsky yelled, and the drayman drove on, heartily pleased. Meantime inside the cab the portly fare, a huge cigar between his teeth, had opened a morning paper and was

studying its financial columns. Zinsky would have wondered had he seen him.

It was at Fulton Street, however, that Zinsky faced the most serious peril of his ride. That thoroughfare, the northern boundary of the financial district, is otherwise distinguished. It is a dead line established by the police. No crook—or, rather, none that the cops can deal with—is allowed in the quarter south of it; and as the cab passed the crossing three bulls, all Central Office men, stood idling on the corner. What is more, the three, as the cab went by, saw Zinsky.

Whether they knew him, though, is neither here nor there. Zinsky did not wait to see. It was enough that they had sighted him; and, dropping from the cab, he took to his heels and ran.

There was no pursuit. Had there been, Zinsky soon would have distanced it. Fast as he had run, however, the cab, with a spurt, had gone faster; and as Zinsky, still running, turned out of Broadway into Wall Street it was drawing up at the curb at least a block ahead of him.

A moment later it halted. Then, its door opening, the man inside alighted. He trod rapidly up the steps of a near-by office building and disappeared within.

That was Zinsky's chance.

It was a principle—a precept—which the Honorable James P. Carver, president of the New York, Back Bay & Eastern System, long had observed, that it is the early bird which catches the worm. Consequently every weekday morning in the year he made it a point to be at his office betimes. To-day the president was exceptionally prompt. The road's directors were to meet at ten o'clock; and, with this in mind, he had hurried. Half past nine was just striking as he entered the company's board room by the private entrance at the back.

The room, at the moment, was empty. However, having hung up his hat in a spacious clothes closet by the door, Mr. Carver crossed to another door directly opposite. This, opening on his private office, led to a large anteroom beyond; but Mr. Carver did not proceed so far. Arriving at his desk, he plumped his portly figure into the depths of a cushioned chair; then he pressed a bell button at his side. In response, Jarvis, the president's private secretary, glided hurriedly into view.

He was a young man with an elderly air, a large nose, eyeglasses, and the habitual notebook of his calling. Opening this as he approached, Jarvis ventured a timid:

"Good morning, sir."

"Huh!" returned the president. Then, in the same agreeable tone, Mr. Carver inquired: "Any word from Marker?"

"Not since last night, sir," answered Jarvis; whereat his employer grunted.

"What's London?" he demanded.

"Oh, weak, sir—very!" replied Jarvis. "Back Bay opened an eighth under the close. Now it's 91¾, sir—weak; very weak."

"Damn Back Bay!" said the president. "I mean P. & M."

The road was a traffic rival of the N. Y., B. B. & E.; and Jarvis' voice, in its anxiety, broke like a schoolboy's.

"Oh, yes, sir—P. & M., sir. Why, quite weak; quite weak too. It's sold down to 88, sir!"

"Take a telegram," grunted Mr. Carver.

His fingers awkward, Jarvis pawed the pages of his notebook. He was, in fact, still pawing them when speech burst from the president, rattling like a machine gun:

"Jonas Marker Holybrook Mass. market firm no change close instantly with parties eight-eight wire reply and will expect your answer early James P. Carver—that's all, Jarvis; private code and bring all copies to me."

Jarvis, his face moist from his agitated effort to keep up, said:

"Yes, sir." And he was hurrying away when again the president spoke:

"Anyone outside?"

"Four of the directors, sir," said Jarvis—"Mr. Plum; Mr. Biggott; Mr. ——"

"Plum, eh?" said the president alertly.

"Yes, sir," answered Jarvis—"Mr. Plum; Mr. Biggott; Mr. Weevle ——"

"Huh! Do they know I'm here?" asked his employer. Jarvis said "No," when the president again emitted a grunt: "I'll see Plum. Tell him he's wanted on the phone; then bring him in by the back door. If those others ask for me, say I'm on my way down town."

As Jarvis departed Mr. Carver rose and stamped across the room. A stock ticker, necessarily a part of the equipment in every well-regulated railroad office, clacked and clattered there; and the president inspected its tape. Then he grinned. London was still selling Back Bay; and the price had sagged to 91. His face radiant, the Back Bay's able executive was ambling back to his desk when a door opposite the anteroom was opened and a visitor entered, his gait dignified.

"Good morning, James," he greeted Mr. Carver.

The gentleman was Mr. Plum, one of the road's most active directors. A tall, elderly person, lean-faced and spare of figure, his air was for the moment strangely at variance with his appearance, which was ministerial. A frock coat, a string tie and a high hat comprised his attire, and as he placed the hat on Mr. Carver's desk a gleam of merriment, as transitory as a ray of Arctic sunshine, lighted his craggy features; in fact, one almost suspected that Mr. Plum was grinning.

Evidently the president thought so, too, for after a stare he started.

"Hello! What's eating you, Plum?" he inquired.

Mr. Plum, with a brief inclination of his head, indicated the adjoining anteroom.

"I have been—er—conversing with Mr. Biggott and—yes, also with my dear friends, Weevle and Grote."

What he had been conversing about, however, the president did not wait to learn. Rising hurriedly, he gave vent to a sibilant "Sh-h-h!" After which, with a chubby forefinger he beckoned Mr. Plum to step into the adjacent board room. Mr. Plum did so. Then the president discreetly

"Move Along There, Bo!"

closed the door. "You want to be careful, Plum," he warned. "You don't want them to hear you!"

Mr. Plum for a moment smiled sorely.

"I was merely saying," he observed, "that I had been—er—conversing with my dear friends, Grote and Weevle; ah, yes, and Mr. Biggott. It was most amusing, I assure you!"

"Huh?" inquired Mr. Carver.

"Most!" said Mr. Plum. "The three have just informed me they are buying at the market all the Back Bay offered."

"Sho!" the president exclaimed.

"Indeed, yes!" averred Mr. Plum, and seemed to swallow thickly. "And that isn't the cream of it either! That last block—that last ten thousand we—er—dumped last night on the market—they—er—they were the ones who bought it!"

"No!"

"Ah, yes!"

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" guffawed Mr. Carver.

Inside the narrow clothes closet the air had grown stifling. The dust, too, at every movement rose in a strangling cloud, its torture adding to the heat, to the painful struggle for breath. Zinsky, too, was very nearly blinded by the sweat that poured down his streaming face. Suffering as he was, though, he did not dare to move.

The room was vacant when he entered it, but the instant he closed its door behind him voices in the room adjoining warned him to be on his guard. He was, in fact, just about to beat it when a footfall in the corridor outside filled him with sudden panic. His retreat cut off, he had bolted like a rabbit into the clothes closet's narrow depths.

By now, however, a dim suspicion of the truth had begun to dawn on the young man's mind. That the big guy was a dip—that is, just a common dip—he was no longer so sure. The room, the long mahogany table, the row of upholstered chairs round it—these and the thick, costly rug on the floor had all combined to puzzle him. Why, the joint was as swell as a barroom. That's right! Even the cuspidors were silver plated.

What kind of a swell crib the joint was, though, Zinsky could not imagine; and, bending forward, he was about to slip from the closet when the big guy, followed by another, came darting into the room.

Breathless, Zinsky watched them, his eye glued to a chink in the woodwork. The two, it appeared, were for some reason bubbling with merriment.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" Zinsky heard the big guy loudly guffaw; and then, in the same high spirits, he slapped his companion on the back. "Say," he chuckled, "what d'ye think of your Uncle Dudley now?"

For a moment the big guy's pal seemed unable to answer. The slap on his back had been an energetic one, and as he choked and gurgled, catching at his breath, his Adam's apple ran up and down his long, lean throat like a squirrel in a hickory tree.

Zinsky peered at him, bewildered. The only dip he had ever seen dressed like this was Slim Galleher, a swell con man he had known. Slim's game was to read up the death notices in the paper; then he would go round to the house and collect on a Bible he alleged the deceased had not paid for. But then, what would a Bible-weeper need of a crib so swell as this?

Zinsky, his eye to the crack, was still debating when the thin guy caught his breath and spoke.

"James," he inquired, "have you wired Marker?"

There was in his voice, as he spoke, a note of uneasiness that even Zinsky noted; and the big guy, too, seemed to catch it. At any rate, his chuckles abruptly ended.

"Marker? Wire Marker? Why, sure!"

"James," said the other, his tone still marked, "you haven't as yet informed me what—er—figure he's to name."

The big guy started slightly.

"The figure? Oh, yes—you mean the price for the stuff?" he drawled.

Zinsky, in the closet, gave a gasp. The stuff? He had it now. The place was one of those swell turning joints he had often heard about. That was it! And, his interest leaping, he glued himself closer to the crack. The two, of course, were a couple of swell flimflam workers.

"Why—er—92 is the price," the big guy said; and instantly his pal gave an exclamation:

"Ninety-two! What! Let that P. & M. crowd trim us like that? Why, at the London opening it was only 88 bid—an eighth asked."

Zinsky, watching, saw an air of weariness steal over the big guy's face.

"Say, you make me tired, Plum! What if the price was 88? The minute you try buying in the open market you know what that gang'd do to us. Why, they'd run it up to par!"

The lean one, wagging his head, was saying:

"I don't like it! I don't like it!"

The big guy emitted another growl.

"All right, Plum!" he drawled, and his dull eyes snapped momentarily. "If you don't like it you know what you c'n do. I guess Marker and me—since you've got cold feet—c'n see it through alone. A while ago I wired him to close at—at—why, it was 92, as I was telling you. And—well, Plum, I guess that'll be the figure."

Zinsky gaped in bewilderment. Heretofore he had always supposed the con game to be as simple as A B C. There was, for instance, first the plant; and then you wired the sucker to come on. Then, after you made the flash you switched the roll, when you got rid of the boob and beat it. This business, though, about par and London and the opening, got a feller woozy. It was all new dope, new patter. The game must have changed a lot in the five years he had been upriver in the hoose-gow.

"Plum, you'd oughter be reasonable," the big guy began to grumble. "We make a killing as it is. Don't Marker get the P. & M. control for 92? Then, don't we turn it over to our bunch, the Back Bay crowd, at par? Man, you don't want to be too fierce! We've got to let the P. & M. bunch get their bit as well as us. Sure! And think of the chance they're taking! Why, when the news gets out they'll be mobbed, I shouldn't wonder!"

It was all Greek to Zinsky. As near as he could make out, three gangs were in on the flash. One was the big guy and his pal. Then there was the gang he had called the Back Bays. After them, there was that other bunch—the P. & M.'s. Who was the sucker, though—the come-on? They had not named him yet. And when you spring the bunk you have to have a sucker, don't you? Why, the game was enough to drive a feller nutty! It seemed to go in at least three ways all at once.

First, here was this big guy, his pal and Marker out to gouge the P. & M.'s. Then, when they had gouged that bunch, they meant to gouge the Back Bays too. And that was not all the gouging either. The Back Bays and the P. & M.'s, when they had been gouged, were fixing it to gouge some other folks. Who they were, though, Zinsky

could not figure—not unless they might be the come-ons; and, his confusion growing, he again glued himself to the woodwork.

"Sure!" the big guy was saying. "Why, when the P. & M. minority gets wise they'll want to run them out of the state! And all they're getting, too, is a mean little seven points—a measly seven! That's what I hear, anyhow. We pay 92, but they'll say to the minority it's only 85. All they knock down is the difference. Plum, you don't want to be too savage!"

The lean guy, however, was still dissatisfied.

"It's a good deal, a great deal—seven points."

"Plum, you make me sick!" the big guy growled thickly. "Don't you make a killing as it is? Why, it's a crime! First, we get the stuff at 92; then we turn it over to the crowd at par. Afterward they turn it in to the road at 110. That's eighteen points' profit. There's our little side deal, too—going short on Back Bay common. Why, the minute the public gets on to what we're doing the bottom'll drop out of the market like a kike off a fire escape! . . . And you ain't satisfied! Lord!" said the big guy.

"Yes," drawled the other; "but you forget something. What will happen when the rest of our friends—er—discover?"

"Biggott? Grote? Weevle? That bunch?" The big guy gave a laugh. "Let 'em, Plum! When they tumble it'll only help our game along. There ain't one of them that won't dump all he's got into the market and then switch his trades to the other side. Man, it'll be a regular landslide! They'll all break their necks hustling to get out from under before ever the public gets wise!" With another laugh the big guy slapped his pal on the back. "Come, Plum," he cried jovially, "let's call 'em in now! Let's get over with it quick!"

Crossing the room he pressed his finger on a bell button.

"Good Lord, Plum!" he grunted. "As it is we'll clean up a couple o' million each!"

Zinsky almost jumped. Two million dollars each! His eyes bulging, his mouth agape, he stared in dumfounded wonder. What were these two guys? Who were they anyway? Once he had heard of a bunch that trimmed a sucker out of twenty thousand—but two millions! Two millions each it was too! Why, that was four million iron men! Zinsky, the sweat streaming down his face, was staring appalled at the pair, when the door was suddenly opened. Then he gasped. A cop stood there—a cop!

"Jeest!" squeaked Zinsky. "Th' house is pinched!"

Then he flattened himself against the wall.

"O'Brien," said President Carver, as the N. Y., B. B. & E.'s uniformed doorman appeared in response to his ring, "send Jarvis in here. Then tell those gentlemen I've arrived. Ask them to step in here."

"Yis, sor," said O'Brien, and departed.

After he had gone the president turned to Mr. Plum.

"You can slip out the back way, Plum; then come round by the front. The board will meet at once."

"Very well; very well," murmured Mr. Plum.

Alertly hurrying he had just skipped out at the back when, at the door opposite, Jarvis swiftly entered.

"Telegram, sir," said the secretary; "it came ten minutes ago."

"A telegram?" The president snatched it from Jarvis. "Say," he snapped, "why didn't you bring it in before?"

Jarvis, his face uneasy, shifted from one foot to the other.

"Mr. Plum was here, sir," he faltered; whereat his employer gave him a savage glance.

"Huh! What's that got to do with it?"

"The telegram's from Mr. Marker, sir," said Jarvis; and the president said no more.

Starting, he tore the envelope open. Then he read.

Somehow, the contents seemed to please him, for presently Mr. Carver chuckled. Then he tossed the message back to his secretary.

"Copy that—you hear? Change 88 to 92—no; I mean par. Then bring the original to me. Don't let anyone see it. Y'understand!"

Jarvis understood.

The president, grunting and chuckling to himself, had just waved Jarvis from his presence when a dozen or more gentlemen appeared at the board room's door. All were chatting, smiling; all were in the best of spirits. Ten o'clock had just struck, and these were the N. Y., B. B. & E.'s well-known board of directors. The stockholders, had they seen them, would have been pleased at their manifest air of satisfaction. Its cheer seemed excellently to augur success. Prosperity radiated from them all.

The president greeted them buoyantly.

"Morning, Grote! Ah, Weevle! Morning to you, Biggott!" Right and left Mr. Carver grasped hands with his associates. "Hah, Plum!" he also vociferated; and likewise shook hands with him. Then, having greeted one and all, Mr. Carver took his place at the head of the table. He rapped on it smartly.

"The meeting," said the president, "will now come to order."

After that shock, that spasm of fierce, instinctive fright, many minutes elapsed ere Zinsky dared look again. Then, when he did, he gaped. Why, the cop had gone! And with him, too, the second crook seemed to have vanished—the guy who had looked like Slim, the Bible-weeper.

The big guy, however, still remained. Near the door he stood talking to a newcomer, another man. This was a gink with a big nose and a squeaky voice, wearing gig lamps. Zinsky was still peering at him when the big guy tossed him a telegram.

"Copy that—you hear? Change 88 to 92—no; I mean par. And don't let anyone see it. Y'understand!"

Zinsky scowled with bewilderment. What was he up to anyhow? Was it another flimflam? Say, he was not double crossing anyone, was he? What? His face to the crack, Zinsky was still gaping when a murmur of voices burst on his ear. Then, through the doorway, a little crowd of men poured into the room.

Again fright shook Zinsky. Plain-clothes men! It was a raid! The reserves were out! They had driven round with the wagon—that was it! And when the cops got busy, hunting the place for the bank roll, Zinsky knew what would happen to him! His heart in his throat, his terror sickening, he was just about to burst from his hiding place when suddenly he paused.

"Huh?" said Zinsky, and he stared.

The men flocking into the room were laughing and chatting together. More than that, he saw the big guy greet them gayly. One by one he shook their hands. One by one he waved them to chairs. Still laughing, still chatting, they all seated themselves.

Then Zinsky knew. It was the gang!

The Ten-Dollar Bill Was Gone!

The president, in his capacity as chairman of the board, again rapped on the table.

"Call the roll," he directed.

A voice began rattling off the names: "Mr. Biggott?" "Here!" "Mr. Grote?" "Mf!" "Mr. Weevle?" "Huh!" "Mr. Plum?" "Er—er—present!" And so forth and so on. When the voice inquired "Mr. Carver?" the president grunted "Hurry up, there!" So the voice hurried.

It was a full meeting. The N. Y., B. B. & E.'s entire board was present and the fact was duly entered on the minutes. Then the reading of the last meeting's minutes was in order. The secretary, rising with the paper in his hand, had just cleared his throat when Mr. Weevle interrupted:

"I move the reading be omitted."

As he finished Mr. Grote got up.

"Second the motion," he said.

It was at once carried.

Next in order was a memorial addressed to the board by the Back Bay's minority stockholders. It requested information regarding the road's traffic charges. Mr. Biggott moved that it be tabled. The motion was carried unanimously. A second memorial met a similar fate. Like the first—an appeal from the Back Bay's stockholders—it asked a report on the road's fixed overhead charges.

Mr. Weevle rose again.

"Gentlemen, we are wasting time," he said. "I move that all routine matters be dismissed."

"Second the motion," said Mr. Biggott heartily. "Let's get down to business."

The question was put by the chairman:

"All in favor of the motion will signify it by saying 'Aye.'" A vociferous "Aye" responded. "All contrary-minded will say 'Nay,'" said the chairman. There were no nays. "The ayes have it!" said the chairman.

Then he cleared his throat.

"The meeting will now go into executive session," he announced. At the same time, turning to his secretary, Mr. Carver said also: "Get out!"

Jarvis got out. Afterward, or as soon as the door had closed on Jarvis, President Carver turned to his fellow directors. One and all they were waiting. Their faces shone with expectancy.

"Gentlemen," said the president, and again he cleared his throat, "it is my great pleasure at this meeting to be able to make to you, the guiding instruments in the destiny of our great corporation, an announcement that I am sure will fill you all with gratification. However, ere I do so, it will be necessary for me to dwell briefly on a matter of recent history. With this you are, of course, familiar. With it you are also gravely concerned. In short," said the president sharply, "I refer to the Federal Government—to its annoying, its unconstitutional interference in the conduct of our affairs!"

A murmur of voices responded:

"Outrageous!" "Mere demagogues!" "Cheap politicians!" "Grafters!"

(Continued on Page 41)

"You Big Crook! You'd Pick Your Own Pockets if You Could!"

T. B.

By FANNIE HURST

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"Honest, Ain't He the Silly? He Said He Was Going to Play That for Me the First Thing This Morning"

THE figurative underworld of a great city has no ventilation, housing or lighting problems. Rooks and crooks who live in the putrid air of crime are not denied the light of day, even though they loathe it. Cadets, social skunks, whose carnivorous eyes love darkness, walk in God's sunshine and breathe God's air. Scarlet women turn over in wide beds and draw closer velvet curtains to shut out the morning. Gamblers curse the dawn.

But what of the literal underworld of the great city? What of the babes who cry in fetid cellars for the light and are denied it? What of the Subway trackwalker, purblind from gloom; the coal-stoker, whose fiery tomb is the boiler room of a skyscraper; sweatshop workers, a flight below the sidewalk level, whose faces are the color of dead Chinese; six-dollar-a-week salesgirls in the arc-lighted subcellars of six-million-dollar corporations?

This is the literal underworld of the great city, and its sunless streets run literal blood—the blood of the babes who cried in vain; the blood from the lungs of the sweatshop workers whose faces are the color of dead Chinese; the blood from the cheeks of the six-dollar-a-week salesgirls in the arc-lighted subcellars. But these are your problems and my problems and the problems of the men who have found the strength or the fear not to die rich. The babe's mother, who had never known else, could not know that her cellar was fetid; she only cried out in her anguish and hated vaguely in her heart.

Sara Juke, in the bargain basement of the Titanic Department Store, did not know that lint from white goods clogs the lungs, and that the air she breathed was putrefied as from a noxious swamp. Sometimes a pain, sharp as a hatpin, entered between her shoulder blades. But what of that? When the heart is young the heart is bold, and Sara could laugh upward with the musical glee of a bird.

There were no seasons, except the spring and fall openings and semiannual clearing sales, in the bargain basement of the Titanic store. On a morning when the white-goods counter was placing long-sleeve, high-neck nightgowns in its bargain bins, and knit underwear was supplanting the reduced muslins, Sara Juke drew her little pink knitted jacket closer about her narrow shoulders and shivered—shivered, but smiled. "Br-r-r! October never used to get under my skin like this."

Hattie Krakow, roommate and co-worker, shrugged her bony shoulders and laughed; but not with the upward glee of a bird—downward rather, until it died in a croak in her throat. But then Hattie Krakow was ten years older than Sara Juke; and ten years in the arc-lighted subcellar of the Titanic Department Store can do much to muffle the ring in a laugh.

"Gee, you're as funny as your own funeral—you are! You keep up the express pace you're going and there won't be another October left on your calendar."

"That's right; cheer me up a bit, dearie. What's the latest style in undertaking?"

"You'll know sooner'n me if ——"

"Aw, Hat, cut it! Wasn't I home in bed last night by eleven?"

"I ain't much on higher mathematics."

"Sure I was. I had to shove you over on your side of the bed; that's how hard you was sleeping."

"A girl can't gad round dancing and rough-housing every night and work eight hours on her feet, and put her lunch money on her back, and not pay up for it. I've seen too many blue-eyed dolls like you get broken. I ——"

"Amen!"

Sara Juke rolled her blue eyes upward, and they were full of points of light, as though stars were shining in them; and always her lips trembled to laugh.

"There ain't nothing funny, Sara."

"Oh, Hat, with you like a owl!"

"If I was a girl and had a cough like I've seen enough in this basement get; if I was a girl and my skirtband was getting two inches too big, and I had to lie on my left side to breathe right, and my nightie was all soaked round the neck when I got up in the morning—I wouldn't just laugh and laugh. I'd cry a little—I would."

"That's right, Hat; step on the joy bug like it was a spider. Squash it!"

"I wouldn't just laugh and laugh, and put my lunch money on my back instead of eggs and milk inside of me, and run round all hours to dance halls with every sporty Charley-boy that comes along."

"You leave him alone! You just cut that! Don't you begin on him!"

"I wouldn't get overheated, and not sleep enough; and ——"

"For Pete's sake, Hat! Hire a hall!"

"I should worry! It ain't my grave you're digging."

"Aw, Hat."

"I ain't got your dolly face and your dolly ways with the boys; but I got enough sense to live along decent."

"You're right pretty, I think, Hat."

"Oh, I could daub up, too, and gad with some of that fast gang if I didn't know it don't lead nowheres. It ain't no cinch for a girl to keep her health down here, even when she does live along decent like me, eating regular and sleeping regular, and spending quiet evenings in the room, washing-out and mending and pressing and all. It ain't no cinch even then, lemme tell you. Do you think I'd have ever asked a gay bird like you to come over and room with me if I hadn't seen you begin to fade, like a piece of calico, just like my sister Lizzie did?"

"I'm taking that iron-tonic stuff like you want and spoiling my teeth—ain't I, Hat? I know you been swell to me and all."

"You ain't going to let up until somebody whispers T. B. in your shell-pink ear; and maybe them two letters will bring you to your senses."

"T. B.?"

"Yes—T. B."

"Who's he?"

"Gee, you're as smart as a fish on a hook! You oughtta bought a velvet dunce cap with your lunch money instead of that brown poke bonnet. T. B. was what I said—T. B."

"Honest, Hat, I dunno ——"

"For heaven's sake! *Too Berculosis* is the way the exhibits and the newspapers say it. L-u-n-g-s is another way to spell it. T. B."

"Too Berculosis!" Sara Juke's hand flew to her little breast. "Too Berculosis! Hat, you—you don't ——"

"Sure I don't. I ain't saying it's that—only I wanna scare you up a little. I ain't saying it's that; but a girl that lets a cold hang on like you do and runs round half the night, and don't eat right, can make friends with almost anything, from measles to T. B."

Stars came out once more in Sara Juke's eyes, and her lips warmed and curved to their smile. She moistened with her forefinger a yellow spit curl that lay like a caress on her cheek. "Gee, you oughtta be writing scare heads for the Evening Gazette!"

Hattie Krakow ran her hand over her smooth salt-and-pepper hair and sold a marked-down flannelette petticoat.

"I can't throw no scare into you so long as you got him on your mind. Oh, lud! There he starts now—that quickstep dance again!"

A quick red ran up into Miss Juke's hair and she inclined forward in the attitude of listening as the lively air continued.

"The silly! Honest, ain't he the silly? He said he was going to play that for me the first thing this morning. We dance it so swell together and all. Aw, I thought he'd forget. Ain't he the silly—remembering me?"

The red flowed persistently higher.

"Silly ain't no name for him, with his square, Charley-boy face and polished hair; and ——"

"You let him alone, Hattie Krakow! What's it to you if ——"

"Nothing—except I always say October is my unlucky month, because it was just a year ago that they moved him and the sheet music down to the basement. Honest, I'm going to buy me a pair of earmuffs! I'd hate to tell you how unpopular popular music is with me."

"Huh! You couldn't play on a side comb, much less play on the piano like Charley does. If I didn't have no more brains than some people—honest, I'd go out and kill a calf for some!"

"You oughtta talk! A girl that ain't got no more brains than to gad round every night and every Sunday in foul-smelling, low-ceilinged dance halls, and wear paper-soled slippers when she oughtta be wearing galoshes, and cheesecloth waists that ain't even decent instead of wool undershirts! You oughtta talk about brains—you and Charley Chubb!"

"Yes, I oughtta talk! If you don't like my doings, Hattie Krakow, there ain't no law says we gotta room together. I been shifting for myself ever since I was cash-girl down at Tracy's, and I ain't going to begin being bossed now. If you don't like my keeping steady with Charley Chubb—if you don't like his sheet-music playing—you gotta lump it! I'm a good girl, I am; and if you got anything to in-sinuate; if ——"

"Sara Juke, ain't you ashamed!"

"I'm a good girl, I am; and there ain't nobody can cast a reflection on—on ——"

Tears trembled in her voice and she coughed from the deep recesses of her chest, and turned her head away, so that her profile was quivering and her throat swelling with sobs.

"I—I'm a good girl, I am."

"Aw, Sara, don't I know it? Ain't that just where the rub comes? Don't I know it? If you wasn't a good girl would I be caring?"

"I'm a good girl, I am!"

"It's your health, Sara, I'm kicking about. You're getting as pale and skinny as a goop; and for a month already you've been coughing, and never a single evening home to stick your feet in hot water and a mustard plaster on your chest."

"Didn't I take the iron tonic and spoil my teeth?"

"My sister Lizzie—that's the way she started, Sara; right down here in this basement. There never was a prettier little queen down here. Ask any of the old girls. Like you in looks and all; full of vim too. That's the way she started, Sara. She wouldn't get out in the country on Sundays or get any air in her lungs walking with me evenings. She was all for dance halls, too, Sara. She—she —— Ain't I told you about her over and over again? Ain't I?"

"Sh-h-h! Don't cry, Hat. Yes, yes; I know. She was a swell little kid; all the old girls say so. Sh-h-h!"

"The—the night she died I—I died too; I ——"

"Sh-h-h, dearie!"

"I ain't crying, only—only I can't help remembering."

"Listen! That's the new hit Charley's playin'—Up to Snuff! Say, ain't that got some little swing to it?

Dum-dum-tum-tee-tum-m-m! Some little quick-step, ain't it? How that boy reads off by sight! Looka, will you? They got them left-over ribbed undervests we sold last season for forty-nine cents out on the grab table for seventy-four. Looka the mob fighting for 'em! Dum-dum-tum-tee-tum-m-m!"

The day's tide came in. Slowly at first, but toward noon surging through aisles and round bins, upstairs and downstairs—in, round and out. Voices straining to be heard; feet shuffling in an agglomeration of discords—the indescribable roar of humanity, which is like an army that approaches but never arrives. And above it all, insistent as a bugle note, reaching the basement's breadth, from hardware to candy, from human hair to white goods, the tinny voice of the piano—gay, rollicking.

At five o'clock the patch of daylight above the red-lighted exit door turned taupe, as though a gray curtain had been flung across it; and the girls, with shooting pains in their limbs, braced themselves for the last hour. Shoppers, their bags bulging and their shawls awry, fumbled in bins for a last remnant; hatless, sway-backed women, carrying children, fought for mill ends. Sara Juke stood first on one foot and then on the other to alternate the strain; her hands were hot and dry as flannel, but her cheeks were pink—very pink.

At six o'clock Hattie Krakow untied her black alpaca apron, pinned a hat as nondescript as a bird's nest at an unrakish angle and slid into a warm gray jacket.

"Ready, Sara?"

"Yes, Hat." But her voice came vaguely, as through fog.

"I'm going to fix us some stew to-night with them onions Lettie brought up to the room when she moved—mutton stew, with a broth for you, Sara."

"Yes, Hat."

Sara's eyes darted out over the emptying aisles; and, even as she pinned on her velveteen poke bonnet at a too-swagger angle, and fluffed out a few carefully provided curls across her brow, she kept watch and, with obvious subterfuge, slid into her little unlined silk coat with a deliberation not her own. "Coming, Sara?"

"Wait, can't you? My—my hat ain't on right."

"Come on; you're dolled up enough."

"My—my gloves—I—I forgot 'em. You—you can go on, Hat." And she must burrow back beneath the counter.

Miss Krakow let out a snort, as fiery with scorn as though flames were curling on her lips.

"Hanging round to see whether he's coming, ain't you? To think they shot Lincoln and let him live! Before I'd run after any man living, much less the excuse of a man like him! A shiny-haired, square-faced little rat like him!"

"I ain't neither, waiting. I guess I got a right to find my gloves. I—I guess I gotta right. He's as good as you are, and better. I—I guess I gotta right." But the raspberry red of confusion dyed her face.

"No, you ain't waiting! No, no; you ain't waiting," mimicked Miss Krakow, and her voice was like autumn leaves that crackle underfoot. "Well, then, if you ain't waiting here he comes now. I dare you to come on home with me now, like you ought to."

"I—you go on! I gotta tell him something. I guess I'm my own boss. I got to tell him something."

Miss Krakow folded her well-worn hand bag under one arm and fastened her black cotton gloves.

"Pf-f-f! What's the use of wasting breath!"

She slipped into the flux of the aisle, and the tide swallowed her and carried her out into the bigger tide of the street and the swifter tide of the city—a flower on the current, her blush withered under the arc-light substitution for sunlight, the petals of her youth thrown to the muddy corners of the city streets.

Sara Juke breathed inward, and under her cheaply pretentious lace blouse a heart, as rebellious as the pink in her cheeks and the stars in her eyes, beat a rapid fantasia; and, try as she would, her lips would quiver into a smile.

"Hello, Charley!"

"Hello yourself, Sweetness!" And, draping himself across the white-goods counter in an attitude as intricate as the letter S, behold Mr. Charley Chubb! Sleek, soap-scented, slim—a satire on the satyr and the haberdasher's latest dash. "Hello, Sweetness!"

"Howareyou, Charley?"

"Here, gimme your little hand. Shake."

She placed her palm in his, quivering.

You of the classes, peering through lorgnettes into the strange world of the masses, spare that shrug. True, when Charley Chubb's hand closed over Sara Juke's she experienced a flash of goose flesh; but, you of the classes, what of the Van Ness ball last night? Your gown was low, so that your neck rose out from it like white ivory. The conservatory, where trained clematis vines met over your heads, was like a bower of stars; music; his hand, the white glove off, over yours; the suffocating sweetness of clematis blossoms; a fountain throwing fine spray; your neck white as ivory, and—what of the Van Ness ball last night?

Only Sara Juke played her poor little game frankly and the cards of her heart lay on the counter.

"Charley!" Her voice lay in a veil.

"Was you getting sore, Sweetness?"

"All day you didn't come over."

"Couldn't, Sweetness. Did you hear me let up on the new hit for a minute?"

"It's swell, though, Charley; all the girls was humming it. You play it like lightning too."

"It must have been written for you, Sweetness. That's what you are, Up to Snuff, eh, Queenie?" He leaned closer, and above his tall, narrow collar dull red flowed beneath the sallow, and his long white teeth and slick-brushed hair shone in the arc light. "Eh, Queenie?"

"I gotta go now, Charley. Hattie's waiting home for me." She attempted to pass him and to slip into the outgoing stream of the store, but with a hesitation that belied her. "I—I gotta go, Charley."

He laughed, clapped his hat slightly askew on his polished hair and slid his arm into hers.

"Forget it! But I had you going—didn't I, sister? Thought I'd forgot about to-night, didn't you? and didn't have the nerve to pipe up. Like fun I forgot!"

"I didn't know, Charley; you not coming over all day and all. I thought maybe your friend didn't give you the tickets like he promised."

"Didn't he? Look! See if he didn't!"

"I Was Only Fooling, Missy. You Ain't Got the Scare, Have You?"

He produced a square of pink cardboard from his waistcoat pocket and she read it, with a sudden lightness underlying her voice:

HIBERNIAN MASQUE AND HOP

SUPPER — WARDROBE FREE
ADMIT GENT AND LADY — FIFTY CENTS

"Oh, gee, Charley! And me such a sight in this old waist and all. I didn't know there was supper too."

"Sure! Hurry, Sweetness, and we'll catch a Sixth Avenue car. We wanna get in on it while the tamales are hot."

And she must grasp his arm closer and worm through the sidewalk crush, and straighten her velvetsen poke so that the curls lay pat; and once or twice she coughed, with the hollow resonance of a chain drawn upward from a deep well.

"Gee, I bet there'll be a jam!"

"Sure! There's some live crowd down there."

They were in the street car, swaying, swinging, clutching; hemmed in by frantic, home-going New York, nose to nose, eye to eye, tooth to tooth. Round Sara Juke's slim waist lay Charley Chubb's saving arm, and with each lurch they laughed immoderately, except when she coughed.

"Gee, ain't it the limit? It's a wonder they wouldn't open a window in this car!"

"Nix on that. Whatta you wanna do—freeze a fellow out?"

Her eyes would betray her.

"Any old time I could freeze you, Charley."

"Honest?"

"You're the one that freezes me all the time. You're the one that keeps me guessing and guessing where I stand with you."

A sudden lurch and he caught her as she swayed.

"Come, Sweetness, this is our corner. Quit your coughing there, hon; this ain't no T. B. hop we're going to."

"No what?"

"Come along; hurry! Look at the crowd already."

"This ain't no—what did you say, Charley?"

But they were pushing, shoving, worming into the great lighted entrance of the hall. More lurching, crowding, jamming. "I'll meet you inside, kiddo, in five minutes. Pick out a red domino; red's my color."

"A red one? Gee! Looka; mine's got black pompons on it. Five minutes, Charley; five minutes!"

Flags of all nations and all sizes made a galaxy of the Sixth Avenue hall. An orchestra played beneath an arch of them. Supper, consisting of three-inch-thick sandwiches, tamales, steaming and smelling in their buckets, bottles of beer and soda water, was spread on a long picnic table running the entire length of the balcony.

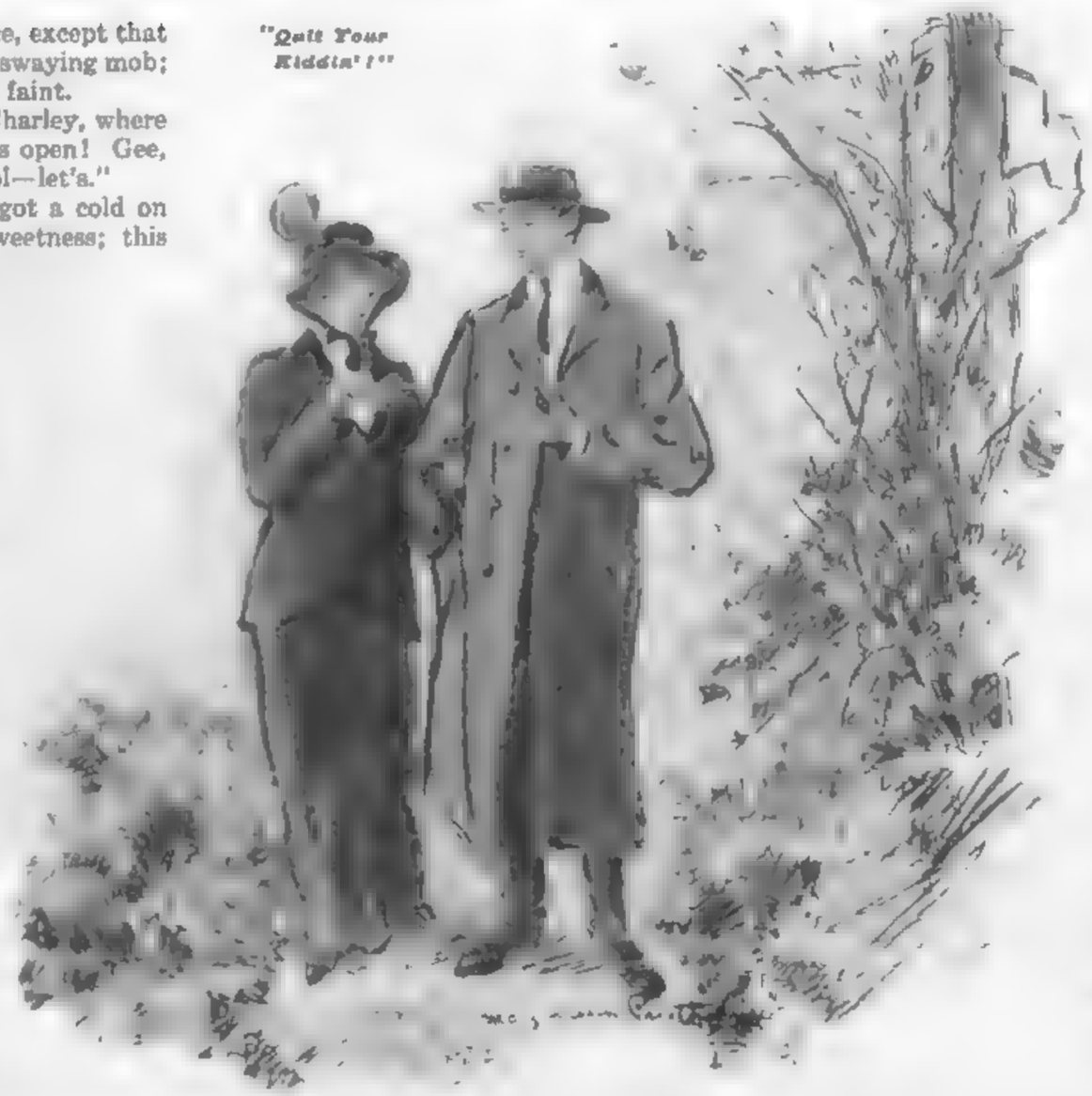
The main floor, big as an armory, airless as a tomb, swarmed with dancers.

After supper a red sateen Pierrette, quivering, teeth flashing beneath a saucy half mask, bowed to a sateen Pierrot, whose face was as slim as a satyr's and whose smile was as upturned as the eye slits in his mask.

"Gee, Charley, you look just like a devil in that costume—all red, and your mouth squinted like that!"

"And you look just like a little red cherry, ready to bust."

"You Got It and You're Tryin' to Lie Out of It—You—You—"



"Quit Your Kiddin'!"

And they were off in the whirl of the dance, except that the close-packed dancers hemmed them in a swaying mob; and once she fell back against his shoulder, faint.

"Ain't there a—a upstairs somewheres, Charley, where they got air? All this jam and no windows open! Gee, ain't it hot? Let's go outside where it's cool—let's."

"There you go again! No wonder you got a cold on you—always wanting air on you! Come, Sweetness; this ain't hot. Here, lemme show you the dip I get the girls crazy with. One, two, three—dip! One, two, three—dip! Ugh!"

"Gee, ain't it a jam, though?"

"One, two, three!"

"That's swell, Charley! Quit! You mustn't squeeze me like that till—till you've asked me to be engaged, Charley. We—we ain't engaged yet, are we, Charley?"

"Aw, what difference does that make? You girls make me sick—always wanting to know that."

"It—it makes a lot of difference, Charley."

"There you go on that Amen talk again. All right, then; I won't squeeze you no more, Stingy!"

Her step was suddenly less elastic and she lagged on his arm.

"I—I never said you couldn't, Charley. Gee, ain't you a great one to get mad so quick. Touchy! I only said not till we're engaged."

He skirted the crowd, guiding her skillfully.

"Stingy! Stingy! I know 'em that ain't so stingy as you."

"Charley!"

"What?"

"Aw, I'm ashamed to say it."

"Listen! They're playin' the new one—Up to Snuff! Faster! Don't make me drag you, kiddo. Faster!"

They were suddenly in the center of the maze, as tight-packed as though an army had conspired to close round them. She coughed and, in her effort at repression, coughed again.

"Charley, I—honest, I—I'm going to keel. I—I can't stand it packed in here—like this."

She leaned to him, with the color drained out of her face; and the crowd of black and pink and red dominos, gnomes gone mad, pressed, batted, surged.

"Look out, Sweetness! Don't give out in here! They'll crush us out. Ain't you got no nerve? Here; don't give out now! Gee! Watch out, there! The lady's sick. Watch out! Here; now sit down a minute and get your wind."

He pressed her shoulders downward and she dropped whitely on a little camp-chair hidden underneath the balcony.

"I gotta get out, Charley; I gotta get out and get air. I feel like I'm going to suffocate in here. It's this old cough takes the breath out of me."

In the foyer she revived a bit and drank gratefully of the water he brought; but the color remained out of her cheeks and the cough would rack her.

"I guess I oughtta go home, Charley."

"Aw, cut it! You ain't the only girl I've seen give out. Sit here and rest a minute and you'll be all right. Great Scott! I came here to dance."

She rose to her feet a bit unsteadily, but smiling.

"Fussy! Who said I didn't?"

"That's more like it."

And they were off again to the lilt of the music but, struggle as she would, the coughing and the dizziness and the heat took hold of her and at the close of the dance she fainted quietly against his shoulder.

And when she finally caught at consciousness, as it passed and repassed her befuddled mind, she was on the floor of the cloak room, her head pillowed on the skirt of a pink domino.

"There, there, dearie; your young man's waiting outside to take you home."

"I—I'm all right!"

"Certainly you are. The heat done it. Here; lemme help you out of your domino."

"It was the heat done it."

"There; you're all right now. I gotta get back to my dance. You fainted right up against him, dearie; and I seen you keel."

"Gee, ain't I the limit!"

"Here; lemme help on with your coat. Right there he is, waiting."

In the foyer Sara Juke met Charley Chubb shamefacedly.

"I spoilt everything, didn't I?"

"I guess you couldn't help it. All right?"

"Yes, Charley." She met the air gratefully, worming her little hand into the curve of his elbow. "Gee! I feel fine now."

"Come; here's a car."

"Let's walk up Sixth Avenue, Charley; the air feels fine."

"All right."

"You ain't sore, are you, Charley? It was so jammed dancing, anyway."

"I ain't sore."

"It was the heat done it."

"Yeh."

"Honest, it's grand to be outdoors, ain't it? The stars and—and chilliness and—and—all!"

"Listen to the garden stuff!"

"Silly!"

She squeezed his arm and drew back, shamefaced. His spirits rose.

"You're a right loving little thing when you wanna be."

They laughed in duet; and before the plate-glass window of a furniture emporium they must stop and regard the monthly-payment display, designed to represent the $49.50 completely furnished sitting room, parlor and dining room of the home felicitous—a golden-oak room, with an incandescent fire glowing right merrily in the grate; a lamp redly diffusing the light of home; a plaster-of-Paris Cupid shooting a dart from the mantelpiece; and, last, two figures of connubial bliss, smiling and waxen, in rocking chairs, their waxen infant, block-building on the floor, completing the picture.

"Gee, it looks as snug as a bug in a rug! Looka what it says too: 'You Get the Girl; We'll Do the Rest!' Some little advertisement, ain't it? I got the girl all right—ain't I, hon?"

"Aw!"

"Look at the papa—slippers and all! And the kid! Look at the kid, Sweetness."

Her confusion nearly choked her and her rapid breath clouded the window glass.

"Yeh, Charley! Looka the little kid! Ain't he cute?"

An Elevated train crashed over their heads, drowning out her words; but her smile, which flickered like light over her face, persisted and her arm crept back into his. At each shop window they must pause, but the glow of the first one remained with her.

"Look, Sweetness—Red Swag, the Train King! Performance going on now. Wanna go in?"

"Not to-night. Let's stay outside."

"Anything your little heart de-sires."

They bought hot chestnuts, city harbingers of autumn, from a vender and let fall the hulls as they walked. They drank strawberry ice-cream soda, pink with foam. Her resuscitation was complete; his spirits did not wane.

"I gotta like a queen pretty much not to get sore at a busted evening like this. It's a good thing the ticket didn't cost me nothing."

"Ain't it, though?"

"Look! What's in there—a exhibit?"

They paused before a white-lighted store front and he read laboriously:

FREE TUBERCULOSIS EXHIBIT

TO EDUCATE PEOPLE HOW TO PREVENT CONSUMPTION

"Oh!" She dragged at his arm.

"Aw, come on, Sweetness; nothing but a lot of T. B.'s."

"Let's—let's go in. See, it's free. Looka—it's all lit up and all; see, pictures and all."

"Say, ain't I enough of a dead one without dragging me in there? Free! I bet they pinch you for something before you get out."

"Come on, Charley; I never did see a place like this."

"Aw, they're all over town."

He followed her in surlily enough and then, with a morbid interest, round a room hung with photographs of victims in various emaciated stages of the white plague.

"Oh! Oh! Ain't it awful? Ain't it awful? Read them symptoms. Almost with nothing it—it begins. Night sweats and losing weight and coughing, and—oh "

"Look! Little kids and all! Thin as matches."

"Aw, see, a poor little shaver like that! Look! It says sleeping in that dirty room without a window gave it to him. Ugh, that old man! 'Self-indulgence and intemperance.' Looka that girl in the tobacco factory. Oh! Oh! Ain't it awful! Dirty shops and stores, it says; dirty saloons and dance halls—weak lungs can't stand them."

"Let's get out of here."

"Aw, look! How pretty she is in this first picture; and look at her here—nothing but a stack of bones on a stretcher. Aw! Aw!"

"Come on!"

"Courage is very important, it says. Consumptives can be helped and many are cured. Courage is ——"

"Come on; let's get out of this dump. Say, it's a swell night for a funeral."

She grasped at his coat sleeve, pinching the flesh with it, and he drew away half angrily.

"Come on, I said."

"All right!"

A thin line filed past them, grim-faced, silent. At the far end of the room, statistics in red inch-high type ran columnwise down the wall's length. She read, with a gasp in her throat:

1—Ten thousand people died from tuberculosis in the city of New York last year.
2—Two hundred thousand people died from tuberculosis in the United States last year.
3—Records of the Health Department show 31,631 living cases of tuberculosis in the city of New York.
4—Every three minutes some one in the United States dies from consumption.

"Oh, Charley, ain't it awful!"

At a desk a young man, with skin as pink as though a strong wind had whipped it into color, distributed pamphlets to the outgoing visitors—a thin streamlet of them; some cautious, some curious, some afraid.

"Come on; let's hurry out of here, Sweetness. My lung's hurting this minute."

They hurried past the desk; but the young man with the clear pink skin reached over the heads of an intervening group, waving a long printed booklet toward the pair.

"Circular, missy?"

Sara Juke straightened, with every nerve in her body twanging like a plucked violin string; and her eyes met the clear eyes of the young clerk.

Like a doll automaton she accepted the booklet from him; like a doll automaton she followed Charley Chubb out into the street, and her limbs were trembling so she could scarcely stand.

"Gotta hand it to you, Sweetness. Even made a hit on the fellow in the lung shop! He didn't hand me out no literachure. Some little hit!"

"I gotta go home now, Charley."

"It's only ten."

"I better go, Charley. It ain't Saturday night."

At the stoop of her rooming house they lingered. A honey-colored moon hung like a lantern over the block-long row of shabby-fronted houses. On her steps and to her fermenting fancy the shadow of an ash can sprawled like a prostrate human being.

"Charley!"

She clutched his arm.

"Whatcha scared about, Sweetness?"

"Oh, Charley, I—I feel creepy to-night."

"That visit to the Morgue was enough to give anybody the blind staggers."

Her pamphlet was tight in her hand.

"You ain't mad at me, Charley?"

He stroked her arm, and the taste of tears found its way to her mouth.

"I'm feeling so sillylike to-night, Charley."

"You're all in, kiddo."

In the shadow he kissed her.

"Charley, you—you mustn't, unless we're—engaged." But she could not find the strength to unfold herself from his arms. "You mustn't, Charley!"

"Great little girl you are, Sweetness—one great little girl!"

"Aw, Charley!"

"And, to show you that I like you, I'm going to make up for this to-morrow night. A real little Saturday-night blow! And don't forget Sunday afternoon—two o'clock for us, down at Crissey's Hall. Two o'clock."

"Two o'clock."

"Good!"

"Oh, Charley, I "

"What, Sweetness?"

"Oh, nothing; I—I'm just silly to-night."

Her hand lay on his arm, white in the moonlight and light as a leaf; and he kissed her again, scorching her lips.

"Good night, Sweetness."

"Good night, Charley."

Then up four flights of stairs, through musty halls and past closed doors, their white china knobs showing through the darkness, and up to the fourth-floor rear, and then on tiptoe into a long, narrow room, with the moonlight flowing in.

Clothing lay about in grotesque heaps—a woman's blouse was flung across the back of a chair and hung limply; a pair of shoes stood beside the bed in the attitude of walking—tired-looking shoes, run down at the heels and skinned at the toes. And on the far side of the three-quarter bed the hump of an outstretched figure, face turned from the light, with sparse gray-and-black hair flowing over the pillow.

Carefully, to save the slightest squeak, Sara Juke undressed, folded her little mound of clothing across the room's second chair, groping carefully by the stream of moonlight. Severe as a sibyl in her straight-falling night-dress, her hair spreading over her shoulders, her bare feet pattered on the cool matting. Then she slid into bed lightly, scarcely raising the covers. From the mantelpiece the alarm clock ticked with emphasis.

An hour she lay there. Once she coughed, and smothered it in her pillow. Two hours. She slipped from under the covers and over to the littered dresser. The pamphlet lay on top of her gloves; she carried it to the window and, with her limbs trembling and sending ripples down her night robe, read it. Then again, standing there by the window in the moonlight, she quivered so that her knees bent under her.

After a while she raised the window slowly and without a creak, and a current of cool air rushed in and over her before she could reach the bedside.

On her pillow Hattie Krakow stirred reluctantly, her weary senses battling with the pleasant lethargy of sleep; but a sudden nip in the air stung her nose and found out the warm crevices of the bed. She stirred and half opened her eyes.

"For Gawd's sake, Sara, are you crazy? Put that window down! Tryin' to freeze us out? Opening a window with her cough and all! Put it down! Put—it—down!"

Sara Juke rose and slammed it shut, slipping back into the cold bed with teeth that clicked. After a while she slept; but lightly, with her mouth open and her face upturned. And after a while she woke to full consciousness all at once, and with a cough on her lips. Her gown at the yoke was wet; and her neck, where she felt it, was damp with cold perspiration.

"Oh oh—Hattie! Oh—oh!"

She burrowed under her pillow to ease the trembling that seized her. The moon had passed on, and darkness, which is allied to fear, closed her in—the fear of unthinking youth who knows not that the grave is full of peace; the fear of abundant life for senile death; the cold agony that comes in the night watches, when the business of the day is but a dream and Reality visits the couch.

Deeper burrowed Sara Juke, trembling with chill and night sweat.

Drowsily Hattie Krakow turned on her pillow, but her senses were too weary to follow her mind's dictate.

"Sara! 'Smatter, Sara? 'Smat-ter?" Hattie's tired hand crept toward her friend; but her volition would not carry it across and it fell inert across the coverlet. "'Smatter, dearie?"

"N-nothin'."

"'Smat-ter, dear-ie?"

"N-nothin'."

In the watches of the night a towel flung across the bedpost becomes a gorilla crouching to spring; a tree branch tapping at the window an armless hand, beckoning. In the watches of the night fear is a panther across the chest sucking the breath; but his eyes cannot bear the light of day, and by dawn he has shrunk to cat size. The ghastly dreams of Orestes perished with the light; phosphorus is yellowish and waxlike by day.

So Sara Juke found new courage with the day, and in the subbasement of the Titanic store the morning following her laughter was ready enough. But when the midday hour arrived she slipped into her jacket, past the importunities of Hattie Krakow, and out into the sun-lashed noonday swarm of Sixth Avenue.

Down one block—two, three; then a sudden pause before a narrow store front liberally placarded with invitatory signs to the public, and with a red cross blazoning above the doorway. And Sara Juke, whose heart was full of fear, faltered, entered.

The same thin file passed round the room, halting, sauntering, like grim visitors in a grim gallery. At a front desk a sleek young interne, tiptilted in a swivel chair, read a pink sheet through horn-rimmed glasses.

Toward the rear the young man whose skin was the wind-lashed pink sorted pamphlets and circulars in tall, even piles on his desk.

Round and round the gallery walked Sara Juke; twice she read over the list of symptoms printed in inch-high type; her heart lay within her as though icy dead, and her eyes would blur over with tears. Once, when she passed the rear desk, the young man paused in his stacking and regarded her with a warming glance of recognition.

"Hello!" he said. "You back?"

"Yes." Her voice was the thin cry of a quail.

"You must like our little picture gallery, eh?"

"Oh! Oh!" She caught at the edge of his desk and tears lay heavy in her eyes.

"Eh?"

"Yes; I—I like it. I wanna buy it for my yacht."

Her ghastly simulacrum of a jest died in her throat; and he said quickly, a big blush suffusing his face:

"I was only fooling, missy. You ain't got the scare, have you?"

"The scare?"

"Yes; the bug? You ain't afraid you've ate the germ, are you?"

"I—I dunno."

"Pshaw! There's a lot of 'em comes in here more scared than hurt, missy. Never throw a scare till you've had a examination. For all you know you got hay fever, eh! Hay fever!" And he laughed as though to salve his words.

"I—I got all them things on the red-printed list, I tell you. I—I got 'em all, night sweats and all. I—I got 'em."

(Continued on Page 32)

EUROPE'S RAG DOLL

German Officers and American Correspondents in the Prefecture at Laon

Correspondents and German Officer Watching Shells Fall at Laon

German Cooks Lined Up Behind a Dough-Kneading Machine at Dinant

By IRVIN S. COBB

ON THE first battlefield of any consequence visited by our party I picked up, from where it was lying in the track of the Allies' retreat, a child's rag doll. It was a grotesque thing of printed cloth, with sawdust insides. I found it at a place where two roads met. Presumably some Belgian child, fleeing with her parents before the German advance, dropped it there, and later a wagon or perhaps a cannon came along and ran over it. The heavy wheel had mashed the head of it flat.

In an article for this weekly which I wrote early in September, when the memory of the incident was vivid in my mind, I said that, to me, this shabby little rag doll typified Belgium. Since then I have seen many sights. Some were dramatic and some were pathetic, and nearly all were stirring; but I still recall quite clearly the little picture of the forks of the Belgian road, with a background of empty fields and empty, wrecked houses, and just at my feet the doll, with its head crushed in and the sawdust spilled out in the rut the ongoing army had made. And always now, when I think of this, I find myself thinking of Belgium.

They have called her the cockpit of Europe. She is too. In wars that were neither of her making nor her choosing she has borne the hardest blows—a poor little buffer state thrust in between great and truculent neighbors. To strike at one another they must strike Belgium. By the accident of geography and the caprice of boundary lines she has always been the anvil for their hammers. Jemmapes and Waterloo, to cite two especially conspicuous examples among great Continental battles, were fought on her soil. Indeed, there is scarcely an inch of her for the possession of which men of breeds not her own—Austrians and Spaniards, Hanoverians and Hollanders, Englishmen and Prussians, Saxons and Frenchmen—have not contended. These others won the victories or lost them, kept the spoils or gave them up; she wore the scars of the grudges when the grudges were settled. So there is a reason for calling her the cockpit of the nations; but, as I said just now, I shall think of her as Europe's rag doll—a thing to be clouted and kicked about; to be crushed under the hoofs and the heels; to be bled and despoiled and ravished.

Thinking of her so, I do not mean by this comparison to reflect in any wise on the courage of her people. It will be a long time before the rest of the world forgets the resistance her soldiers lately made against overbrimming odds, or the fortitude with which the families of those soldiers now face a condition too dolorous for words to describe.

Unsolicited, so competent an authority as Julius Cæsar once gave the Belgians a testimonial for their courage. If I recall the Commentaries aright, he said they were the most valorous of all the tribes of Gaul. Those who come afterward to set down the tale and tally of the Great War will record that through the centuries the Belgians retained their ancient valor.

First and last, I have had rather exceptional opportunities for viewing the travail of Belgium. I was in Brussels before it surrendered and after it surrendered. I was in Louvain when the Germans entered it and I was there again after the Germans had wrecked it. I trailed the original army of invasion from Brussels southward to the French border, starting at the tail of the column and reaching the head of it before, with my companions, I was arrested and returned by another route—namely, via Charleroi—across Belgium to German soil.

Within three weeks thereafter I started on a ten-day tour which carried me through Liège, Namur, Huy, Dinant and Chimay, and brought me back by Mons, Brussels, Louvain and Tirlemont, with a side trip to the trenches before Antwerp—roughly, a kite-shaped journey which comprehended practically all the scope of active operations among the contending armies prior to the time when the struggle for Western Flanders began.

Finally, just after Antwerp fell, I skirted the northern frontiers of Belgium and watched the refugees pouring across the borders into Holland. I was four times in Liège and three times in Brussels, and any number of times I crossed and recrossed my own earlier trails. I traveled afoot; in a railroad train, with other prisoners; in a taxicab, which we lost; in a butcher's cart, which we gave away; in an open carriage, which deserted us; and in an automobile.

I saw how the populace behaved while their little army was yet intact, offering gallant resistance to the Germans; I saw how they behaved when the German wedge split that army into broken fragments and the Germans were among them, holding dominion with the bayonet and the bullet; and finally, six weeks later, I saw how they behaved when substantially all their country, except a strip of seaboard, had been reduced to the state of a conquered fief held and ruled by force of arms.

By turns I saw them determined, desperate, despairing, half rebellious, half subdued; resigned with the resignation of sheer helplessness, which I take it is a different thing from the resignation of sheer hopelessness. It is no very pleasant sight to see a country flayed and quartered like a bloody carcass in a meat shop; but an even less pleasant thing than that is to see a country's heart broken. And Belgium to-day is a country with a broken heart.

These lines are written with intent to be printed early in January. By that time Christmas will be over and done with. On the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, in lieu of the Christmas carols, the cannon will have rung its brazen Christmas message across the trenches, making mockery of the words: "On earth peace, good will toward men." On our side of the ocean the fine spirit of charity and graciousness which comes to most of us at Christmastime and keeps Christmas from becoming a thoroughly commercialized institution shall have begun to abate somewhat of its fervor.

The Capsheaf Atrocity of the War

TO OURSELVES we shall be saying, many of us: "We have done enough for the poor, whom we have with us always." But not always do we have with us a land famous for its fecundity that is now at grips with famine; a land that once was light-hearted, but where now you never hear anyone sing any more or anyone laugh aloud; a land that is half a waste and half a captive province; a land that cannot find bread to feed its hungry mouths, yet is called on to pay a tribute heavy enough to bankrupt it even in normal times; a land whose best manhood is dead on the battleground or rusting in military prisons; whose women and children by the countless thousands are either homeless wanderers thrust forth on the bounty of strangers in strange places, or else are helpless, hungry paupers sitting with idle hands in their desolated homes—and that land is Belgium.

Having been an eyewitness to the causes that begot this condition and to the condition itself, I feel it my duty to tell the story as I know it. I am trying to tell it dispassionately, without prejudice for any side and without hysteria. I concede the same to be a difficult undertaking.

Some time back I wrote, in an article for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, that I had been able to find in Belgium no direct proof of the mutilations, the torturings and other barbarities which were charged against the Germans by the Belgians.

Though fully a dozen seasoned journalists, both English and American, have agreed with me, saying that their experiences in this regard had been the same as mine; and though I said in the same article that I could not find in Germany any direct evidence of the brutalities charged against the Belgians by the Germans, the prior statement was accepted by some persons as proof that my sympathy for the Belgians had been chilled through association with the Germans. No such thing. But what I desire now is the opportunity to say this: In the face of the present plight of this little country we need not look for individual atrocity. Belgium herself is the capsheaf atrocity of the war. No matter what our nationality, our race or our sentiments may be, none of us can get away from that.

Cabb Standing in the Ruins of the Hotel at Louvain Where His Party Lodged as Prisoners at the Time of the German Occupation. This Picture Was Taken a Month After the Destruction of the Neighborhood

Going south into France from the German border city of Aix-la-Chapelle, our automobile carried us down the Meuse. On the eastern bank, which mainly we followed during the first six hours of riding, there were craggy cliffs, covered with forests, which at intervals were split by deep clefts, where small farms clung to the sides of the steep hills. On the opposite shore cultivated lands extended from the limit of one's vision down almost to the water. There they met a continuous chain of manufacturing plants, now all idle, which stretched along the river shore from end to end of the valley. Culm and flume and stack and kiln succeeded one another unendingly, but no smoke issued from any chimney; and we noted that already weeds were springing up in the quarry yards and about the mouths of the coal pits and the doorways of the empty factories.

Considering that the Germans had to fight their way along the Meuse, driving back the French and Belgians before they trusted their columns to enter the narrow defiles of the valleys, there was in the physical aspect of things no great amount of damage visible. Stagnation, however, lay like a blight on what had been one of the busiest and most productive industrial districts in all of Europe. Except that trains ran by endlessly, bearing wounded men north, and fresh troops and fresh supplies south, the river shore was empty and silent.

In twenty miles of running we passed just two groups of busy men. At one place a gang of German soldiers were strengthening the temporary supports of a railroad bridge which had been blown up by the retiring forces and immediately repaired by the invaders. In another place a company of reserves were recharging cases of artillery shells which had been sent back from the front in carload lots. There were horses here—a whole troop of draft horses which had been worn out in that relentless, heartbreaking labor into which war sooner or later resolves itself. The drove had been shipped back this far to be rested and cured up, or to be shot in the event that they were past mending.

I had seen perhaps a hundred thousand head of horses, drawing cannon and wagons, and serving as mounts for officers in the first drive of the Germans toward Paris, and had marveled at the uniformly prime condition of the teams. Presumably these sorry crowbaits, which drooped and limped about the barren railroad yards at the back of the siding where the shell loaders squatted, had been whole-skinned and sound of wind and joint in early August.

Two months of service had turned them into gaunt wrecks. Their ribs stuck through their hollow sides. Their hoofs were broken; their hocks were swelled enormously; and, worst of all, there were great raw wounds on their shoulders and backs, where the collars and saddles had worn through hide and flesh to the bones. From that time on, the numbers of mistreated, worn-out horses we encountered in transit back from the front increased steadily. Finally we ceased to notice them at all.

I should explain that the description I have given of the prevalent idleness along the Meuse applied to the towns and to the scattered workingmen's villages that flanked all or nearly all the outlying and comparatively isolated factories. In the fields and the truck patches the farming folks—women and old men usually, with here and there children—bestirred themselves to get the moldered and mildewed remnants of their summer-ripened crops under cover before the hard frost came. Invariably we found this state of affairs to exist wherever we went in the districts of France and of Belgium that had been fought over and which were now occupied by the Germans.

Woodlands and cleared places, where engagements had taken place, would, within a month or six weeks thereafter, show astonishingly few traces of the violence and death that had violated the peace of the countryside. New grass would be growing in the wheel ruts of the guns and on the sides of the trenches in which infantry had screened itself.

As though they took pattern from the example of Nature, the peasants would be afield, gathering what remained of their harvests—even plowing and harrowing the ground for new sowing. On the very edge of the battle front we saw them so engaged, seemingly paying less heed to the danger of chance shell-fire than the soldiers who passed and repassed where they toiled.

In the towns, however, almost always the situation was different. The people who lived in those towns seemed like so many victims of universal torpor. They had lost even their sense of courteous, naïve curiosity regarding the passing stranger. Probably from force of habit, the shopkeepers stayed behind their counters; but between them and the few customers who came there was little of the vivacious chatter one has learned to associate with dealings among the dwellers in most Continental communities.

We passed through village after village and town after town, to find in each the same picture—men and women in mute clusters about the doorways and in the little squares, who barely turned their heads as the automobile flashed by. Once in a while we caught the sound of a brisker tread on the cobbled street; but when we looked, nine times in ten we saw that the walker was a soldier of the German garrison quartered there to keep the population quiet and to help hold the line of communication.

The Sack of Little Dinant

I THINK, though, this cankered apathy has its merciful compensations. After the first shock and panic of war there appears to descend on all who have a share in it, whether active or passive, a kind of numbed indifference as to danger; a kind of callousness as to consequences, which I find it difficult to define in words, but which, nevertheless, impresses itself on the observer's mind as a definite and tangible fact.

The soldier gets it, and it enables him to endure his own discomforts and sufferings, and the discomforts and sufferings of his comrades, without visible mental strain. The civic populace get it, and, as soon as they have been readjusted to the altered conditions forced on them by the presence of war, they become merely sluggish, dulled spectators of the great and moving events going on about them. The nurses and the surgeons get it, or else they would go mad from the horrors that surround them. The wounded get it, and cease from complaint and lamenting.

It is as though all the nerve ends in every human body were burnt blunt in the first hot gush of war. Even the casual eyewitness gets it. We got it ourselves; and not until we had quit the zone of hostilities did we shake it off. Indeed, we did not try. It made for subsequent sanity to carry for the time a drugged and stupefied imagination.

Barring only Huy, where there had been some sharp street fighting, as attested by shelled buildings and sandbag barricades yet resting on housetops and in window sills, we encountered in the first stage of our journey no considerable evidences of havoc until late in the afternoon, when we reached Dinant. I do not understand why the contemporary chronicles of events did not give more space to Dinant at the time of its destruction, and why they have not given it more space subsequently.

I presume the reason lies in the fact that the same terrible week which included the partial burning of Louvain included also the partial burning of Dinant; and in the world-wide cry of protestation and distress which arose with the smoke of the greater calamity the smaller voice of grief for little ruined Dinant was almost lost. Yet, area considered, no place in Belgium that I have visited—and this does not exclude Louvain—suffered such wholesale demolition as Dinant.

Before war began, the town had something less than eight thousand inhabitants. When I got there it had less than four thousand, by the best available estimates. Of those four thousand more than twelve hundred were then

without food from day to day except such as the Germans gave them. There were almost no able-bodied male adults left. Some had fled, some were behind bars as prisoners of the Germans, and a great many were dead. Estimates of the number of male inhabitants who had been killed by the graycoats for offenses against the inflexible code set up by the Germans in Eastern Belgium varied. A frightened native whispered that nine hundred of his fellow townsmen were "up there"—by that meaning the trenches on the hills back of the town.

A German officer, newly arrived on the spot and apparently sincere in his efforts to alleviate the misery of the survivors, told us that, judging by what data he had been able to gather, between four and six hundred men and youths of Dinant had fallen in the house-to-house conflicts between Germans and civilians, or in the wholesale executions which followed the subjugation of the place and the capture of such ununiformed belligerents as were left.

In this instance subjugation meant annihilation. The lower part of the town, where the well-to-do classes lived, was almost unscathed. Casual shell-fire in the two engagements with the French that preceded the taking of Dinant had smashed some cornices and shattered some windows, but nothing worse befell. The lower half, made up mainly of the little plaster-and-stone houses of working people, was gone, extinguished, obliterated. It lay in scorched and crumbled waste; and in it, as we rode through, I saw, excluding soldiers, just two living creatures. Two children, both little girls, were playing at housekeeping on some stone steps under a doorway where there was no door, using bits of wreckage for furniture. We stopped a moment to watch them. They had small china dolls.

The river, flowing placidly along between the artificial boundaries of its stone quays, and the strange formation of cliffs, rising at the back to the height of hundreds of feet, were as they had been. Soldiers paddled on the water in skiffs and thousands of ravens flickered and swung about the pinnacles of the rocks, but between river and cliff there was nothing but ruination—the graveyard of the homes of three thousand people.

Yes, it was the graveyard not alone of their homes but of their prosperity and their hopes and their ambitions and their aspirations—the graveyard of everything human beings count worth having. This was worse than at Hawe or Battice or Dolhain, or any of the leveled towns we had seen. Taken on the basis of comparative size, it was worse even than Louvain, as we discovered later when we arrived there. It was worse than anything I ever saw—worse than anything I ever shall see, I think.

The German Captain at the Inn

JUST over the ragged line that marked the lowermost limits of the destructive fury of the conquerors, and inside the section which remained intact, we traversed a narrow street called—most appropriately, I thought—the Street of Paul the Penitent, and passed a little house on the shutters of which was written, in chalked German script, these words: "A *Grossmutter*"—grandmother—"ninety-six years old lives here. Don't disturb her."

Other houses along here bore the familiar line, written by German soldiers who had been billeted in them: "Good people. Leave them alone!"

The people who enjoyed the protection of these public testimonials were visible, a few of them. They were nearly all women and children. They stood in their shallow doorways as our automobile went by bearing four Americans, two German officers and the orderly of one of the officers—for we had picked up a couple of chance passengers in Huy—and a German chauffeur. As we interpreted their looks, they had no hate for the Germans. I take it the weight of their woe was so heavy on them that they had no room in their souls for anything else.

Just beyond Dinant, at Anseremme, a beautiful little village at the mouth of a tiny river, where artists used to come to paint pictures and sick folks came to breathe the tonic balsam of the hills, we got rooms for the night in a smart, clean tavern. Here was quartered a captain of cavalry, who found time—so brisk was he and so high-spirited—to welcome us to the best the place afforded, to help set the table for our belated supper, and to keep on terms of jovial yet punctilious amiability with the woman proprietor and her good-looking daughters; also, to require his troopers to pay the women, in salutes and spoken thanks, for every small office performed.

The husband of the older woman and the husband of one of the daughters were then serving the Belgian colors, assuming that they had not been killed or caught; but between them and this German captain a perfect understanding had been reached. When the head of the house fixed the prices she meant to charge us for our accommodations, he spoke up and suggested that the rate was scarcely high enough; and also, since her regular patrons had been driven away at the beginning of the war, he advised us that sizable tips on our leaving would probably be appreciated.

Next morning we rose from a breakfast—the meat part of it having been furnished from the German commissary—to find twenty lancers exercising their horses in a lovely little natural arena, walled by hills, just below the small eminence whereon the house stood. It was like a scene from a Wild West exhibition at home, except that these German horsemen lacked the dash of our cowpunchers.

Watching the show from a back garden we stood waist deep in flowers, and the captain's orderly, when he came to tell us our automobile was ready, had a huge peony stuck in a buttonhole of his blouse. I caught a peep at another soldier, who was flirting with a personable Flemish scullery maid behind the protection of the kitchen wall. The proprietress and her daughters stood at the door to wave us good-by and to wish us, with apparent sincerity, a safe journey down into France and a safe return.

To drop from this cozy, peaceful place into the town of Dinant again was to drop from a small earthly paradise into a small earthly hell. Somewhere near the middle of the little perdition our cavalry captain pointed to a shell of a house.

"A fortnight ago," he told us, "we found a French soldier in that house—or under it, rather. He had been there four weeks, hiding in the basement. He took some food with him or found some there; at any rate, he managed to live four weeks. He was blind, and nearly deaf, too, when we found out where he was and dug him out—but he is still alive."

One of us said we should like to have a look at a man who had undergone such an entombment.

"No, you wouldn't," said the captain; "for he is no very pleasant sight. He is a slobbering idiot."

In the Grand Place, near the shell-riddled Church of Notre Dame—built in the thirteenth century, restored by the Belgian Government in the nineteenth, and destroyed by the German guns in the twentieth—a long queue of women wound past the doorway of a building where German noncommissioned officers handed out to each applicant a big loaf of black soldier bread.

"Oh, yes; we feed the poor devils," the German commandant, an elderly, scholarly looking man of the rank of major, said to us when he had come up to be introduced. "When our troops entered this town the men of the lower classes took up arms and fired on our soldiers; so the soldiers burned all their houses and shot all the men who came out of those houses.

"All this occurred before I was sent here. Had I been the commander of the troops, I should have shot them without mercy. It is our law for war times, and these Belgian civilians must be taught that they cannot fire on German soldiers and not pay for it with their lives and their homes. With the women and children, however, the case is different. On my own responsibility I am feeding the destitute. Every day I give away to these people between twelve hundred and fifteen hundred loaves of bread; and I give to some who are particularly needy rations of tea and sugar and coffee and rice. Also, I sell to the butcher shops fresh and salt meat from our military stores at cost, requiring only that they, in turn, shall sell it at no more than a fair profit. So long as I am stationed here I shall do this, for I cannot let them starve before my eyes. I myself have children."

The Boast of the Invaders

IT WAS like escaping from a pesthouse to cross the one bridge of Dinant that remained standing on its piers, and go winding down the lovely valley, overtaking and passing many German wagon trains, the stout, middle-aged soldier drivers of which drowsed on their seats; passing also one marching battalion of foot-reserves, who, their officers concurring, broke from the ranks to beg newspapers and cigars from us.

On the mountain ash the bright red berries dangled in clumps like Christmas bells, and some of the leaves of the elm still clung to their boughs; so that the wide yellow road was dappled like a panther's skin with black splotches of shadow. Only when we curved through some village that had been the scene of a skirmish or a reprisal did the roofless shells and the toppled walls of the houses, standing gaunt and ugly in the sharp sunlight, make us realize that we were still in the war's tracks.

As nearly as we could tell from our brief scrutiny a great change had come over the dwellers in Southern Belgium. In August they had been buoyant and confident of the ultimate outcome and very proud of the behavior of their little army. Even when the Germans burst through the frontier defenses and descended on them in innumerable swarms they were, for the most part, not daunted by those evidences of the invaders' numerical superiority and of their magnificent equipment.

The more there were of the Germans the fewer of them there would be to come back when the Allies, over the French border, fell on them. This we interpreted for ourselves to be the mental attitude of the villagers and the peasants; but now they were different. The difference showed in all their outward aspects—in their gaits; in their drooped shoulders and half-averted faces; and, most of all, in their eyes.

They had felt the weight of the armed hand, and they must have heard the boast, filtering down from the officers to the men, and from the men to the native populace, that, having taken their country, the Germans meant to keep it; that Belgium, ceasing to be Belgium, would henceforth be set down on the map as a part of Greater Prussia.

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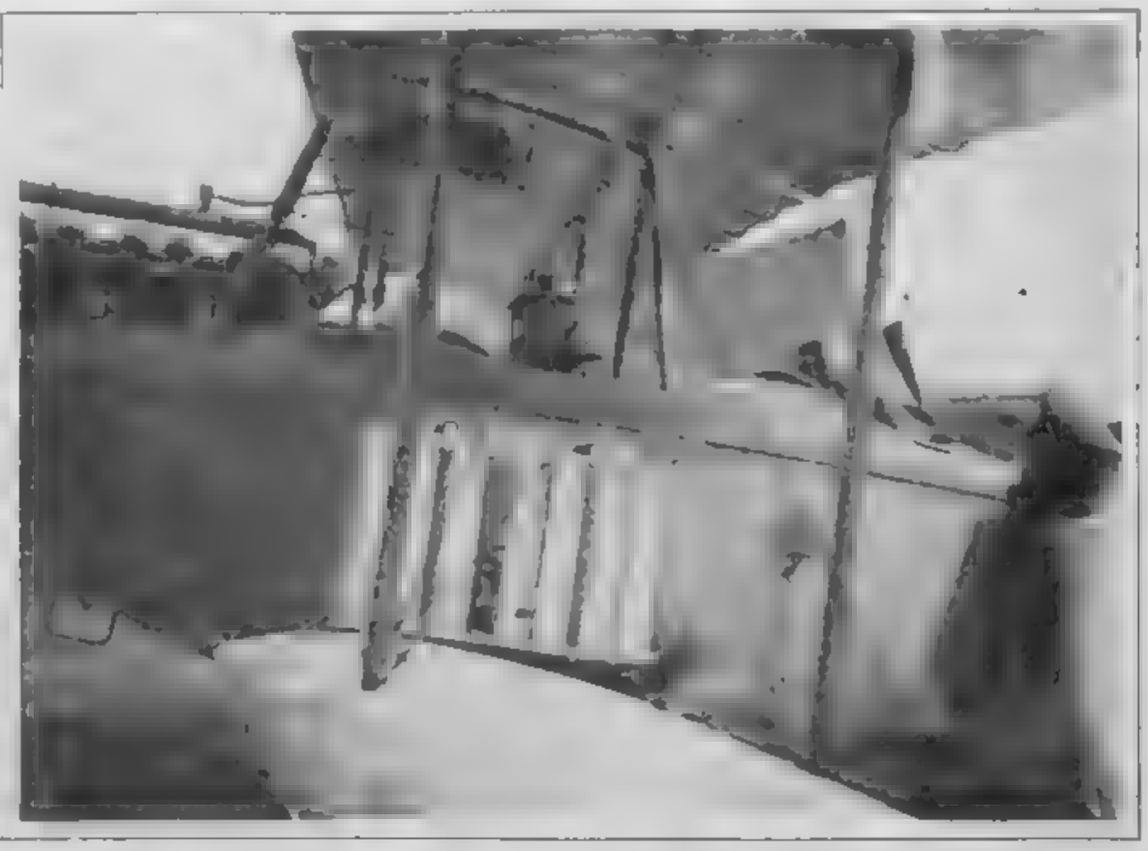
Captured French Guns Loaded on Flat Cars at Maubeuge for Transportation to Berlin



John T. McCutcheon Going Aloft in a German Military Monoplane at Laon With Ingold, the Famous German Aviator, for a Spin Over the Allies' Lines

THE PHŒNIX

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

He Looked Like a Fighter

I Believe He Had Been Given Up Asking Her Why She Would Not Have Him

THE back room of the Phœnix Hotel in Bodbank is warm in winter and cool in summer. "See that there Sturges' Blizzard King?" says the rotund Rufe P. Holland, the Prop. of the Phœnix, shifting his perpetual toothpick.

"In the summer that there white-bellied stove makes a man cool by reminding him of dusks when the ice is cracking and booming down there on the Mississip'. In winter, when it's roarin' up, it brings back days of regular Illinois corn weather."

This is one of the reasons that the back room—with its blue-painted walls; with its marks above the chair rail where old Bosville has leaned back and touched it with his concealed-gray hair; its linoleum, bought in 1892 from Hecker & Dunmutty's, the Garret to Cellar Furnishers; its warm, half-sweet, half-bitter, half-alive, half-dead smell of the tobacco smoke of yesterday mixed with that of to-day; its pictures of transatlantic steamships in fly-specked golden-oak frames—is the gathering place of an old, mellow group of Bodbankers who recall the kerosene-lamp, three-story, river-traffic days of this exuberant town, and have seen the great social and economic changes when the broom yielded to the carpet sweeper, and the carpet sweeper went down before the vacuum cleaner.

The president of the Bodbank Trust Company; Dame, the Apple Prince; Bosville, with his wristers, which his wife has knitted on the same stitch pattern since 1876; Hibberd Shirley, the son of old Shirley, who ran for lieutenant governor; the anæmic but sprightly George Henry Gunn, formerly superintendent of schools; Malachi Sturges, the Stove King, who had come back to Bodbank, as they said, from Wall Street, and Rufe's old yellow fool dog, were all listening to Rufe himself, who had just returned from a meeting of the Bodbank Baseball Associates. He was speaking of the threatened danger that Bodbank would not have a place in the League.

"Trouble is that Jamieson is in real estate now," he said, referring to the moving spirit in Bodbank baseball pride. "Everythin' with him is baseball in hot weather; but let a day come like this, with two foot of snow and icicles hangin' on the horses' whiskers, and all he can think about is subdivisions, assessments, mortgages, quick turns and car-line extensions."

Gunn rattled his cuffs.

"It is just like a man thinking he is in love," he said.

So far as anyone knew, Gunn had never been in love. It would be hard to imagine him in love; yet he was the back-room specialist on the affections.

"How's it like—being in love?" asked the Stove King.

Shook, the president of the Trust Company, raised his long finger. He accommodated Bodbank industry with loans and sometimes claimed the right to talk. In addition to this, his memory of Bodbank and his imagination took hold of hands and ran backward to times to which other men's memory runneth not. His mustache was never trimmed except when he went before a legislative committee, a public-service commission or an investigating board; which was often, because he had a passion for appearing at hearings. None of his narratives were told—they were given. They were given as testimony, with a constant watchfulness lest he should say something that might be rebutted or seized on by an imaginary opposition.

"Gentlemen!" he said, shifting his great frame. "George Gunn has presented an interesting suggestion, and one deserving of consideration. I need not say the fact that he is a member of that band of agitators and anarchists, lawshakers and jawbreakers, known by the deceptive term Progressive Party, should not make us blind to the soundness of his contention that Jamieson's belief that he can operate in real estate is on all fours with the belief of a man who is in love."

"Stuff!" said the wizened Bosville. Every thriving Middle Western city has its anti. Bosville is the Bodbank anti; he opposes everything as it is, and with equal bitterness he opposes any change. Furthermore, he does not extend his credit at the Bodbank Trust. Therefore, to Shook, he said: "Stuff!" He knew Shook would go on giving testimony just the same—as if he were at a hearing.

Shook did. He said:

I am very glad, gentlemen, to be able to tell you about Matthew Renaissance Fales.

Matthew looked like a fighter. Nature had endowed Matt with beef, bull-neckedness, bushy brows, and an appearance totally and completely divested of brotherly love.

He was born in the Bradley House, up there on Elm Hill; from the moth-eaten grass of its lawn a fine prospect is obtained of the Iowa shore, the sunset, and the windstreaks on the somewhat jaundiced face of the Father of Waters.

Two reasons may be given why he was born there: The first is that his mother was Emma Bradley; the second, that his father was the organist imported into Bodbank by the Baptists, because he could play Nearer to Thee! with such effect that a mortgagor would weep at the last rites over the man who had foreclosed on the old homestead. That kind of genius, as you know, always lives with his wife at the old folks'.

With your permission I will digress to state that Fales the elder had long hair, a short pocketbook, a collar large enough for a Shetland pony, and a neck rising from it like a spear of grass from a flowerpot. He could tell spring from autumn, and state their respective effects on the soul; but a stock certificate, a gold bond and a pass book were all alike to him.

To music he added poetry, which was of a pale yellow color; and to poetry he added painting—and I never saw a landscape or a seascape of his that did not have in the distance a flying bird made as though two eyelashes had been laid side by side on the paper.

Emma Bradley, who married him, went to school with me in the days before scientific ventilation, when there was straw on the floor to keep our feet warm and a smell of the wet rubbers drying round the stove. I recall her as a spindle-legged, soulful creature, sparing of her activity and prodigal of her tears.

She looked to me, when I was a boy, like the portrait of a child who had been too good to live, and therefore was now hung in the front room, where the blinds were always closed. She smelled of lemon verbena and, when she grew up, read books bound in ooze leather; and she looked for a genius with her heifer eyes. She found him in the elder Fales. He had no bad habits; the worst he did was to spend his money foolishly on cough lozenges.

They were more than happy. Gentlemen, they were in an ecstasy of marriage, art and immortality. They set out to bring to Bodbank—which was then receiving healthy accretions in population, post-office receipts, bank exchanges and total deposits—what they called a Renaissance of Art.

I could not understand that phrase because I never had seen Art in Bodbank, and how one could wake something that had never been asleep was hard to tell; but they went on renaissancing Art with an unbridled spirit akin to revenge.

When a white birch tree in Jamieson's yard was blown down they made hand-painted wastebaskets from its bark. Goldenrod in oils on black-velvet sofa cushions appeared for sale at every fair, harvest or strawberry festival. They introduced painted screens to put in front of open fireplaces in summer. They were the parents of an authors' club, a class in China painting—the results of which may still be found among the pie-baking plates of some of Bodbank's best homes—a musical library, and finally of a boy.

The boy must have surprised them. In the end he surprised me—and a certain Grace.

For a middle name they gave him Renaissance; but after they had had a good chance to look him over they saw disturbing signs. Whatever the nature of his soul, the appearance of its temple was that of a plug-ugly.

At two weeks he showed a battling eye; at three months his neck was thick and vicious looking; at four years he could bring up a hod of Illinois bituminous, run-o'-the-mine coal; and at twelve he said "Merry Christmas!" with a voice that sounded like hospital cots and a conviction for assault and battery.

Refreshing my memory with a recollection of an October day years later, during the first attack of rheumatism I ever had, I can recall with some accuracy the fact that I met the unfortunate mother of this strange and unnatural child on Maple Street, and that a conversation occurred, the substance of which comes back to me now.

"Good morning!" said Emma to me, fastening her great, sad Holstein-Friesian orbs on my internal being. "Oh, I wish to take a minute of your valuable time, Mr. Shook. It is about my boy. I want him to find a place in the bank."

"How old is he?" I asked her.

"It is now nineteen years since I first held him in my arms. Last June he finished high school."

"Does he play football?" I inquired.

"No; he has occupied his dear, youthful hours collecting botanical specimens," she told me. "He has a herbarium."

"Madam," I said, "he will rapidly recover from herbarium when he is out in the business world. Particularly is that true of one who enters the business world in Bodbank. Farm mortgages will displace daisies; rates of interest will crush the petals of the wood violet; the yellow engravings on United States certificates of deposit will appear of more endearing charm than the cowslip and the buttercup of this great agricultural state of Illinois. It will not do for your son to make botany and other studies of an effete civilization in the East walk too soon on the heels of land clearing, railroad construction, brogans, and the era of the corncob pipe and the mustache cup."

Tears came into her eyes; and I confess the sight of that old familiar Emma Bradley flux caused an uneasiness to rise from my vitals as the smell of red cabbage in the pot rises from the kitchen and invades the garret. Believe me, gentlemen, when I say that her tears brought to me the sensations of cracker crumbs in a bed, prickly underclothing, the sharpening of a slate pencil, and gritty quartz sand concealed in a dish of porridge.

"Well, Emma," said I hastily, "I was fond of your father. He was one of my directors. In partnership with him I donated the Pioneer Monument on the Hill, built the new Bodbank Levee, planted the pine trees round the cemetery—though he preferred weeping willows—and engaged in an experimental drilling for oil, which produced only a crop of Indian arrowheads and a deficit as mournful

as the chimes on the Gray Street Church. I think I owe it to you to do what I can for your son."

And then a sudden suspicion came over me.

"Has he been trained for Art?" I said. "The botany I would not mind; but I am gun-shy of poetry and pastels, and I am put out by odes to departed citizens of Bodbank that I know concealed assets in going through bankruptcy, and I am opposed to water colors of the Mississippi that make the river slope more than one way."

"No," she said, and heaved a sigh. "We did not feel justified in having that ambition for Matthew—not because he did not lean that way, Mr. Shook."

"Why, then?"

She bit her pale and patient lip, and said:

"I cannot quite tell. His father and I thought there was a risk, and an unfitness, perhaps—a disqualification. We feared we might be mistaken in our observations of his temperament. There was something which was inconsistent with the pursuit of the ambitions we have held so dear—something ——"

I interrupted her. I said: "What was it?"

She took hold of the Permans' picket fence, behind which nasturtiums have been planted for forty years, to my certain knowledge. She looked down toward Main Street, and then up the hill toward that part of town where the houses are scattered round as though they had been blown out of Bodbank by an explosion. She heaved another sigh.

"Well, Mr. Shook," she said, "how can I express it? There was something—something! I think it was his—contour."

Gentlemen, others may come before you to bear witness confirming what I say; but you may be sure that no sooner did I set eyes on Matthew R. Fales in my office that Monday morning than I knew exactly why his mother, with tears on her cheeks, had used the word "contour." I had seen that boy about the streets of our fair city and, not knowing who he was, had believed he must have been the offspring of a long line of executioners.

He looked like a fighter.

Do not misunderstand me by thinking he had fulfilled the promise of his infancy, during which no one would ever have mistaken him for a girl any more than they would have mistaken him for the blossom of a night-blooming cereus, and during which he had shown signs of being a giant in stature. No; on the contrary, he had stopped suddenly at fourteen, as though Nature had seen her mistake. He was somewhat undersized, and he bit his nails.

But his head and neck! He had a neck that was short and thick; and his head sat on it as though, when it was screwed on, it had missed the thread and, therefore, leaned forward at an angle which has no other name than the angle of antagonism. It was the slant of slaughter.

Above his low brow the hair grew coarse and bristling, defying combs, brushes, pomades and all the world. His chin was like a balcony on his face; it was architecturally dedicated to Mars. Between the chin and hair he had a set of features that recalled Leonidas, Horatius, Nero and the championship of the world. His nose was somewhat like a knob set between two high cheekbones, and at the end it was turned up and thrust forward like something that might at any time place itself in none of its own business.

It was not a repulsive countenance. It had dignity of a kind. Going into action in command of a charge of Zouaves, it would have been considered the physiognomy of a handsome officer; but over a plate of griddle cakes it was considerably out of focus.

He stood before me above the green baize of our old directors' table, with a face as hard as nails and his hands blushing like a girl's. He pulled his fingers; and then he opened his mouth and with a voice intended, it seemed, for the purpose of suppressing insurrections, electing American mayors, or removing the varnish from old furniture, he said:

"Mother said for me to come here to see you, if you will be so kind and pardon the intrusion."

He went on then to say much that did neither of us any good or any harm; but in spite of its wishy-washy quality the manner in which he said it gave me the impression that I was talking to a young man who knew no obstacles; a man who would snatch a wildcat out of a tree with one hand; a man who would say "No!" to his wife if he had one.

Sometimes, while I was talking with him I thought if he had written his application, instead of standing there making it in person, I should have believed he had got some high-school girl to write the letter. Now that he was there in the impressive flesh, however, I wondered whether the depositors of the Trust Company would come into the building unless we put a muzzle on Matt and established a Pasteur cure in the outskirts of Bodbank. Finally I hired him; and when I hired him I thought he was going to drop me a curtsy. But he looked like a fighter.

I had a nephew who had gone to school at the Dame High with young Fales. It was he who told me that Matthew Renaissance did not play football or wrestle or box, and said, as a reason, that they were too violent.

I put down my Chicago Sunday paper and said:

"Was that the reason?"

"That was the reason he gave," said Thomas; "but we knew better. The real reason was he was afraid he'd lose his temper and kill somebody. He is a terrible fighter."

"Did you ever see him fight?" I asked.

"How's that?"

"Did you ever actually see him fight?"

"No, I didn't," said Thomas; "but he can fight—he can fight like a teased tiger!"

"Did you ever hear of him in a fight?" I asked.

"No-o-o," said Tom; "I can't say I did. But there isn't anybody in Bodbank who doesn't know how that son of a sea cook can fight! Why, he has so much fight in him that he's surly. He never played with other children, even when he was little. He is so full of it that he keeps to himself."

"Never goes round with boys?"

"No."

"Or girls?"

"No—except he'd like to go round with Grace Le Croix. He's been trying to go round with her since she was fourteen."

"Who is Grace Le Croix?" I asked.

"You know—that girl with red cheeks," he said.

I knew the one he meant and, though the years passed, I remembered the description—"that girl with the red cheeks." They were red; they looked like the south-eastern side of a peach in a still-life picture of fruit.

I say the years passed, according to their annual and time-honored custom, and Matthew Renaissance Fales left the Trust Company. He never said a cross word while he was in our employ or added a column of figures twice alike. He tried to introduce botany into banking; and he strove hard to make up by sweetness and politeness for deficiencies in business sense and shyness in notifying women depositors that they had overdrawn their accounts.

Nevertheless, before he went he was consulted many times at the bank by the sporting element, who to this day hang round Goldman the Tobacconist's. On the eve of some professional prize fight they would want his opinion and seek it shyly; but Matt would tell them he knew and cared nothing for brutal sports, and they would burst out into loud guffaws at his sly way of hiding his supposed knowledge. It only served to spread his reputation. He looked like a fighter. And his distress was comical, for it was the distress of a cow that is called on for ready-mixed milk punches.

Before I eased him out of the bank I had seen the girl with the red cheeks many times. She seemed as timid as he seemed bold. She always seemed to be looking for a pin on the floor, while his eyes always looked as though they were hunting for a chip on somebody's shoulder. I am not sure she was not taller than he was; but she had a habit of standing in the posture of the letter S, which gave her a wistful look.

She was in her teens, and pretty; she was like something out of the garden, with the dew still on it. She was popular with the boys; but Matt drove the others away—partly because, on her side, she found some indication of his being something more of a soulmate than the others; and partly because, on his side, he looked like a fighter. And yet, if—in this room—I may express an opinion, I should say the match was wet.

Grace's father needed somebody to keep house for him; and she did it after she left school—and got the passion for it, as some women do. She gathered momentum while he was alive and complaining, and she kept right on after he died. She wore rubber gloves to keep her hands nice, and quarreled with the assessors over the valuation of the home that had been left to her—that gloomy, decorated, scrollworked, filigreed, gray-colored place up on Lincoln Street—the house with the fern balls hanging on the piazza, dripping water on the occasional visitor.

I spoke to Fales about her once. I sat beside him at a church supper after he came back from Chicago, where they had taken him in and eased him out of some clerk's job in a railroad office.

"Time flies in places like Bodbank—and maybe in Chicago," I said; "but the coffee at these church suppers tastes the same."

"It's gone before you know it," said he, speaking of Time, and setting his fighting jaw to swallow the Brazilian stew.

"I see Grace Le Croix sometimes at the bank," I went on, hoping to draw something personal from him. I knew he had never stopped sitting up with her and wrote to her on Thursdays and Sundays during the four years he had been away. He said nothing; so I went on: "She's never been married. And now there's a gray hair in among the brown ones."

"She couldn't get married very well while her father was alive," he said. "Then, she had become a good deal of a manager, and very neat; and most men are kind of scared of a good, prompt, housekeeping type of girl. Maybe it's because that kind have had most of married life already—the drudgery. But she is still pretty and young."

"She'd make a good wife for a man like you, Matt," I said.

He laughed, and his laugh was always like the laugh of a king who has slain a bearer of evil tidings and has his foot on the neck of the deceased.

"She won't have me!" he said.

"What's the reason?"

"Never could get it out of her."

Matt kept right on just the same, however. Some men are born, my friends, to love all women and let the women stake all on them; and others are born to love one and stake all on her. Usually the first are full of tiddlecome and airs; and the last are always spraddling out over the hassocks, have egg on their vests, and remember the theater tickets are on the hall stand when they get to the door of the Olympia.

Matt was in the spraddle class. From the time the voice changes to the day the undertaker begins to hope that business will pick up without delay, Destiny expected Fales to think of Grace when anybody said "Woman."

I Heard Exclamations, Profanity, Grunts and Roars

He had had his try at Chicago and perhaps concluded he had rather be where he could see Grace every day than some place in a big city where they would hold his trunk for board. So, for some years, he settled down at Mrs. Marvin's; and in honor of some New England ancestor of hers he ate pie every day for breakfast and, after a while, poured corn sirup over it in honor of the Middle West.

His mother left him a piece of real estate, and he borrowed two thousand dollars of the Trust Company and opened up a piano, music and talking-machine store next to the Empire Bakery. He sold pianos and parlor organs on the installment plan; and his collection of payments was a success, because, when he called round, the debtors thought he was a good man to pay. He looked like a fighter.

"Why don't you put up a sign?" I asked him, pointing to the space above the show windows.

"I guess I'd better wait to see whether I make a go of it," he said. "Jerry Sawyer wouldn't paint one for less than twenty dollars, and the solicitor from the Electric Company wants forty dollars more to illuminate it; and I hate to waste the money if music isn't brisk enough."

"You're timid," said I.

"Yes," he said with a sigh; "that's one of my big faults."

Little did I think, gentlemen, that events would upset my opinion; I believed I knew Matt Fales—hide, hair, and shoe leather. I used to look after him as he climbed up the hill at five every afternoon in summer toward Grace Le Croix's house, and congratulate myself that I knew him beneath the surface.

And when I thought how the increasing population of Bodbank was deceived by his exterior; how tales were told of what his violence could be; of the heats to which his temper could rise; of how many bushels of wildcats, rattlesnakes and bulldogs were stewing in the crater of his volcano; of mayhem and manslaughter—why, then I used to think on what pedestals of fancy are so many reputations still standing for the want of one good, swift kick to lay them flat.

"If I Stood All Right in This Town I'd Beat You Up. I Certainly Don't Like Your Face"

There were plenty of times for me to reflect thus, because Fales, with a devotion that would shame even the best wistful-eyed mongrel dog you ever saw in your life, did all his peculiar courting after he had locked up the music store in the afternoon, and before he opened it in the evening to sit reading the Bodbank Pilot at the desk in the rear, chewing lozenges, as his father had.

He watered her lawn after supper in summer; he brought up coal and wood for her before supper in winter. When he was at the end of the hose and she had turned the water on, she would come out and sit on the porch, directing his attention to certain of the many burned spots on the lawn. In the winter he would bring up the coal and wood through the cellar bulkhead, while she looked out the window with the thoughtful expression that comes into people's faces at dusk.

Perhaps she was recalling the days before she had become an intellectual Bodbankess; perhaps she was remembering the period when my nephew Tom had spoken of her as the girl with the red cheeks; perhaps she was planning some new attempt to go back to girlhood, the way maiden ladies always do in spasms—like joining a tango class or wearing bracelet watches, or telling about some man who spoke to them on the train. Maybe she was only notifying the neighbors that though Matt was in the cellar she was not, and so was above the criticism of such a careful and conversational community.

Poor Fales! Hundreds of times he rolled up the hose and wiped his hands on his handkerchief; hundreds of times he slapped the coal dust off of them at her back door. The motions were always the same—like a mechanical toy; that was all. That, with a little time of day thrown in, was his courting. I believe he had even given up asking her why she would not have him.

(Continued on Page 44)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IV

THIS sight was a fair crumpler after the outrageous slander that had been put upon me by this elderly inebriate and his accomplice. I sat up at once prepared to bully him down a bit. Although I was not sure that I engaged his attention, I told him that his reading could be very well done without and that he might take himself off. At this he became silent and regarded me solemnly.

"Why did Charing Cross the Strand? Because three rousing cheers," said he.

Of course he had the wheeze all wrong and I saw that he should be in bed. So with gentle words I lured him to his own chamber. Here with a quite unexpected perversity he accused me of having kept him up the night long and begged now to be allowed to retire. This he did with muttered complaints of my behavior, and was almost instantly asleep. I concealed the constable's cap in one of his boxes, for I feared that he had not come by this honestly. I then returned to my own room, where for a long time I meditated profoundly upon the situation that now confronted me.

It seemed probable that I should be shopped by Mrs. Effie for what she had been led to believe was my rowdyish behavior. However dastardly the injustice to me it was a solution of the problem that I saw I could bring myself to meet with considerable philosophy. It meant a return to the quiet service of the Honorable George and that I need no longer face the distressing vicissitudes of life in the back blocks of unexplored America. I would not be obliged to muddle along in the blind fashion of the last two days, feeling a frightful fool. Mrs. Effie would surely not keep me on, and that was all about it. I had merely to make no defense of myself. And even if I chose to make one I was not certain that she would believe me, so cunning had been the accusations against me, with that tiny thread of fact which I make no doubt has so often enabled historians to give a false coloring to their recitals without stating downright untruths. Indeed my shameless appearance in the garb of a cow person would alone have cast doubt upon the truth as I knew it to be.

Then suddenly I suffered an illumination. I perceived all at once that to make any sort of defense of myself would not be cricket. I mean to say I saw the proceedings of the previous day in a new light. It is well known that I do not hold with the abuse of alcoholic stimulants, and yet on the day before, in moments that I now confess to have been slightly elevated, I had been conscious of a certain feeling of fellowship with my two companions, which was rather wonderful. Though obviously they were not university men, they seemed to belong to what in America would be called the landed gentry, and yet I had felt myself on terms of undoubted equality with them. It may be believed or not but there had been brief spaces when I forgot that I was a gentleman's man. Astoundingly I had experienced the confident ease of a gentleman among his equals.

I was obliged to admit now that this might have been a mere delusion of the cup, and yet I wondered, too, if perchance I might not have caught something of that American spirit of equality which is said to be peculiar to republics. Needless to say I had never believed in the existence of this spirit, but had considered it rather a ghastly jest, having been a reader of our periodical press since earliest youth. I mean to say there could hardly be a stable society in which one had no superiors because in that case one would not know who one's inferiors were. Nevertheless I repeat that I had felt a most novel enlargement of myself; had, in fact, felt that I was a gentleman among gentlemen, using the word in its strictly technical sense. And so vividly did this conviction remain with me that I now saw any defense of my course to be out of the question.

I perceived that my companions had meant to have me on toast from the first. I mean to say they had started a rag with me—a bit of chaff—and I now found myself rather preposterously enjoying the manner in which they had chivied me. I mean to say I felt myself taking it as one gentleman would take a rag from other gentlemen not as a bit of a sneak who would tell the truth to save his face. A couple of chaffing old beggars they were, but they had found me a topping dead sportsman of their own sort. Be it remembered I was still uncertain whether I had caught something of that alleged American spirit, or whether the drink had made me feel equal, at least to Americans. Whatever it might be it was rather great, and I was prepared to face Mrs. Effie without a tremor—to face her, of course, as one overtaken by a weakness for spirits.

When the bell at last rang I donned my service coat and, assuming a look of profound remorse, I went to the drawing-room to serve the morning coffee. As I suspected, only Mrs. Effie was there. I believe it has been before remarked that she is a person of commanding presence, with a manner of marked determination. She favored me with a brief but chilling glance and for some moments thereafter affected quite to ignore me. Obviously she had been completely greened the night before and was treating me with a proper contempt. I saw that it was no use grousing at fate and that it was better for me not to go into the American wilderness, since a rolling stone gathers no moss. I was prepared to accept instant dismissal without a character.

She began upon me, however, after her first cup of coffee, more mildly than I had expected:

"Ruggles, I'm horribly disappointed in you."

"Not more so than I myself, madam," I replied.

"I am more disappointed," she continued, "because I felt that Cousin Egbert had something in him ——"

"Something in him, yes, madam," I murmured.

"And that you were the man to bring it out. I was quite hopeful after you got him into those new clothes. I don't believe anyone else could have done it—and now it turns out that you have this weakness for drink. Not only that, but you have a mania for insisting that other men drink with you. Think of those two poor fellows trailing you over Paris yesterday trying to save you from yourself!"

"I shall never forget it, madam," I said.

"Of course I don't believe that Jeff Tuttle always has to have it forced on him. Jeff Tuttle is an Indian. But Cousin Egbert is different. You tore him away from that art gallery where he was improving his mind and led him into places that must have been disgusting to him. All he wanted was to study the world's masterpieces in canvas and marble, yet you put a cabman's hat on him and made him ride an antelope, or whatever the thing was. I can't think where you got such ideas."

"I was not myself. I can only say that I seemed to be subject to an attack." And the Tuttle person was one of their Indians! This explained so much about him.

"You don't look like a periodical souse," she remarked.

"Quite so, madam."

"But you must be a wonder when you do start. The point is: Am I doing right to intrust Cousin Egbert to you again?"

"Quite so, madam."

"It seems doubtful if you are the person to develop his higher nature."

Against my better judgment I here felt obliged to protest that I had always been given the highest character for

quietness and general behavior and that I could safely promise that I should be guilty of no further lapses of this kind. Frankly I was wishing to be shopped and yet I could not resist making this mild defense of myself. Such I have found to be the way of human nature. To my surprise I found that Mrs. Effie was more than half persuaded by these words and was on the point of giving me another trial. I cannot say that I was delighted at this. I was ready to give up all Americans as problems one too many for me, and yet I was strangely a little warmed at thinking I might not have seen the last of Cousin Egbert, whom I had just given a tuck-up.

"You shall have your chance," she said at last; "and just to show you that I'm not narrow, you can go over to the sideboard there and pour yourself out a little one. It ought to be a life-saver to you, feeling the way you must this morning."

"Thank you, madam." And I did as she suggested. I was feeling especially fit, but I knew that I ought to play in character, as one might say.

"Three rousing cheers!" I said, having gathered the previous day that this was a popular American toast.

She stared at me rather oddly, but made no comment other than to announce her departure on a shopping tour. Her bonnet I noted was quite wrong. Too extremely modish it was, accenting its own lines at the expense of a face to which less attention should have been called. This is a mistake common to the sex however. They little dream how sadly they mock and betray their own faces. Nothing, I think, is more pathetic than their trustful unconsciousness of the tragedy—the rather plain face under the contemptuous structure that points to it and shrieks derision. The rather plain woman who knows what to put upon her head is a woman of genius. I have seen perhaps three.

I now went to the room of Cousin Egbert. I found him awake and cheerful but disinclined to arise. It was hard for me to realize that his simple, kindly face could mask the guile he had displayed the night before. He showed no sign of regret for the false light in which he had placed me. Indeed he was sitting up in bed as cheerful and independent as if he had paid twopence for a park chair.

"I fancy," he began, "that we ought to spend a peaceful day indoors. The trouble with these foreign parts is that they don't have enough home life. If it isn't one thing it's another."

"Sometimes it's both, sir," I said, and he saw at once that I was not to be wheedled.

Thereupon he grinned brazenly at me and demanded: "What did she say?"

"Well, sir," I said, "she was highly indignant at me for taking you and Mr. Tuttle into public houses and forcing you to drink liquor, but she was good enough, after I had expressed my great regret and promised to do better in the future, to promise that I should have another chance. It was more than I could have hoped, sir, after the outrageous manner in which I behaved."

He grinned again at this, and in spite of my resentment I found myself grinning with him. I am aware that this was a most undignified submission to the injustice he had put upon me and that it was far from the line of stern rebuke that I had fully meant to adopt with him, but there seemed no other way. I mean to say I couldn't help it.

"I'm glad to hear you talk that way," he said. "It shows you may have something in you after all. What you want to do is to learn to say 'No.' Then you won't be so much trouble to those who have to look after you."

"Yes, sir," I said; "I shall try, sir."

"Then I'll give you another chance," he said sternly.

I mean to say it was all spoofing—the way we talked. I am certain he knew it as well as I did and I am sure we both enjoyed it. I am not one of those who think it shows a lack of dignity to unbend in this manner on occasion. True, it is not with everyone I could afford to do so, but Cousin Egbert seemed to be an exception to almost every rule of conduct.

At his earnest request I now procured for him another carafe of iced water—he seemed already to have consumed two of these—after which he suggested that I read to him. The book he had was the well-known story, Robinson Crusoe, and I began a chapter which describes some of the hero's adventures on his lonely island.

Cousin Egbert, I was glad to note, was soon sleeping soundly, so I left him and retired to my own room for a bit of needed rest. The story of Robinson Crusoe is one in which many interesting facts are conveyed regarding life upon remote islands where there are practically no modern conveniences and one is put to all sorts of crude makeshifts, but for me the narrative contains too little dialogue.

For the remainder of the day I was left to myself—a period of peace that I found most welcome. Not until evening did I meet any of the family except Cousin Egbert, who partook of some light nourishment late in the afternoon. Then it was that Mrs. Effie summoned me, when she had dressed for dinner, to say:

"We are sailing for home the day after to-morrow. See that Cousin Egbert has everything he needs."

The following day was a busy one, for there were many boxes to be packed against the morrow's sailing, and much shopping to do for Cousin Egbert, although he was much against this.

"It's all nonsense," he insisted, "her saying all that truck helps to finish me. Look at me; I've been in Europe darned near four months and I can't see that I'm a lick more finished than when I left Red Gap. Of course it may show on me so other people can see it, but I don't believe it does at that." Nevertheless I bought him no end of suits and smart haberdashery.

When the last box had been strapped I hastened to our old lodgings on the chance of seeing the Honorable George once more. I found him dejectedly studying an ancient copy of the Referee. Too evidently he had dined that night in a costume which would, I am sure, have offended even Cousin Egbert. Above his dress trousers he wore a golfing waistcoat and a shooting jacket. However, I could not allow myself to be distressed by this. Indeed, I knew that worse would come. I forbore to comment upon the extraordinary choice of garments he had made. I knew it was quite useless. From any word that he let fall during our chat he might have supposed himself to be dressed as an English gentleman should be.

He bade me seat myself and for some time we smoked our pipes in a friendly silence. I had feared that, as on the last occasion, he would row me for having deserted him, but he no longer seemed to harbor this unjust thought. We spoke of America and I suggested that he might sometime come out to shoot big game along the Ohio or the Mississippi. He replied moodily after a long interval that if he ever did come out it would be to set up a cattle plantation. It was rather agreed that he would come should I send for him. "Can't sit around forever waiting for old Nevil's toast—crumbs," said he.

We chatted for a time of home politics, which were, of course, in a wretched state. There was a time when we might both have been won to a sane and reasonable liberalism, but the present so-called government was coming it a bit too thick for us. We said some sharp things about the little Welsh attorney who was beginning to be England's humiliation. Then it was time for me to go.

The moment was rather awkward, for the Honorable George to my great embarrassment pressed upon me his dispatch case, one that we had carried during all our travels and into which tidily fitted a quart flask. Brandy we usually carried in it. I managed to accept it with a word of thanks, and then amazingly he shook hands twice with me as we said good-night. I had never dreamed he could be so greatly affected. Indeed I had always supposed that there was nothing of the sentimentalist about him.

So the Honorable George and I were definitely apart for the first time in our lives.

It was with mingled emotions that I set sail next day for the foreign land to which I had been exiled by a turn of the cards. Not only was I off to a wilderness where a life of daily adventure was the normal life, but I was to mingle with foreigners who promised to be quite almost impossibly queer, if the family of Flouds could be taken as a sample of the native American—knowing Indians, like the Tuttle person; that sort of thing. If some would be less queer, others would be even more queer, with queerness of a sort to tax even my *savoir-faire*—something which had already been sorely taxed, I need hardly say, since that fatal evening when the Honorable George's intuitions had played him false in the game of drawing poker. I was not the first of my countrymen, however, to find himself in desperate straits and I resolved to behave as England expects us to.

I have said that I was viewing the prospect with mingled emotions. Before we had been out many hours they became so mingled that, having crossed the Channel many times, I could no longer pretend to ignore their true nature. For three days I was at the mercy of the elements, and it was then I discovered a certain hardness in the nature of Cousin Egbert which I had not before suspected. It was only by speaking in the sharpest manner to him that I was able to secure the nursing my condition demanded. I made no doubt he would actually have left me to the care of a steward had I not been firm with him. I have known him leave my bedside for an hour at a time when it seemed probable that I would pass away at any moment. And more than once when I summoned him in the night to administer one of the remedies with which I had provided myself, or perhaps to question him if the ship were out of danger, he exhibited something very like irritation. Indeed he was never properly impressed by my suffering, and at times when he would answer my call it was plain to be seen that he had been passing idle moments in the smoke room or elsewhere, quite as if the situation were an ordinary one. It is only fair to say, however, that toward the end of my long and interesting illness I had quite broken his spirit and brought him to be as attentive as even I could wish.

By the time I was able with his assistance to go upon deck again he was bringing me nutritive wines and jellies without being told, and so attentive did he remain that I overheard a fellow passenger address him as Florence Nightingale. I also overheard the Senator tell him that I had got his sheep, whatever that may have meant—a sheep or a goat, some domestic animal. Yet with all his willingness he was clumsy in his handling of me, he seemed to take nothing with any proper seriousness and in spite of my sharpest warning he would never wear the proper clothes so that I always felt he was attracting undue attention to us. Indeed I should hardly care to cross with him again, and this I told him straight.

Of the so-called joys of ship life, concerning which the boat companies speak so enthusiastically in their folders, the less said the better. It is a childish mind I think that can be impressed by the mere wabbly bulk of water. It is undoubtedly tremendous, but nothing to kick up such a row about. The truth is that the prospect from a ship's deck lacks that variety which one may enjoy from almost any English hillside. One sees merely water, and that's all to it.

It will be understood, therefore, that I hailed our approach to the shores of this foreign America with relief if not with enthusiasm. Even this was better than an ocean which has only size in its favor and has been quite too foolishly overrated.

We were soon steaming into the harbor of one of their large cities. Chicago I had fancied it to be, until the chance remark of an American who looked to be a well-informed fellow identified it as New York. I was much annoyed now at the behavior of Cousin Egbert, who burst into silly cheers at the slightest excuse—a passing steamer, a green hill, or a rusty statue of quite ungainly height which seemed to be made of crude iron. Do as I would, I could not restrain him from these unseemly shouts. I could not help contrasting his boisterousness with the fine reserve which, for example, the Honorable George would have

"Maw! Don't You Hear? He's a Man!"

maintained under these circumstances.

A further relief it was, therefore, when we were on the dock and his mind was diverted to other matters. A long time we were detained by customs officials who seemed rather overwhelmed by the gowns and millinery of Mrs. Effie, but we were at last free and taken through the streets of the crude new American city of New York to an hotel overlooking what I dare say in their simplicity they call their Hyde Park.

V

I MUST admit that at this inn they did things quite nicely, doubtless because it seemed to be almost entirely staffed by foreigners. One would scarce have known within its walls that one had come out to North America, or that the savage wilderness surrounded one on every hand. Indeed I was surprised to learn that we were quite at the edge of the rough Western frontier, for in but one night's journey we were to reach the American mountains to visit some people who inhabited a camp in their dense wilds.

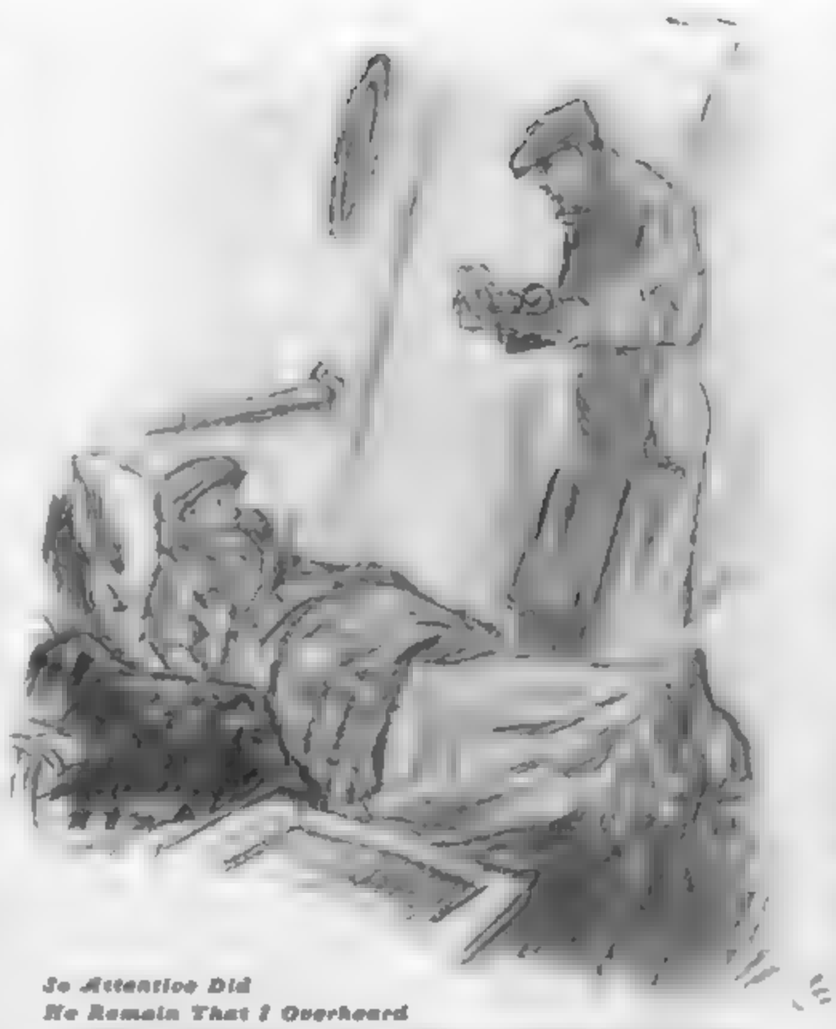
A bit of romantic thrill I felt in this adventure, for we should encounter, I inferred, people of the hardy pioneer stock that has pushed the American civilization, such as it is, ever westward. I pictured the stalwart woodsman, ax in hand, braving the forest to fell trees for his rustic home, while at night the red savages prowled about to scalp any who might stray from the blazing camp fire. On the day of our landing I had read something of this—of depredations committed by their Indians at Arizona.

From what would, I take it, be their Victoria Station we three began our journey in one of the Pullman night coaches, the Senator of this family having proceeded to their home settlement of Red Gap with word that he must "look after his fences," referring doubtless to those about his cattle plantation.

As our train moved out Mrs. Effie summoned me for a serious talk concerning the significance of our present visit; not of the wilderness dangers to which we might be exposed but of its social aspects, which seemed to be of prime importance. We were to visit, I learned, one Charles Belknap-Jackson, of Boston and Red Gap, he being a person who mattered enormously, coming from one of the very oldest families of Boston, a port on their east coast, and a place, I gathered, in which some decent attention is given to the matter of who has been one's family. A bit of a shock it was to learn that in this rough land they had their castes and precedences. I saw I had been right to suspect that even a crude society could not exist without its rules for separating one's superiors from the lower sorts. I began to feel at once more at home and I attended the discourse of Mrs. Effie with close attention.

The Boston person, in one of those irresponsibly romantic moments that sometimes trap the best of us, had married far beneath him, espousing the simple daughter of one of the crude old-settling families of Red Gap. Further, so inattentive to details had he been, he had neglected to secure an antenuptial settlement, as our own men so wisely make it their rule to do, and was now suffering a painful embarrassment from this folly; for the mother-in-law, controlling the rather sizable family fortune, had harshly insisted that the pair reside in Red Gap, permitting no more than an occasional summer visit to his native Boston, whose inhabitants she affected not to admire.

"Of course the poor fellow suffers frightfully," explained Mrs. Effie, "shut off there away from all he's been brought up to, but good has come of it, for his presence has simply done wonders for us. Before he came our social life was too awful for words—oh, a mixture! Practically every one in town attended our dances; no one had ever told us any better. The Bohemian set mingled freely with the very oldest families—oh, in a way that would never be tolerated in London society, I'm sure. And everything so crude! Why, I can remember when no one thought of putting doilies under the finger bowls. No tone to it at all. For years we had no country club, if you can believe that. And even now, in spite of the efforts of Charles and a few of us, there are still some of the older families that are simply sloppy in their entertaining. And promiscuous! The trouble I've had with the Senator and Cousin Egbert!"



So Attentive Did He Remain That I Overheard a Fellow Passenger Address Him as Florence Nightingale

"The Flouds are an old family," I suggested, wishing to understand these matters deeply.

"The Flouds," she answered impressively, "were living in Red Gap before the spur track was run out to the canning factory—and I guess you know what that means!"

"Quite so, madam," I ventured; and indeed, though it puzzled me a bit, it sounded rather tremendous; as meaning with us something like since the Battle of Hastings.

"But, as I say, Charles at once gave us a glimpse of the better things. Thanks to him the Bohemian set and the North Side set are now fairly distinct. The scraps we've had with that Bohemian set! He has a real genius for leadership, Charles has, but I know he often finds it so discouraging, getting people to know their places. Even his own mother-in-law, Mrs. Lysander John Pettengill—but you'll see to-morrow how impossible she is, poor old soul. I shouldn't talk about her, I really shouldn't. Awfully good heart the poor dear has, but—well, I don't see why I shouldn't tell you the exact truth in plain words. You'd find it out soon enough. She is simply a confirmed mixer. The trial she's been and is to poor Charles! Almost no respect for any of the higher things he stands for; and temper? Well, I've heard her swear at him till you'd have thought it was Jeff Tuttle packing a green cayuse for the first time. Words! Talk about words! And Cousin Egbert always standing in with her. He's been another awful trial, refusing to play tennis at the country club, or to take up golf, or do any of those smart things, though I got him a beautiful lot of sticks. But no, he'd rather sit down in that back room at the Silver Dollar saloon, when he isn't out in the hills, playing cribbage all day with a lot of drunken loafers. But I'm so hoping that will be changed, now that I've made him see there are better things in life. Don't you really think he's another man?"

"To an extent, madam, I dare say," I replied cautiously.

"It's chiefly what I got you for," she went on. "And then in a general way you will give tone to our establishment. The moment I saw you I knew you could be an influence for good among us. No one there has ever had anything like you—not even Charles. He's tried to have American valets, but you never can get them to understand their place. Charles finds them so offensively familiar. They don't seem to realize; but, of course, you realize.

"I'm looking forward to Charles' meeting you. I guess he'll be a little put out at our having you, but there's no harm letting him see I'm to be reckoned with. Naturally his wife, Millie, is more or less mentioned as a social leader, but I never could see that she is really any more prominent than I am. In fact last year after our Bazaar of all Nations our pictures in costume were in the Spokane paper as Red Gap's Rival Society Queens, and I suppose that's what we are, though we work together pretty well as a rule. Still I must say, having you puts me a couple of notches ahead of her. Only for heaven's sake keep your eye on Cousin Egbert every minute!"

"I shall do my duty, madam," I returned, thinking it all rather morbidly interesting—these weird details about their county families.

"I'm sure you will," she said at parting. "I feel that we shall do things right this year. Last year the Sunday Spokane paper used to have nearly a column under the heading Social Doings of Red Gap's Smart Set. This year we'll have a good two columns if I don't miss my guess."

Later in the smoking compartment I found Cousin Egbert staring gloomily into vacancy, as one might say, the reason I knew being that he had vainly pleaded with Mrs. Effie to be allowed to spend this time at their Coney Island, which is a sort of Brighton. He transferred his stare to me, but it lost none of its gloom.

"Hell begins to pop!" said he.

"Referring to what, sir?" I rejoined with some severity, for I have never held with profanity.

"Referring to Charles Belknap Hyphen Jackson of Boston-Mass," said he, "the greatest little trouble maker that ever crossed the hills—with a bracelet on one wrist and a watch on the other and a one-shot eyeglass and a gold cigareet case and key chains, rings, bangles and jewelry till he'd sink like lead if he ever fell into the crick with all that metal on."

"You are speaking, sir, about a person who matters enormously," I rebuked him.

"If I hadn't been afraid of getting arrested I'd have shot him long ago."

"It's not done, sir," I said, quite horrified by his rash words.

"It's liable to be," he insisted. "I bet Ma Pettengill will go in with me on it any time I give her the word. Say, listen: there's one good mixer."

"The Confirmed Mixer, sir?" for I remembered the term.

"The best ever. Anyone can set into her game that's got a stack of chips." He uttered this with deep feeling, whatever it might exactly mean.

"I can be pushed just so far," he insisted sullenly.

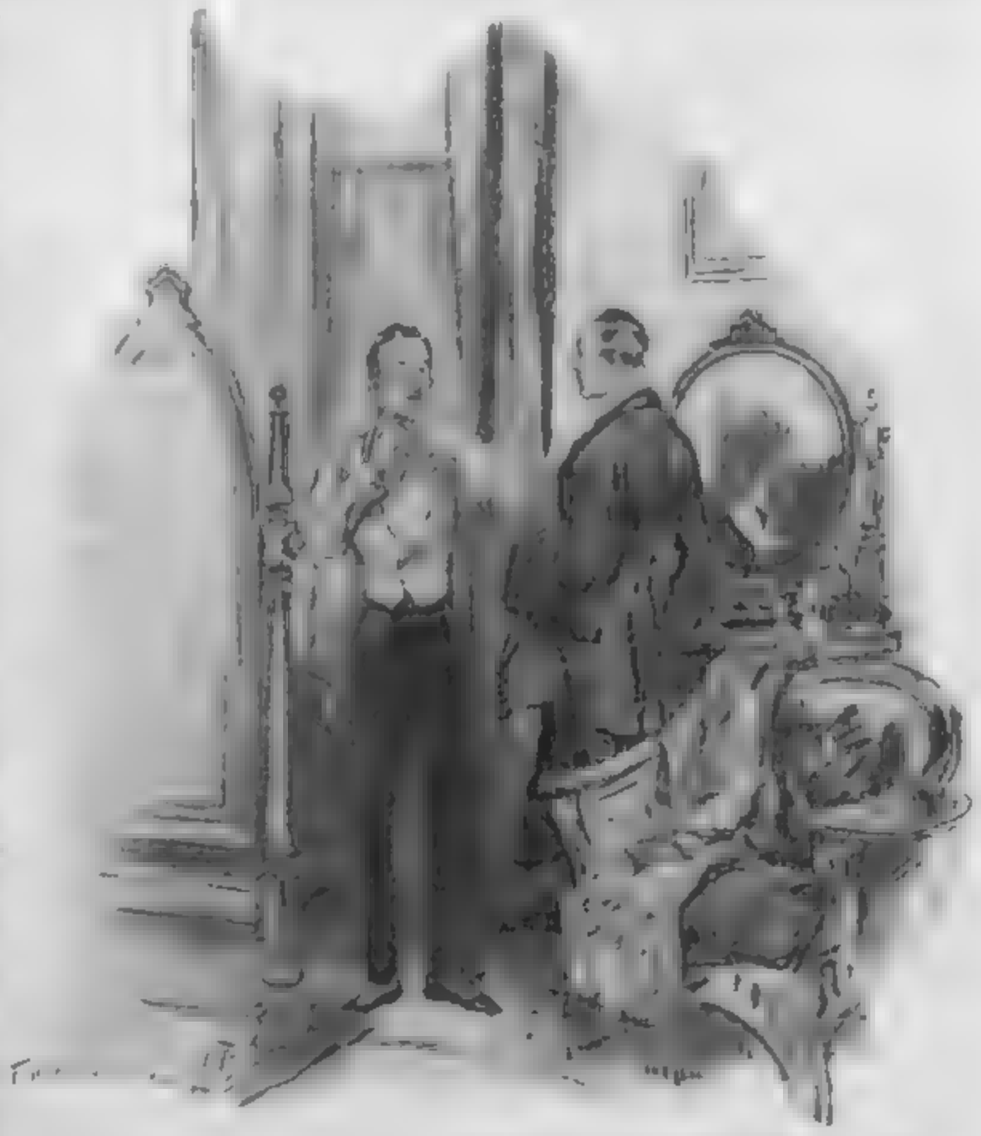
It struck me then that he should perhaps have been kept longer in one of the European capitals. I feared his brief contact with those refining influences had left him less polished than Mrs. Effie seemed to hope. I wondered uneasily if he might not cause her to miss her guess. Yet I saw he was in no mood to be reasoned with, and I retired to my bed, which the blackamoor guard had done out. Here I meditated profoundly for some time before I slept.

Morning found our coach shunted to a siding at a backwoods settlement on the borders of an inland sea. The scene was wild beyond description, where quite almost anything might be expected to happen, though I was a bit reassured by the presence of a number of persons of both sexes who appeared to make little of the dangers by which we were surrounded. I mean to say since they thus took their women into the wilds so freely, I would still be a dead sportsman.

After a brief wait at a rude quay we embarked on a launch and steamed out over the water. Mile after mile we passed wooded shores that sloped up to mountains of prodigious height. Indeed the descriptions of the Rocky Mountains, of which I took these to be a part, have not been overdrawn. From time to time, at the edge of the primeval forest, I could make out the rude shelters of hunter and trapper who braved these perils for the sake of a scanty livelihood for their hardy wives and little ones.

Cousin Egbert beside me seemed unimpressed, making no outcry at the fearsome wildness of the scene, and when I spoke of the terrific height of the mountains he merely admonished me to quit my kidding. The sole interest he had thus far displayed was in the title of our craft—Storm King.

"Think of the guy's imagination, naming this here chafing dish the Storm King!" said he; but I was impatient of



"I Fancy I Talk Rather Like One of Yourselves, What?"

levity at so solemn a moment, and promptly rebuked him for having donned a cravat that I had warned him was for town wear alone; whereat he subsided and did not again intrude upon me.

Far ahead at length I could descry an open glade at the forest edge, and above this I soon spied floating the North American flag or national emblem. It is, of course, known to us that the natives are given to making rather a silly noise over this flag of theirs, but in this instance—the pioneer fighting his way into the wilderness and hoisting it above his frontier home—I felt strangely indisposed to criticize. I understood that he could be greatly cheered by the flag of the country he had left behind.

We now neared a small dock from which two ladies brandished handkerchiefs at us and were presently being welcomed by them. I had no difficulty in identifying the Mrs. Charles Belknap-Jackson, a lively featured brunette of neutral tints, rather stubby as to figure but modishly done out in white flannels. She surveyed us interestedly through a lorgnon, observing which Mrs. Effie was quick with her own. I surmised that neither of them was skilled with this form of glass—which must really be raised with an air or it's no good; also that each was not a little chagrined to note that the other possessed one.

Nor was it less evident that the other lady was the mother of Mrs. Belknap-Jackson; I mean to say the Confirmed Mixer—an elderly person of immense bulk in gray walking skirt, heavy boots and a flowered blouse that was overwhelming. Her face under her grayish thatch of hair was broad and smiling, the eyes keen, the mouth wide and the nose rather a bit blobby. Although at every point she was far from vogue she impressed me not unpleasantly. Even her voice, a magnificently hoarse rumble, was primed with a sort of uncouth good will which one might accept in the States. Of course it would never do with us.

I fancied I could at once detect why they had called her the Mixer. She embraced Mrs. Effie with an air of being about to strangle the woman; she affectionately wrung the hands of Cousin Egbert, and had grasped my own tightly before I could evade her, not having looked for that sort of thing.

"That's Cousin Egbert's man," called Mrs. Effie. But even then the powerful creature would not release me until her daughter had called sharply: "Maw! Don't you hear? He's a *man!*" Nevertheless she gave my hand a parting shake before turning to the others.

"Glad to see a human face at last," she boomed. "Here I been a month in this dinky hole!"—which I thought strange, since we were surrounded by league upon league of the primal wilderness. "Cooped up like a hen in a barrel," she added in tones that must have carried well out over the lake.

"Cousin Egbert's man," repeated Mrs. Effie, a little ostentatiously I thought. "Poor Egbert's so dependent on him—quite helpless without him."

Cousin Egbert muttered sullenly to himself as he assisted me with the bags. Then he straightened himself to address them. "Won him in a game of freeze out," he remarked quite viciously.

"Does he doll Sour-Dough up like that all the time," demanded the Mixer, "or has he just come from a masquerade? What's he represent anyway?"

And these words when I had taken especial pains and resorted to all manner of threats to turn him smartly out in the walking suit of a pioneer!

"Maw!" cried our hostess. "Do try to forget that dreadful nickname of Egbert's."

"I sure will if he keeps his disguise on," she rumbled back at her. "The old horned toad is most as funny as Jackson."

Really, I mean to say they talked most amazingly. I was but too glad when they moved on and we could follow with the bags.

"Calls her 'Maw' all right now," hissed Cousin Egbert in my ear, "but when that be-goshed husband of hers is around the house she calls her 'Mater.'"

His tone was vastly bitter. He continued to mutter sullenly to himself—a way he had—until we had disposed of the luggage and I was laying out his afternoon and evening wear in one of the small detached houses to which we had been assigned. Nor did he sink his grievance on the arrival of the Mixer a few moments later. He now addressed her as "Ma" and asked if she had the makings, which puzzled me until she drew from the pocket of her skirt a small cloth sack of tobacco and some bits of brown paper, from which they both fashioned cigarettes.

"The smart set of Red Gap is holding its first annual meeting for the election of officers back there," she began after she had emitted twin jets of smoke from the widely separated corners of her set mouth.

"I say, you know, where's Hyphen old top?" demanded Cousin Egbert in a quite vile imitation of one speaking in the correct manner.

"Fishing," answered the Mixer with a grin, "in a thousand dollars' worth of clothes. These here Eastern trout won't notice you unless you dress right."

I thought this strange indeed, but Cousin Egbert merely grinned in his turn.

"How'd he get you into this awfully horrid rough place?" he next demanded.

"Made him. 'This or Red Gap for yours,' I says. The two weeks in New York wasn't so bad, what with Millie and me getting new clothes, though him and her both jumped on me that I'm getting too gay about clothes for a party of my age. 'What's age to me,' I says, 'when I like bright colors?' Then we tried his home folks in Boston, but I played that string out in a week. Two old-maid sisters, thin noses and knitted shawls! Stick around in the back parlor talking about families—whether it was Aunt Lucy's Abigail or the Concord cousin's Hester that married an Adams in '78 and moved West to Buffalo. I thought first I could liven them up some, you know. Looked like it would help a lot for them to get out in a hack and get a few shots of hooch under their belts, stop at a few road

The Butler Proved to be a Genuine Blackamoor—a Mr. Waterman, He Informed Me

houses, take in a good variety show; get 'em to feeling good, understand? No use. Wouldn't start. Darn it, they held off from me. Don't know why. I sure wore clothes for them. Yes, sir. I'd get dressed up like a broken arm every afternoon; and say, I got one sheath skirt, black and white striped, that just has to be looked at. Never faxed them though. I got to thinking maybe it was because I made my own smokes instead of using those vegetable cigarettes of Jackson's, or maybe because I'd get parched and demand a small one before supper. Like a Sunday afternoon all the time, when you et a big dinner and everybody's sleepy and mad because they can't take a nap, and have to set around and play a few church tunes on the organ or look through the album again."

"Ain't that right? Don't it fade you?" murmured Cousin Egbert with deep feeling.

"And little Lysander, my only grandson, poor kid, getting the fidgets because they try to make him talk different, and raise hell every time he knocks over a vase or busts a window. Say, would you believe it? They wanted to keep him there—yes, sir—make him refined. Not for me. 'His father's about all he can survive in those respects,' I says. What do you think? Wanted to let his hair grow so he'd have curls. Some dames, yes? I bet they'd have give the kid some lovely days. 'Boston may be all O. K. for grandfathers,' I says; 'not for grandsons though.'

"Then Jackson was set on Bar Harbor and I had to be firm again. Darn it, that man is always making me be firm. So here we are. He said it was a camp and that sounded good. But my lands! He wears his full evening dress suit for supper every night, and you had ought to heard him go on one day when the patent ice machine went bad."

"My good gosh!" said Cousin Egbert quite simply.

I had now finished laying out his things and was about to withdraw.

"Is he always like that?" suddenly demanded the Mixer, pointing at me.

"Oh, Bill's all right when you get him out with a crowd," explained the other. "Bill's really got the makings of one fine little mixer."

They both regarded me genially. It was vastly puzzling. I mean to say I was at a loss how to take it, for, of course, that sort of thing would never do with us. And yet I felt a queer, confused sort of pleasure in the talk. Absurd though it may seem, I felt there might come moments in which America would appear almost not impossible.

As I went out Cousin Egbert was telling her of Paris. I lingered to hear him disclose that all Frenchmen have "M" for their first initial, and that the Louer family must be one of their wealthiest, the name "À Louer" being conspicuous on millions of dollars' worth of their real estate. This family, he said, must be like the Rothschilds. Of course the poor soul was absurdly wrong. I mean to say the letter "M" merely indicates "Monsieur"—which is their foreign way of spelling "Mister"—while "À Louer" signifies "To Let." I resolved to explain this to him at the first opportunity, not thinking it right that he should spread such gross error among a race still but half enlightened.

Having now a bit of time to myself I observed the construction of this rude homestead, a dozen or more detached or semidetached structures of the native log, yet with the interiors more smartly done out than I had supposed was common even with the most prosperous of their scouts and trappers. I suspected a false idea of this rude life had been given by the cinema dramas. I mean to say with pianos, ice machines, telephones, objects of art and servants one saw that these woodsmen were not primitive in any true sense of the word.

The butler proved to be a genuine blackamoor—a Mr. Waterman, he informed me; his wife, also a black, being the cook. An elderly creature of the utmost gravity of bearing, he brought to his professional duties a finish, a dignity, a manner in short that I have scarce known excelled among our own serving people. And a creature he was of the most eventful past, as he informed me at our first encounter. As a slave he had commanded an immensely high price—some twenty thousand dollars, as the American money is called—and two prominent slaveholders had once fought a duel to the death over his possession. Not many, he assured me, had been so eagerly sought after, they being for the most part held cheaper—"common black trash," he put it.

Early tiring of the life of slavery he had fled to the wilds and for some years led a desperate band of outlaws whose crimes soon put a price upon his head. He spoke frankly and with considerable regret of these lawless years. At the outbreak of the American war, however, with a reward of fifty thousand dollars offered for his body, he had boldly surrendered to their Secretary of State for War, receiving a full pardon for his crimes on condition that he assist in directing the military operations against the slaveholding aristocracy. Invaluable he had been in this service, I gathered—two generals, named respectively Grant and Sherman, having repeatedly assured him that but for his aid they would more than once in sheer despair have laid down their swords.

I could readily imagine that after these years of strife he had been glad to embrace the peaceful calling in which I found him engaged. He was, as I have intimated, a person of lofty demeanor with a vein of high seriousness. Yet he would unbend at moments as frankly as a child and play at a simple game of chance with a pair of dice. This he was good enough to teach to me and gained from me quite a number of shillings that I chanced to have. For his consort, a person of tremendous bulk named Clarice, he showed a most chivalric consideration, and even what I might have mistaken for timidity in one not a confessed desperado. In truth, he rather flinched when she interrupted our chat from the kitchen doorway by roundly calling him an old black liar. I saw that his must indeed be a complex nature.

From this encounter I chanced upon two lads who seemed to present the marks of the backwoods life as I had conceived it. Strolling up a woodland path I discovered a tent pitched among the trees, before it a smoldering camp

(Continued on Page 46)

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An Educational Note

A WEEK before Christmas we suddenly remember Cousin Tom's children. Too busy or too lazy to think up something they really want, we decide to palm off books on them—a conventional though not entirely respectable expedient. We hasten to a great bookshop. It is thronged with shoppers and a glance shows that the regular sales force has been largely augmented for the holiday season.

The first young man into whose hands we fall searches his baffled mind for something associated with the word Fielding, and vaguely suggests that we may find it in the Sporting Department. To the question, "Have you Smollett in this binding?" a second young man replies uncertainly: "You mean smaller size?"

A young lady examines a huge catalogue and announces that they have many works by Richardson, but none entitled Clarissa Harlowe. We look over her shoulder and see that her Richardson is quite other than the immortal father of the English novel.

Excited by this experience, we visit two other big bookshops and drift among the amateur clerks, pronouncing certain words that are sometimes fondly supposed to have a universal significance among English-speaking people. Just three words—Shakspere, Dickens, Thackeray—seem always to convey a definite meaning. Other words, such as Chaucer, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Swift, Defoe, Pope and Wordsworth, sometimes strike a definitely responsive chord, but are more apt to awaken only the vaguest association or to leave the hearer utterly blank.

We quit the experiment wondering whether it would be possible, by searching the city, to collect another equal number of literate young men and women who know less about classic English books. Yet these young people were certainly not chosen because of their ignorance. They must have been given the temporary jobs on a theory that they had some sort of special qualification for selling books.

If that theory is sound the ignorance of English literature among literate young people in general is amazing.

England's Nimble Notes

PROBABLY the most civilized countries are outgrowing the folly of hoarding money. Normally in England there is very little money anyway, comparatively speaking—that is, England probably does more business than any other country in the world except the United States, and does it on a small stock of money.

Italy and Austria-Hungary a year ago held much more gold in the official reserve, Germany nearly twice as much. France and Russia some four times as much; and British paper money consisted of less than a hundred and fifty million dollars of Bank of England notes—against, for example, two billion and a half dollars of paper money of all sorts in circulation here.

Five pounds is the lowest denomination of bank notes. At the outbreak of war banks started to hoard gold; so, no doubt, did individuals. Consequently there was a decided scarcity of money. The government then issued emergency currency in denominations less than five pounds. Nearly three hundred million dollars of it was put out; but by the end of November the amount had been reduced to a hundred and seventy million dollars, to retire which the government was setting aside five million dollars of gold weekly.

This rapid retirement of the emergency currency indicates that the hoarding of gold was short-lived. Probably the time is at hand when people—even bankers—will surrender the notion that certain stamped metal disks or engraved papers are the only permanent values in the world.

What sort of money is in circulation—or how much—is of no importance in comparison with circulation of credit.

Grain and Cotton Exchanges

WE HAVE not recently, with wheat selling well above a dollar a bushel, come across any attacks on the grain exchanges; but, with cotton selling round seven cents a pound, attacks on the cotton exchanges are plentiful. Of course the exchanges have nothing in particular to do with either the high price of wheat or the low price of cotton.

We have spent a good deal of time, first and last, over this question of speculation in grain and cotton. We do not believe it can be shown that speculation, in the long run, has any effect on price. More probably, so far as regards effect on price, it simply cancels itself, and the long-run effect would be just the same if the speculation were carried on in bucket shops quite detached from commercial trade in the commodities.

True, it costs a great deal in commissions, carrying charges, winnings of the lucky players, and so on; but very likely in the long run it merely preys on itself, as it would obviously do if it were carried on in bucket shops.

It is impossible, in our opinion, to draw a hard-and-fast line between speculation and so-called legitimate trade; but it is possible to discourage promiscuous speculation participated in by people of little means and experience, really quite detached from the commercial trade, because neither party has the least interest in the real article, which consists essentially of nothing but a bet on the future course of prices. An exchange whose members invite that sort of speculation maintains a public nuisance.

The Knitting Women

FOR women in cities, knitting nowadays is more in fashion than bridge or tango. Wherever women gather of an afternoon there will probably be some big balls of yarn and long needles inexpertly plied, and some anxious counting of stitches that generally comes out wrong.

Most of these amateur knitters are awkward enough at it. An economist might point out that the tangible value of their labor comes to about three cents an hour, and that the foreign soldiers, for whom the articles are designed, would much rather have the three cents in cash. But, slight as the economic value of the labor may be, the knitters find an emotional relief in it. They want to do something and this is the only thing they can think of.

This typifies the position of the United States. In the face of the most awful calamity that has befallen mankind, all we can do amounts to just a little knitting.

The Second Best

GERMANY probably has the second-best navy. On it she has spent hundreds of millions of dollars, with England especially in mind; but in actual war with England this navy so far has done Germany very little real good. Her merchant ships have been driven from the sea. English transports have carried troops to the French coast at will under her nose.

Half a dozen German cruisers—until they were run down and sunk—caused some flurries in marine insurance rates, but their actual injury to British commerce was fairly negligible. England's command of the sea seems virtually as secure as though Germany had no navy.

That is what a poor second best must generally come to—it is like the horse that was just good enough to lose the race. Our navy, matched against England's, would no doubt be virtually worthless. So far as England and her ally, Japan, are concerned, there is no degree of reasonable preparedness short of a fleet that will equal or outclass them both.

We must simply take our chances that there will be no war with them. As circumstances compel us to take some chances on peace, we are willing to take a few more.

Business Failures

EIGHTEEN thousand commercial failures in the United States in 1914 indicate how extensive and multifarious an affair American business is. The number could have been predicted with substantial accuracy a year ago—that is, one could have predicted it would not be less than fifteen thousand; for it reaches about that in the best of years. And, even with an outlook for some reaction in trade, one would have hesitated to put it so high as twenty thousand. We can pretty safely say now that there will be somewhere from fifteen to twenty thousand failures in 1915.

Predicting the liabilities is another matter. In 1914 they were about the record—exceeding three hundred and twenty-five million dollars, exclusive of December. In other words, that a positively large number of small concerns will fail every year is a foregone conclusion; but the mortality among big concerns, each adding many millions to the total liabilities, is uncertain. For eleven months of 1914 the number of failures exceeded those of 1912 by less than fifteen per cent, but liabilities were over seventy-five per cent greater.

However, the big concern's failure may have little or no relationship to general business conditions. A single instance of bad management may add twenty-five or fifty million dollars to the total of bankrupts' liabilities in the best of times. A change of fifteen per cent in the mortality among small concerns is a better indication of general conditions.

The Power of Eleven

EX-SENATOR BOURNE recently commented on the enormous power over American business now possessed by eleven men, appointed by the President of the United States, comprising a majority of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Reserve Board and the Trade Commission.

The first body has our greatest business concern—the railroads—pretty completely in its hands. That it can impoverish the railroads if it so elects is indisputable, for there is no limit to its authority up to the point the Supreme Court will hold its mandates to be actually confiscatory.

The second body has great discretionary authority over banking and currency. It can influence interest rates and the conditions under which bank credits are granted virtually over the whole country.

The third body can reach a puissant hand to every manufacturing and trading concern that does business across a state line. Just how far it may arbitrarily interfere with the normal management no one can quite say until the Supreme Court has laboriously vested the vague act with definite meaning; but the framers of the act evidently meant to give the commission great authority.

A morbid imagination could easily picture these eleven men, all appointed by the same political power, as standing the United States on its head. The greatest power over American business ever possessed by any group of capitalists was trivial compared with theirs. We have not the least notion that they will intentionally misuse their positions; but as an example of great power in few hands they are worth studying.

Censorship and Stupidity

IT IS an odd thing that the most rigid press censorship of modern times is applied exactly when it can do the least good, and that it has been least intelligently applied in that belligerent country where a free press first developed and has flourished most.

In days of slow communication the war correspondent was comparatively harmless. The telegraph made him dangerous; for what he wired from the front to-day would be in the enemy's hands to-morrow. Now, with aëroplanes and a network of field telephones, the enemy knows what is going on rather before the correspondent does, and he is again comparatively harmless. And it is just now that he is completely muzzled.

Days after Liège had fallen the British public was given to understand that a few companies of Belgian gendarmes were holding the German army in check. Naturally recruiting was desultory. Instead of printing the grave events at the front the English newspapers were filled with stories of atrocities. The usefulness of the freest, most powerful press in Europe, as a means of national defense, has been crippled by a brass-buttoned censorship.

If a censor is a necessity in war that shows again how ill war and civilization go together; for certainly censorship and stupidity are inseparable.

No Time for Extravagance

IF CONGRESS had held to the idea of trying to redeem its solemn pledge of economy, the regular revenues of the Government would have been sufficient to meet this year's expenditure.

As to whether the conspicuous legislation enacted by this Congress will be beneficial or harmful there is, of course, much controversy; but there can be no controversy about the fact that you must bear additional taxation. The war brings an extraordinary situation, with special need to husband our resources and with special demands on our charity.

Spending public revenues prodigally, so that a hundred million dollars must be extracted from the public to keep the Treasury in trim, was the poorest possible preparation for that situation.

Never Say Don't! to an Aspiring Youngster—By Madame Schumann-Heink

IN WRITING about myself I am not prompted by vanity. I want to show, for the encouragement of other women, what a woman can do in the face of the most discouraging conditions, carrying an almost overwhelming physical burden, and a burden on the heart as well.

I want to show how a woman, with no one to fight for her but herself, can win out against seemingly insuperable obstacles if she be blest with the stimulation of some one to work for; that what we consider burdens, drudgery, and the like, are often blessings in disguise.

There is no use in preaching the necessity of courage to girls or women; for every woman is courageous. Her capacity for self-denial—amounting to starvation at times—for an ideal or an ambition, would shame any man I ever knew. And we all know that her everyday normal physical courage is superior to that of men under the most trying and extraordinary conditions.

I want to cry out against the wicked practice of discouraging aspiration in youth.

First, let me state that I am fifty-three years old, and that I am stronger to-day and a better singer than ever. My concert work yields me to-day an income of one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars a year; and in addition I am paid forty-seven thousand dollars a year by the talking-machine people for the Schumann-Heink records they exploit.

Moreover, at fifty-three I am a better business woman than ever before. I do all my own investing. I do not buy a bond or a share of stock without scrutinizing the property and the personnel of the company it represents. Every bit of real estate I possess was bought by me after careful consideration of all the elements that contribute to make it grow in value.

I have arrived where I am to-day in spite of—or, I might say, because of—the most discouraging conditions at the start.

I began to sing when I was three years old. We lived in Italy and as a little tot I used to walk the streets just like other children and hear the Italians singing; and it got into my ears and into my childish heart as well. I could no more help singing then than I can help singing now.

I came naturally by my gift. My mother had a wonderful contralto voice. She was born in Italy, of Austrian parents, but I always called her an Italian. Being a Catholic she was educated in the convent and spoke Latin, French, Hungarian and Bohemian. And I spoke all those languages, too, almost before I could walk.

Ernestine Schumann-Heink

Housework and Singing Lessons

MY FATHER was an Austrian army officer. He got sixty gulden a month—that is, about thirty dollars. Not much, you will say, on which to support a family in the style becoming an officer and a gentleman; but he had only one child then.

I was born in 1861, and I was nine years old before my mother had any other children. Then they began to come thick and fast. So, you see, I was all alone for a considerable portion of my very early career. And when the other babies began to come I had to be a little mother to them; for which I am not sorry, as I always dearly loved children.

Some of my fighting qualities are no doubt due to the fact that I was a soldier's child. My father and my grandfathers on both sides were soldiers. I think that is one reason why I always liked the Irish—they are such fighters.

Even at three years I was thinking and dreaming and singing. My parents never thought I would be a singer—"For God's sake—no!" They were aristocratic in their feelings and felt that the theater was beneath them; so I was put in the Ursuline Convent at Prague, where we were then living. There a nun discovered that I had an extraordinary voice. I was then twelve years old and they let me sing the tenor part at mass. I sang mass in the cathedral; and a lady who used to be a prima donna in Paris heard me and asked:

"Was it you who was singing with such a wonderful contralto voice?"

I looked at her.

"I didn't know that I had a contralto voice. I was singing tenor."

"Yes; but the real tenor voice is like contralto," she replied. "When a contralto voice goes high in the chest notes, if you're in the next room it sounds like tenor."

So this lady got permission from the convent and also from my parents, and then started to teach me; I went to her about twice a week and took lessons until my father was transferred to Gratz. He was too poor to pay my board and leave me behind; so I had to part company with my kind teacher. And you may believe I was heartbroken. But at Gratz there was a gentleman whose daughter was an opera singer.

My mother told her how badly I felt at having to give up my lessons and what a voice I had; and the singer said: "Send your child to me."

She was so taken with the quality of my voice that she offered to give me lessons and allow me to pay for them when I got my first engagement; so you see how it worked.

Meantime I did not go to the convent any more, but to the public school, because I had to help mother. That's how I became a good *Hausfrau;* and what I learned by doing the work about the house was, in a way, as valuable to me as the things I learned about my profession, for it gave me self-reliance.

My mother was a fine lady. I remember her, with her little fine hands and her little feet. But she never had a maid, and so she had to do everything herself. She thought it did not harm a daughter of a major or a captain to do her own work. From her I learned to sew and darn stockings, and I could patch a pair of officer's trousers so neatly that you could not tell where the patch was. And, what was more difficult still, I could darn a hole near the neckband of a shirt so that you could not tell there had ever been any hole; in fact, it is due to this experience of mine that I have never employed a maid.

And I learned to cook too. And to this day I love to do it. I do not cook in the American but in the Austrian style; but everybody who tries my cooking knows it is all right. Very often when visitors come to my house in Chicago I am very sorry; but I cannot see them because I have my apron on and am in the kitchen, cooking.

I found that work about the home developed in me a constitution that has been one of my most valuable possessions. There is no work that does more to promote health in a girl. Sweeping, wrestling with a feather bed, or pushing furniture out of the way while she sweeps, develops her back and her bust at the same time, and makes her fit to fight the world. I strongly recommend that kind of work to all American girls.

I studied with my teacher at Gratz until I was seventeen and then I found that I had to go out and earn money; so I got an introduction to Excellence Benedek, the famous Austrian field-marshal—whom you would call General Benedek. When I told him I was a soldier's child he was very much interested in me. I went to his house and he introduced me to a conductor. When the time came for me to sing before these gentlemen I was scared to death and could do practically nothing; but I tried and the conductor was very much taken with my voice.

I confess I do not see how he could have been from what little sound I was able to get out of me, but he must have found some quality there that I did not dream of at the time. Remember, when I went to sing before the conductor I had already been singing the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven with the greatest singer of her time, Marie Wilt.

Right after this a number of important musical persons heard me, and they went to Excellence Benedek and told him I had a great voice, which should not be lost because of any lack of opportunity; and he gave me the money for my teacher and myself to go to Vienna and sing for the director of the Hof Opera there.

The Frost That Kills

WELL, we reached Vienna and looked up the director, and he made an appointment for me to sing before him. I confess to a severe attack of stage fright. Everything was against me. My clothes were poor and ill-fitting, and my common shoes had been made at the barracks—I was a poor officer's child; but stage fright has this advantage—it lifts its victim into a nervous condition that brings out the very best quality of artistic ability he may possess. I know I sang well, for I was strong in voice; but I had no style. The director said to me when I had finished:

"Why, with such a face—no personality at all—how can you expect to succeed? *Ach,* impossible!" He waved his hand. "My dear child, you'd better give up the idea of singing and let the people who brought you up buy you a sewing machine and set you to work. You will never be a singer."

So I went home heartbroken.

I had other experiences like this, which fact prompts me right here to say a word about the pernicious cynics who make it a business to throw cold water on the aspirations of youngsters. The man who is always saying Don't! is the frost that kills the tender blossom of aspiration. It is as presumptuous for him to judge and advise us as it is weak and foolish for us to accept his judgment. Such a one cannot possibly know us as we know ourselves, for we have a capacity for development, hidden qualities that are brought out only in actual work and that shrink out of sight under the inquisition of a cynical, bored, wholly unsympathetic interrogator. Such an interrogator terrifies us, where a great, warm-hearted audience inspires us, lifts us into a seventh heaven, and brings out powers we never dreamed we possessed.

These officious would-be judges invariably lose sight of the fact that because you want to do a thing is evidence that you can do it! I had so much faith in the fact that I could sing that nothing could swerve me. I did not know the fact at the time, but I have come to believe that the fact is father to the faith. You will always find that when a youngster has faith he can do a thing, there is the ability to do it behind it, since aspiration is nothing but ability seeking to express itself.

It is said that the law and the stage have robbed the forge of many a good workman. We might as well say the forge and the shoemaker's bench have robbed the stage of many a good actor or singer.

There is greater responsibility in saying Don't! to an ambitious person than there is in saying Do! But, because so many persons fail, the presumptuous judge wants to go on record as being on the right side; so he discourages us

False Teeth No Joke

They are a mighty serious reality to lots of people. And what else can you have if you lose your natural teeth?

The cause of tooth-decay, scientists say, is, in nine out of ten cases, "Acid-Mouth."

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on general principles. Then he will come to you and say: "See how I saved you from going on the stage! You ought to thank me for that." Or, if you have tried it and failed: "Why didn't you take my advice?"

Well, I was heartbroken at what this director said; but when I had dried my eyes and braced up a bit I said to myself: "What does this man know? Am I to give up my life's ambition because he says I cannot sing?" Me, at that age, to talk about my life's ambition! But, after all, why not?

I went home with a sore heart, but I got small consolation there. Mother and father both scolded me, my father righteously exclaiming: "Who are you, with your high ideas?" But poor mother, even though she did scold me, always believed in me.

In a short time I got an invitation to go to Dresden to the Royal Opera to sing for them; but I wrote back: "Never! I cannot afford it!" I thought that they, too, would make me pay my own fare, and say: "Go buy a sewing machine." But they said: "We always pay those who come to us." So I wrote back: "All right!"

It was the first time I had ever traveled alone. I did not tell my father where I was going. Instead, I said I wanted to visit a friend out in the country and begged him for three days off. He objected; but mother said to him: "This child is all in. She's sick. Let her go to her friend." And she begged so hard that he consented. I did not tell mother where I was going either. It was my first big lie.

A Real Engagement

I arrived in Dresden safely. I got there all right, but it was a hard trip. Everybody was interested in my childish ways. I went to the theater with my heart in my throat. I had another bad attack of stage fright; but past experience told me this would pass away and that I should be all the better from having suffered it. To be brief, I sang; and then waited with awful expectance for the word of doom that was to be pronounced.

Presently the intendant came to me and said:

"We will engage you. Your salary at the start will be thirty-six hundred marks a year."

God! Me! I did not know what a mark was. It sounded like a million dollars. Then the intendant said:

"You shall sign the contract to sing here for three years."

It was then July and my engagement was to be from the first of September. His words, "Sign the contract," sounded like the crack of doom. There was a deep gray awfulness to them! They overwhelmed me. Sign a contract that would take me away from my mother for three years! Think of it! I cried like a baby at first, while the astonished intendant looked on.

My first thought was: "Who will brush my mother's hair?" Curious, wasn't it? She had such wonderful hair! When she sat in her chair it used to fall to the floor, and she could not comb it herself. It was my business every morning to comb it for her. Suddenly I looked up at the intendant and exclaimed:

"I can't come in September, because in October we are going to get another baby. We have no servant, and mother needs me; and I must be at home when the little one arrives!"

But the count laughed and said:

"We will pay for a servant for your mother; you must come here, child, and we will make you a great artiste." And when I hesitated he added: "Think what you can do if you send this money to your mother!"

Well, I signed the contract and then it was sent on to the king for his permission, and the rest of the rigmarole; and I was told that it would be sent to me in good time.

When I reached home and told them what I had done, father began to scold me as usual. He went up in the air. What had happened to me? Who spoke to me? What was this? What was that? How did I find my way? Mother said: "Don't you believe this poor child?" And father said: "Not before I see the contract!"

Well, I waited for the contract to come and I believe those four weeks were the worst of my life. Every time the postman came and there was no contract my father said things. But one fine day the postman brought a registered letter, with the king's seal; and mother said: "There is the contract—how can I let you go?" and began to cry. And when father saw the paper and knew that his suspicions were false, and that he had nothing else to complain of, he shouted angrily:

"So you have more money a year than I have!"

"Father, you can have the money," I said. And from that time I sent my mother three thousand marks and lived on the remaining six hundred marks for a whole year.

However, when I went to Dresden I supplemented my six hundred marks by singing at mass and for the afternoon service in the Catholic church, for which I received twelve marks and five marks respectively. Also, I got little concerts, for which I received fifty marks. The Princess of Teck interested herself in me and so did the king and queen of Saxony, because, as they said, I was a real unspoiled child. So the beginning of my career was very wonderful.

I was in Dresden nearly four years at the Royal Opera House. Madame Crebs Michalesi was singing the first Fidès, in The Prophet. She began to teach me how to act and to sing; and through her I discovered that I had high notes in my throat.

In Dresden, also, began the suffering. The third year I was there I married against the warning of my friends; and because of that marriage I was compelled to leave the Royal Opera House, and for half a year I could not find anything to do. I remember I tried to sing at a concert six weeks after my first child was born, in Chemnitz, near Dresden; but when I was about to sing I found I had no voice—not a note! So I stopped singing after that and just worked about the house, trying to get my voice back; and I did get it back.

Then I went to Hamburg. There my real life began. I had to fight for my daily bread and that made the artiste. Most of the time we were without food in the house—starving, starving; always starving! Oh, if persons with artistic ambitions did not have stomachs how much easier the road to success would be! When I was in the way for the baby I was hungry. I used to walk past a restaurant just to get the smell of the food. Yet I never asked any colleague or friend of mine to help me. I tell this because I am proud of it.

Years later, when I went back there from the United States, full of success, people told my husband:

"We knew she was hungry, but she asked for nothing. Once when a colleague was about to offer her money she said not a word; she only looked at him, and he stopped in the middle of his talk—but we knew she was hungry!"

Poverty and Discouragement

I got an engagement at the Stadt Theater, in Hamburg, at a salary so small I'd be ashamed to tell you what it was. From lack of nourishment and what I'd gone through I was too weak to hold a great part. Thus it went on for a long time until my fourth baby was born, a constant struggle.

Then came a time when my husband left me, alone with my four children; but I was very happy with them. I never felt the burden of my little family. It was a positive stimulation and a blessing to me, and my baby was my greatest support.

To make things worse, the sheriff was always on the doorstep. He had already taken everything we had accumulated in Dresden—furniture, bric-à-brac, and the like; but that did not satisfy him. As fast as I got anything new he seized it.

In spite of my struggle I was happy—very happy with my little family. At five o'clock I used to get the children ready and give them their supper. Then I nursed the baby, put him in his little wagon, closed the door and went to the theater. But how I suffered during those performances!

While I was singing, in imagination I was always seeing my little home burning, my children in agony, with no one to save them. I saw the door blow open in winter and the snow drift into the room, and the children dead. Or criminals would come to steal them in order to use them for begging purposes, as they did in the Two Orphans. Many a night at the theater I have lived through a long search for my children, only to find them at last crippled mendicants. That was life with a vengeance; but it could not go on long.

So I went to the manager and asked him to give me something better to do. I must have more money. I must have some one to look after my children while I was at work or I should go mad with anxiety. I remember how the manager looked at me. He said:

"My child, I will not try you in first parts, because you will never be a first-class contralto; in fact you will never be a contralto at all. I will make you the first comédienne."

Nobody in the United States knows that I was a comédienne in Germany and made a great success of it. However, that was not what I was after. But this man said:

"You can be first comédienne if I allow you to be."

That made me furious—if he would allow me!—and I stood up and shouted at him:

"I will be the first contralto in the world. I don't know to-day just how, but I will be if it costs me my future life! And in an honest way!"

What do you think of that for nerve—defying this man, with misery at home! Four little mouths to feed! My God! what could I do?

In the midst of my distress came the tenor, Heinrich Boetel. Boetel sang at the Sommer Theater in Berlin, and was a famous man. He knew me from singing Azucena, in Trovatore. He said to me:

"What's the matter with you, Heink?"

"Oh, nothing," said I.

But he knew I was in trouble, with my little family on my hands, and he said:

"I want you to sing at my benefit in Berlin. I cannot give you a salary, but Berlin will hear you in a good part. It is a rare opportunity."

His words gave me great hope, for I felt that if I once got recognition the rest would be easy. However, hope is better food for the spirits than it is for the body, and my little ones refused to be comforted by it. I waited and waited, but nothing came. Then the middle of August brought a telegram from Boetel:

Featured in Berlin

"Am waiting for you. Be here to-morrow to sing with me in Trovatore—my benefit."

This was at the end of an enforced three months' vacation and I had no money. But the poor always have the poor to turn to; so I went to my neighbor, the wife of a school-teacher, who had nine children and was almost as poor as I was. I showed her the telegram and said:

"What shall I do? I can't go. My children want food and my baby needs care, and I have no one to look out for them; and furthermore, it will cost me nineteen marks and fifty pfennigs for railroad fare—and I haven't a sou!"

Well, this wife of a poor school-teacher, with nine children of her own, did not hesitate a moment when I told her my story.

"I'll help you," she said at once.

So she took care of my children and made me up a big package of sandwiches; and she went down into her little hoard of savings and loaned me twenty marks. What do you think of that?

I could not afford to go to the hotel; so I took my little bundle, went aboard the night train, and arrived in Berlin at six o'clock in the morning. I did not know where to find Boetel at his hotel but I knew the theater; so I sat down and had some sandwiches and a cup of coffee, and waited for the hour of rehearsal. When I got to the theater it was nine o'clock. You may guess my joy at seeing my name announced on the bill—Ernestina Heink! When Boetel saw me standing in the wings he called me to him and said:

"Where were you? Why didn't you come yesterday? I sent the telegram for you."

"Yes," I said, "I got your telegram, but I could not afford to go to the hotel; so I came last night on the train."

"Why, you goose!" said he. "Why didn't you come to me? I had a first-class room and meals engaged for you. How will you sing to-night after traveling that way, with no rest? You're all worn out!"

"That's nothing—you can't kill me," I said. "I'm in good voice!"

And let me say right here that love for my children, more than any desire for fame or riches, had sustained me through the night, as it had through many distressing months. I could have gone through ten times as much and sung.

Well, I got my reward. We rehearsed and I sang; and the next morning the papers were simply great, speaking of me as a simple, unspoiled creature with a wonderful voice and a great future. Then Boetel paid me thirty marks; and I went home

and paid my friend the twenty she had loaned me and half of the ten I had left over.

The happiest circumstance connected with my trip to Berlin was meeting Lillian Nordica. We afterward became great friends. There never was a better comrade than that great singer and beautiful woman. Later, when I went to London, she invited me to dine with her one evening. I did not know she was to have other guests—princes and dukes; so I went in my woolen dress—which, in fact, was about the only one I had—and the man at the door would not let me in. He said:

"Madame is receiving Blank and Blank and Blank; and I can't let you in."

"But," I said, "Madame Nordica invited me and I want her to know I am here."

In a second came a maid saying:

"Come in, madame."

There was Nordica in evening dress, looking more beautiful than anyone I had ever seen before. She looked me over and said:

"No, no, no, my dear; this won't do."

Dining in State With Nordica

Then she took me to a room and got me a gown and shoes, and everything else I needed, and put white gloves on my arms and her pearls round my neck. Then she introduced me to the great ladies and gentlemen. What do you think of that? Wasn't it a beautiful thing for Nordica to do?

Presently the manager of the Hamburg theater advanced my pay to eight hundred marks a month; and I persuaded my parents to take three of my children to board and educate for half that amount. I kept the baby—my principal support—with me. From this point on my fortunes began to mend.

Right here I want to tell how I reaped the reward of the persistent drudgery of training. I want to emphasize the importance of being ready when the opportunity comes. I had studied; I had read; I had observed the work of the principals while I was doing subordinate parts. I had gone over the principal parts again and again by myself, with my baby nursing. If I had not had my baby to keep my nose to the grindstone I might have spent my time less profitably. In other words, I had sown; and before I knew it the harvest was at hand.

The contralto, just to spite the manager in the Hamburg theater, suddenly refused to sing Carmen. That gentleman, left in the lurch, sent for me and asked whether I could sing the part that night without any rehearsal. I had been singing one of the gypsy girls in the opera, entirely by ear; but I said: "Here is the chance!" And I grasped it.

Mind you, I had learned the rôle of Carmen by ear and observation; but I had plenty of nerve. I sang the part with all the wrong notes the other singers had used, but I made an immense success of it. And curiously, though I sang the part two hundred times afterward, I never did it better—if so well—as on that occasion.

Well, you may believe that, though I was not puffed up, I was pretty well pleased with the hit I made in Carmen. The next Sunday they were to sing The Prophet, and again the prima donna refused to appear. The manager sent for me Saturday evening and asked whether I could sing Fidès without any orchestra rehearsal. The conductor was Felix Weingartner, and he gave me a short rehearsal on Sunday morning. The night before I had sung Magdalene in The Meistersinger.

Fidès is one of the most difficult acting rôles imaginable. She has a wonderful scene, where her son gets her to kneel down and say that he is not her own son. There is a wonderful opportunity here for emotional acting.

At the fall of the curtain the manager came to me with tears in his eyes and cried:

"Forgive me! I never knew—I never dreamed—that you had it in you to do this!"

And I could not help thinking of the time when my babies were hungry and I went to that man, and he told me I could succeed only in comedy—if he would let me!

Well, I made the greatest hit of my life; and the next day I sang Ortrud, in Lohengrin, without any rehearsal—so far as they knew. But my baby, if he could have talked, could have told them a different story. And right away the manager doubled my salary and agreed to pay me five dollars for every extra performance.

Curiously, after my success in Fidès, a great manager from Vienna, who happened to be present, came up and said he wanted to shake hands with me.

"You have a wonderful voice!" he exclaimed enthusiastically, "the greatest, the sweetest voice I ever heard in my life! And you know we have ladies in Vienna who can sing."

"Yes?" said I, half amused, for I recognized the gentleman.

"Haven't I heard you before?" he went on.

"Yes," said I, "you did—a long, long time ago. It was in 1875."

"In 1875!" he exclaimed. "I don't remember."

"Yes, sir," said I—and I confess I felt pretty good about it too—"you were so kind as to tell me to give up my singing and go buy a sewing machine. You said I should never be a singer. I have you to thank to-day, because you stirred up my ambition. But for you I should now be working in some little theater. So we had better not shake hands!"

Presently I went to Berlin and sang all the first-class parts, and there my big career started. Everything after that was easy. Money seemed to flow in from all quarters. The pendulum had swung to the other extreme. Starvation—plenty! Poverty—riches! It does not pay to write about one's prosperity, since there is nothing so dull and dry as success—in the telling. Besides, my career in America is probably an old story to many.

However, while I am on the personal side of my story, I want to refer back to the beginning of this article. I am, as I said, fifty-three years old, and I give about a hundred concerts a year and sing from sixteen to eighteen songs at a concert. Could a woman who did not have a constitution like a horse do that? In the biggest houses I have sometimes sung to as many as fourteen thousand persons.

Long ago I concluded that a great gift is for the people at large; so I adopted the popular-price policy. Other singers say:

"Oh, Schumann-Heink is rich—she can afford to sing to the multitude for a small admission fee!"

It would be affectation for me to say that I am prompted by a business motive. I am prompted by something more than that. Though I am not a teacher I believe we should care for the young generation. Nor is there danger of my "going broke" while my health lasts. I get seventy per cent of the proceeds of my concerts, out of which I pay all traveling expenses and ten per cent to the manager.

My business grows from year to year. As I said before, from my active efforts I net one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars; and from the talking-machine people I get forty-seven thousand dollars a year. Even in a business sense my popular-price policy is more than justified.

In pursuit of this policy I go into the smallest mining towns, away up in the mountains above the timber line, and give them just as good a program as I give in New York. There are many educated people in these settlements—more in proportion than in the big cities. I give them Wagner—what do you think of that?—and they love it.

They are typically American in those places—big-hearted, loving people with brains in their heads. They are so much more appreciative than the Europeans, who are blasé. In America they say frankly: "We are a young nation—we want to learn." But on the Continent they say: "We don't need to learn. We know it all!"

So I am a pioneer. Where nobody goes, Schumann-Heink goes—whether it is four thousand feet high or down below the level of the sea. I give concerts everywhere. I speak with the women and the workingmen who come in during the evening, and I give them the best I have.

And the children—I love the children! I sing to them in the schools, and I sing to the prisoners in the jails too. I do it because I love to do it.

Now tell me, could any one who did not have a heart full of love and a constitution like a horse go through what I have gone through and come out on top?

Surgeons and Soldiers

ENOUGH authentic reports from surgeons on both sides of the line of battle in France and Belgium have now been made to show that the one great scourge of this campaign is lockjaw, and to indicate that serums are being used in large quantities in the effort to control half a dozen diseases.

That lockjaw would suddenly take its place as the most dreaded disease of the war was anticipated to a very limited degree, yet every one of the military hospitals is reporting a heavy percentage of such cases. The reasons for it are simple, however. The battles are being fought over agricultural lands that have been tilled so completely and for so long a time, with the accompanying use of common fertilizers, that most of the soil contains lockjaw or tetanus bacilli.

Artillery is depended on largely in the fighting, which results in wounds from bursting shells or shrapnel to a proportion much greater than in most previous wars. Such wounds are apt to be wide and jagged, and contamination from the soil thrown up by the bursting shell, or from earth on the soldier's clothing, is to be expected. These are the wounds that are followed by lockjaw.

Bullet wounds, on the other hand, are giving much less trouble than in previous wars, and seldom develop lockjaw. The high velocity of the bullets seems to sterilize them by the heat generated; so that if the wounds are promptly protected by a dressing the danger of lockjaw is largely avoided.

Tetanus antitoxin, one of the most modern aids of the doctor, accordingly has assumed an important part in the campaign. The antitoxin is valuable in proportion to the promptness with which it is injected into the patient. Heavy doses sometimes succeed in saving a patient who has a well-developed case of the terrible disease, but fail in many instances. If the injection is made soon after the infection success is much more likely.

Consequently the medical forces of both the Germans and the Allies have called for large quantities of the antitoxin, to be used in the trenches and on the battlefields. The new rule is to inject the antitoxin immediately into every soldier who suffers a jagged or soiled wound, even before his first dressing; but only plenty of the life-saving fluid near the fighting line and quick attention for the wounded will bring the loss of life from lockjaw back to the normal percentage.

Vaccines and antitoxins are now being used at the front to combat smallpox, typhoid, tetanus, blood poisoning and cholera. The most distinguished living authority on vaccines, Sir Almroth Wright, is acting as consulting physician to the Allies, directing this work.

Practically all the troops are now vaccinated against smallpox, and rapid progress is being made in inoculating against typhoid fever. The soldiers of the standing armies, who first went into battle, were protected against typhoid in most instances; but that was not the case with the reserves, and there was neither time nor opportunity to inoculate them on the outbreak of the war.

In the preparation camps all recruits are being dosed, and before long practically all soldiers at the front will have this protection. If cholera threatens the western field of war a cholera vaccine will be ready. Sir Almroth believes in the protection against pneumonia afforded by pneumonia vaccine; and if this disease becomes serious in the trenches he may be expected to begin vaccinating the soldiers for that.

For smallpox, typhoid, cholera and pneumonia the treatment is preventive—given before the disease attacks a soldier. The tetanus antitoxin is intended for injection when infection is suspected, following a bad wound; and this applies, also, to vaccine for blood poisoning. Large quantities of this have been supplied to the British surgeons, but the result of its use has not yet been made known.

The first-aid packets carried by every soldier in all the armies have demonstrated their immense value, but the German packets have obtained the reputation of being most successful. These are fastened on the outside of the coats of the German soldiers, so that they may be very accessible; and the design of the packet permits easy opening with one hand.

The dressings provided for immediate application to a wound are of the best. The French packets have met with some criticism because they are hard to open and are carried in inside pockets.

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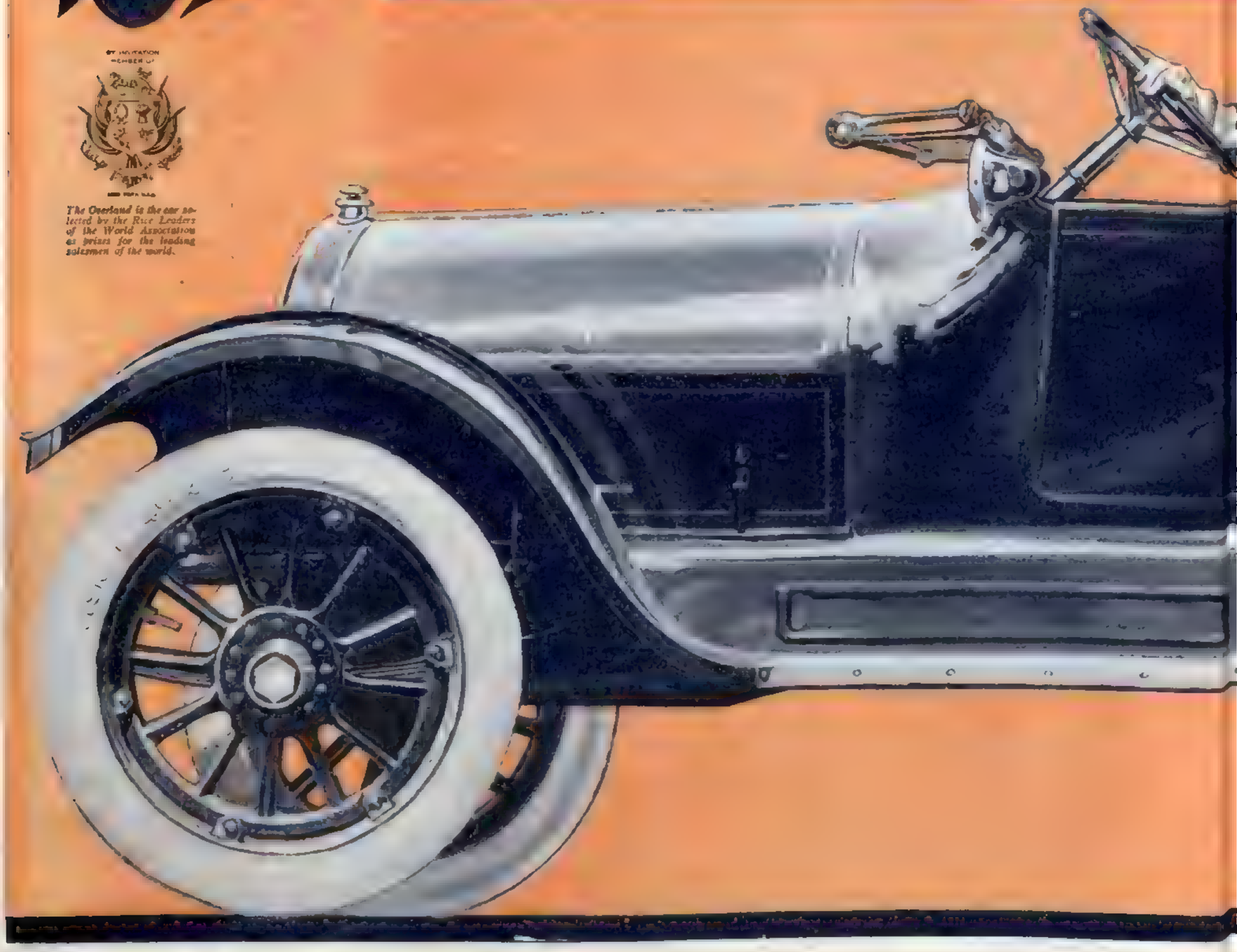

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EUROPE'S RAG DOLL

(Continued from Page 13)

Seeing them now, I began to understand how an enforced docility may reduce a whole people to the level of dazed, unresisting automatons. Yet a national spirit is harder to kill than a national boundary—so the students of these things say. A little flash of flaming hate from the seemingly dead ashes of things; a quick, darting glance of defiance; a hissed word from a seemingly subdued man or woman; a shrill, hostile whoop from a ragged youngster behind a hedge—things such as these showed us that the courage of the Belgians was not dead. It had been crushed to the ground, but it had not been torn up by the roots. The roots went down too far. The under dog had secret dreams of the day to come, when he should not be underneath, but on top.

Even had there been no abandoned customhouses to convince us of it, we should have known when we crossed from southern Belgium into northern France; for in France the proportion of houses that had suffered in punitive attacks was, compared with Belgium, as one to ten.

Understand, I am speaking of houses that had been deliberately burned in punishment, and not of houses that stood in the way of the cannon and the rapid-fire guns, and so underwent partial or complete destruction as the result of an accidental yet inevitable and unavoidable process. Of these last France, to the square mile, could offer as lamentably large a showing as Belgium; but buildings that presented indubitable signs of having been fired with torches rather than with shells were few.

Explaining this and applauding it, Germans of high rank said it presented direct and confirmatory proof of their claim that sheer wanton reprisals were practically unknown in their system of warfare. Perhaps I can best set forth the German attitude in this regard by quoting a general whom we interviewed on the subject:

"We do not destroy for the pleasure it gives us. We destroy only when it is necessary. The French rural populace are more rational, more tractable and much less turbulent than the Belgians. To a much greater degree than the Belgians they have refrained from acts against our men that would call for severe retaliatory measures on our part. Consequently we have spared the houses and respected the property of the French noncombatants."

Personally I had a theory of my own. So far as our observations went, the people living immediately on both sides of the line were an interrelated people, using the same speech and being much alike in temperament, manners and mode of conduct. I reached the private conclusion that, because of the chorus of protest that arose from all the neutral countries, and particularly from the United States, against the severities visited on Belgium in August and September, the word went forth to the German forces in the field that the scheme of punishment for offenders who violated the German field code should be somewhat softened and relaxed.

Between the Millstones

However, that is merely a personal theory. I may be absolutely wrong about it. The German general who interpreted the meaning of the situation may have been absolutely right about it. Certainly the physical testimony was on his side.

Also, it seemed to me, the psychology of the people particularly of the womenfolk in northern France was not that of their neighbors over the frontier. In a trade way the small shopkeepers here faced ruin; the Belgians had already been ruined. The Frenchwomen, whose sons and brothers and husbands and fathers were at the front, waited in the shadow of a great fear, as you might tell by a look into the face of any one of them. They were as peppercorns between the upper millstone and the nether, and the sound of the crunching was always in their ears, even though their turn to be crushed had not yet come.

For the Belgian women, however, the worst that might befal had already happened to them; their souls could be wrung no more; they had no terror of the future, since the past had been so terrible and the present was a living desolation of all they counted worth while. You might say the Frenchwomen dreaded what the Belgians endured. The reviled cup was at the lips of France, Belgium had drained it dry.

Yet in both countries the women generally manifested the same steadfast and silent patience. They said little; but their eyes asked questions. In the French towns we saw how bravely they strove to carry on their common affairs of life, which were so sadly shaken and distorted out of all normality by the earthquake of war.

For currency they had small French coins and strange German coins, and in some places futile-looking, little green-and-white slips, issued by the municipality in denominations of one franc and two francs and five francs, and redeemable in hard specie "three months after the declaration of peace." For wares to sell they had what remained of their depleted stocks; and for customers, their friends and neighbors, who looked forward to commercial ruin, which each day brought nearer to them all.

Outwardly they were placid enough, but it was not the placidity of content. It bespoke rather a dumb, disciplined acceptance by those who have had fatalism literally thrust on them as a doctrine to be practiced.

Looking back on it I can recall just one woman I saw in France who maintained an unquenchable blitheness of spirit. She was the little woman who managed the small café in Maubeuge where we ate our meals. Perhaps her frugal French mind was rejoiced that business remained so good, for many officers dined at her table and, by Continental standards, paid her well and abundantly for what she fed them; but I think a better reason lay in the fact that she had within her an innate buoyancy which nothing—not even war—could daunt.

Trim as a Trout Fly

She was one of those women who remain trig and chic though they are slovens by instinct. Her blouse was never clean, but she wore it with an air. Her skirt testified that skillets spit grease; but in it she somehow looked as trim as a trout fly. Even the hole in her stocking gave her piquancy; and she had wonderful black hair, which probably had not been combed properly for a month, and big, crackling black eyes. They told us that one day, a week or two before we came, she had been particularly cheerful—so cheerful that one of her German patrons was moved to inquire the cause of it.

"Oh," she said, "I am quite content with life to-day. I have word that my husband is a prisoner. Now he is out of danger and you Germans will have to feed him—and he is a great eater! If you starve him then I shall starve you."

At breakfast Captain Mannesmann, of the reserves, who was with us, asked her in his best French for more butter. She paused in her quick, birdlike movements—for she was waitress, cook, cashier, manager and owner, all rolled into one—and cocking a saucy, unkempt head at him asked that the question be repeated. This time, in his efforts to be understood, he stretched his words out so that unwittingly his voice took on rather a whining tone.

"Well, don't cry about it!" she snapped. "I'll see what I can do."

Returning from the battle front our itinerary included a long stretch of the great road that runs between Paris and Brussels, a road much favored formerly by auto tourists, but now used almost altogether for military purposes. Considering that we traversed a corner of the theater of one of the greatest battles thus far waged—Mons—and that this battle had taken place but a few weeks before, there were remarkably few evidences remaining of it.

With added force we remarked a condition that had given us material for wonderment in our earlier journeyings. Though a retreating army and an advancing army, both enormous in size, had lately poured through the country, the houses, the farms and the towns were almost undamaged.

Contrasts, which take on a heightened emphasis by reason of their brutal abruptness, abound all over Belgium. You pass at a step, as it were, from a district of complete and irreparable destruction to one wherein all things are orderly and ordered, and much as they should be in peaceful times. Were it not for the stagnated towns and the depression that besides the people, one would hardly know that these areas had lately been overrun by hostile soldiers and now groaned under enormous tithes. In isolated instances the depression had begun to lift. Certain breeds of the polyglot Flemish race have, it appears, an almost unkillable resilience of temper; but in a town only a mile away all those whom we met would be like dead people who walked.

Also, there were many graves. If we passed along ridged mounds of clay in a field, unmarked except by the piled-up clods, we knew that at this spot many had fought and many had fallen; but if, as occurred constantly, one separate mound or a little row of separate mounds was at the roadside, that probably meant a small skirmish.

Such a grave almost always was marked by a little wooden cross, with a name penciled on it; and often the comrades of the dead man had hung his cap on the upright of the cross. If it were a French cap or a Belgian the weather would have worn it to a faded blue-and-red wisp of worsted. The German helmets stood the exposure better. They retained their shape.

On a cross I saw one helmet with a bullet hole right through the center of it in front. Sometimes there would be flowers on the mound, faded garlands of field poppies and wreaths of withered wild vines; and by the presence of these we could tell that the dead man's mates had time and opportunity to accord him greater honor than usually is bestowed on a soldier killed in an advance or during a retreat.

Mons was reached next, looking much as I imagine Mons must always have looked; and then, after a few stretching and weary leagues, Brussels—to my mind the prettiest and smartest of the capital cities of Europe, not excluding even Paris. I had first seen Brussels when it was as gay as a carnival—that was in mid-August; and, though Liège had fallen and Namur was falling, and the German legions were eating up the miles as they hurried forward through the dust and smoke of their own making, Brussels still floated her flags, built her toy barricades, and wore a gay face to mask the panic clutching at her nerves.

Getting back five days later I found her beginning to rally from the shock of the invasion. Her people, relieved to find that the enemy did not mean to mistreat noncombatants who obeyed his code of laws, were going about their affairs in such odd hours as they could spare from watching the unending gray monster that roared and poured through their streets. The flags were down and the counterfeit lightheartedness was gone; but essentially she was the same Brussels.

Coming now, however, seven weeks later, I found a city that had been transformed out of her own customary image by captivity and hunger and hard-curbed resentment. The pulse of her life seemed hardly to beat at all. She lay in coma, flashing up feverishly sometimes at false rumors of German repulses to the southward.

A Tactful German

Only the day before we arrived a wild story got abroad among the starvelings in the poorer quarters that the Russians had taken Berlin and had swept across Prussia and were now pushing forward, with an irresistible army, to relieve Brussels. So thousands of the deluded populace went to a bridge on the eastern outskirts of the town to catch the first glimpse of the victorious oncoming Russians; and there they stayed until nightfall, watching and hoping and—what was more pitiable—believing.

From what I saw of him I judged that the present military governor of Brussels, Major Bayer, was not only a diplomat but a kindly and a most engaging gentleman. Certainly he was wrestling most manfully, and I thought tactfully, with a difficult and a dangerous situation. For one thing, he was keeping his soldiers out of sight as much as possible without relaxing his grip on the community.

He did this, he said, to reduce the chances of friction between his men and the people; for friction might mean a spark and a spark might mean a conflagration, and that would mean another and greater Louvain. We could easily understand that small things might readily grow into great and serious troubles. Even the most docile-minded man would be apt to resent in the wearer of a hated uniform what he might excuse as overofficiousness or love of petty authority were the offender a policeman of his

(Continued on Page 29)

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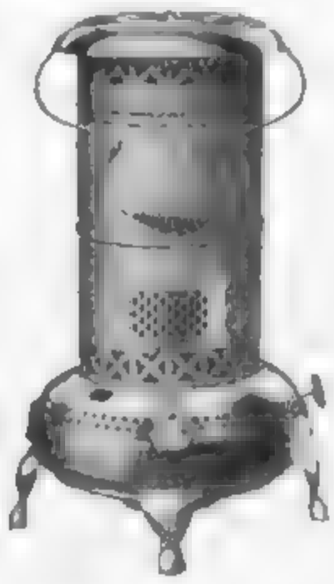

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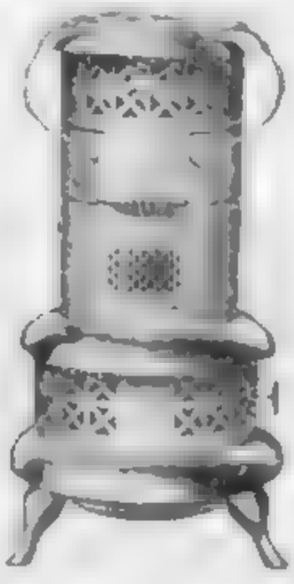

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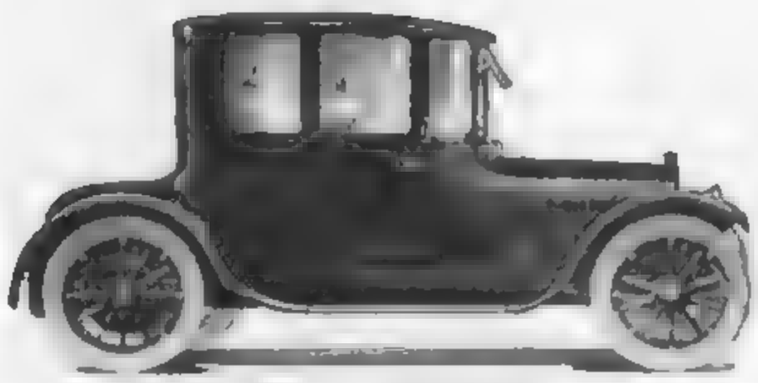

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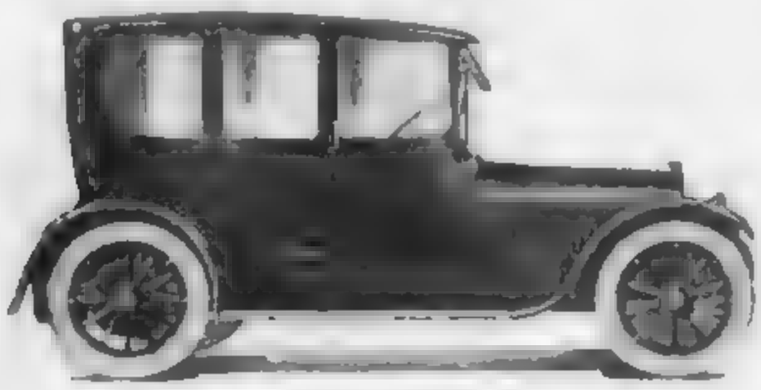

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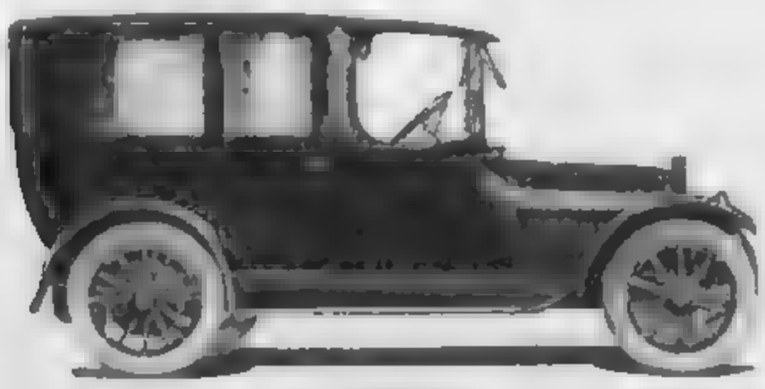

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You are at once impressed with the handsome lines and the graceful contour, with the rich and dignified appointments, with the quiet good taste everywhere in evidence and the infinite care manifested in executing every minute detail, leaving nothing more to be desired, nothing more to be obtained.

With the super-smoothness of the Cadillac Eight-Cylinder Engine, the yielding springs, the deep, soft upholstery, the quiet richness which surrounds you, mind and body are enveloped in an indescribable sense of relaxation and ease, almost oblivious to the mechanical means which gives you motion.

The production of closed types in quantities exceeding those of any other maker of high-grade cars in the world enables us to avail ourselves of economical manufacturing methods and processes, and to employ special equipment which would practically be prohibitive with makers producing only in small quantities because of the heavy cost of installation.

The result is quality unexcelled, even by custom body makers who cater to an exclusive clientele, where price is seldom a factor.

The body framework is of hard wood, substantially joined and braced.

The panels, window frames and roofs are aluminum. (Excepting the roof of the Coupé.)

In the panel work, the number of joints is reduced to a minimum.

The windows, which are fitted with silk curtains, are of heavy crystal plate, $\frac{7}{32}$ inch thick.

Doors and windows are of weather-proof construction.

In the windshields, the upper portion is double, providing clear vision and protection when raining; the lower portion swings inward to provide ventilation.

The lower panels of the bodies and doors are finished in Calumet Green; the upper portion and mouldings are finished in black.

The Limousine

Here is marked the utmost in motor car luxury.

Its style, construction, finish and appointments appeal to the most exacting.

The body and roof are made of aluminum.

The rear seat accommodates three passengers. There are also two comfortable auxiliary seats which fold into recesses, out of the way when not in use.

The passenger compartment is upholstered in Friezette, the standard shade being taupe.

A belt line of inlaid Circassian Walnut adds to the richness of the trimmings.

The doors and door frames are of weather-proof construction.

The forward, or driver's, compartment is upholstered in long grain, bright finish, black leather. The seat is plain and the back cushion is tufted. Protection curtains are provided.

In addition to the standard lighting equipment, two interior quarter lights and a dome light are provided, and a pair of pillar lights outside.

It is a car among whose most enthusiastic admirers are those to whom price is a secondary consideration—those who favor the Cadillac for its merit alone.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

(Continued from Page 26)

own nationality. Brooding over their own misfortunes had worn the nerves of these captives to the very quick.

In any event, be the outcome of this war what it may, I do not believe the Belgians can ever be molded, either by kindness or by sternness, into a tractable vassal race. German civilization I concede to be a magnificent thing—for a German; but it seems to press on an alien neck like a galling yoke. Belgium under Berlin rule would be, I am sure, Alsace and Lorraine all over again on a larger scale and an unhappier one. She would never, in my humble opinion, be a star in the Prussian constellation, but always a raw sore in the Prussian side.

In Major Bayer's office I saw the major stamp an order that turned over to the acting burgomaster ten thousand bags of flour for distribution among the more needy citizens. We were encouraged to believe that this was by way of a free gift from the German Government. It may have been made without payment or promise of payment. In regard to that I cannot say positively; but this was the inference we drew from the statements of the German officers who took part in the proceeding.

As for the acting burgomaster, he stood through the scene silent and inscrutable, saying nothing at all. Possibly he did not understand; the conversation—or that part of it which concerned us—was carried on exclusively in English. His face, as he bowed to accept the certified warrant for the flour, gave us no hint of his mental processes.

The First Shot Fired

Major Bayer claimed a professional kinship with those of us who were newspaper men, as he was the head of the Boy Scout movement in Germany and edited the official organ of the Boy Scouts. He had a squad of his scouts on messenger duty at his headquarters—smart, alert-looking youngsters. They seemed to me to be much more competent in their department than were the important-appearing German Secret Service agents who infested the building. The Germans may make first-rate spies—assuredly their system of espionage was well organized before the war broke out—but I do not think they are conspicuous successes as detectives: their methods are so transparently mysterious.

Major Bayer had been one of the foremost German officers to set foot on Belgian soil after the severance of friendly relations between the two countries.

"I believe," he said, "that I heard the first shot fired in this war. It came from a clump of trees within half an hour after our advance guard crossed the boundary south of Aachen, and it wounded the leg of a captain who commanded a company of scouts at the head of the column. Our skirmishers surrounded the woods and beat the thickets, and presently they brought forth the man who had fired the shot. He was sixty years old, and he was a civilian. Under the laws of war we shot him on the spot. So you see probably the first shot fired in this war was fired at us by a *franc-tireur*. By his act he had forfeited his life, but personally I felt sorry for him; for I believe, like many of his fellow countrymen who afterward committed such offenses, he was ignorant of the military indefensibility of his attack on us and did not realize what the consequences would be.

"I am sure, though, that the severity with which we punished these offenses at the outset was really merciful, for only by killing the civilians who fired on us, and by burning their houses, could we bring home to thousands of others the lesson that if they wished to fight us they must enlist in their own army and come against us in uniforms, as soldiers."

Within the same hour we were introduced to Privy Councilor Otto von Falke, an Austrian by birth, but now, after long service in Cologne and Berlin, promoted to be Director of Industrial Arts for Prussia. He had been sent, he explained, by order of the Kaiser, to superintend the removal of historic works of art from endangered churches and other buildings, and to turn them over to the curator of the Royal Belgian Gallery, at Brussels, for storage in the vaults of the museum until such time as peace had been restored and they might be returned with safety to their original positions.

"So you see, gentlemen," said Professor von Falke, "that the Germans are not despoiling Belgium of its wealth of pictures and statues. We are taking pains to preserve and perpetuate them. They belong to Belgium—not to us; and we have no desire to take them away. Certainly we are not vandals who would wantonly destroy the splendid things of art, as our enemies have claimed."

He was plainly a sincere man and much in love with his work; that, too, was easy to see. Afterward, however, the thought came to us that, if Belgium was to become a German state by right of seizure and conquest, he was saving these masterpieces of Vandyke and Rubens, not for Belgium, but for the greater glory of the Greater Empire.

However, that was beside the mark. What at the moment seemed to us of more consequence even than rescuing holy pictures was that all about us were sundry hundreds of thousands of men, women and children who did not need pictures, but food. You had only to look at them in the streets to know that their bellies felt the pinch of hunger. Famine knocked already at half the doors in that city of Brussels, and we sat in the café of the Palace Hotel and talked of pictures!

We called on Minister Brand Whitlock, whom we had not seen—McCutcheon and I—since the Sunday afternoon a month and a half before when we two left his official residence in a hired livery rig for a ride to Waterloo, which ride extended over a thousand miles, one way and another, and carried us into three of the warring countries.

Mention of this call gives me opportunity to say in parenthesis, so to speak, that if ever a man in acutely critical circumstances kept his head, and did a big job in a big way, and reflected credit at a thousand angles on himself and the country that has the honor to be served by him, that man is Brand Whitlock. To him, a citizen of another nation, the people of forlorn Brussels probably owe more to-day than to any man of their own race.

Grass was sprouting from between the cobbles of the streets in the populous residential districts through which we passed on the way from the American Ministry to our next stopping place. Viewed at a short distance each vista of empty street had a wavy green beard on its face; and by this one might judge to what a low ebb the commerce and the pleasure of the city had fallen since its occupation.

There was one small square where goats and geese might have been pastured. It looked as though weeks might have passed since wagon wheels had rolled over those stones; and the town folks whose houses fronted on the little square lounged in their doorways, with idle hands thrust into their pockets, regarding us with lackluster, indifferent eyes. It may have been fancy, but I thought nearly all of them looked pinched of frame and that their faces seemed drawn. Seeing them so, you would have said that, with them, nothing mattered any more.

The Hairdresser's Story

We saw a good many people, though, who were taking for the moment an acute and uneasy interest in their own affairs, at the big city prison, where we spent half an hour or so. Here, in a high-walled courtyard, we found upward of two hundred offenders against small civic regulations, serving sentences ranging in length from seven days to thirty. Perhaps one in three was a German soldier, and probably one in ten was a woman or a girl; the rest were male citizens of all ages, sizes and social grading, a few Congo negroes being mixed in. Most of the time they stayed in their cells, in solitary confinement; but on certain afternoons they might take the air and see visitors in the bleak and barren inclosure where they were now herded together.

By common rumor in Brussels the Germans were shooting all persons who were caught secretly peddling copies of French or English papers or unauthorized and clandestine Belgian papers; since only orthodox German papers were permitted to be sold. The Germans themselves took no steps to deny these stories, but in the prison we found a large collection of forlorn newsdealers. Having been captured with the forbidden wares in their possession, they had mysteriously vanished from the ken of their friends; but they had not been "put against the wall," as they say in Europe. They had been given fourteen days apiece, with a promise of six months if they transgressed a second time.

One little man, with the longest and sleekest and silkiest black whiskers I have seen in many a day, recognized us as Americans and drew near to tell us his troubles in a confidential whisper. By his bleached indoor complexion and his manners anyone would have known him for a pastry cook or a hairdresser. A hairdresser was what he was; and in a better day than this, not far remote, he had conducted a fashionable establishment on a fashionable boulevard, he said.

"Ah, I am in one very sad state," he said in his twisted English. "I start for Ostend to take winter garments for my two small daughters, who are there at school, and they arrest me—these Germans—and keep me two days in a cowshed, and then bring me back here and put me here in this so-terrible-a-place for two weeks; and all for nothing at all."

"Didn't you have a pass to go through the lines?" I asked. "Perhaps that was it"

"I have already a pass," he said; "but when they search me they find in my pockets letters which I am taking to people in Ostend. I do not know what is in those letters. People ask me to take them to friends of theirs in Ostend and I consent, not knowing it is against the law. They read these letters—the Germans—and say I am carrying news to their enemies; and they become very enrage at me and lock me up. Never again will I take letters for anybody anywhere.

"Oh, sirs, if you could but see the food I eat here! For dinner we have a stew—oh, such a stew!—and for breakfast only bread and coffee who is not coffee!" And with both hands he combed his whiskers in a despair that was comic and yet pitiful.

Sight-Seers in Louvain

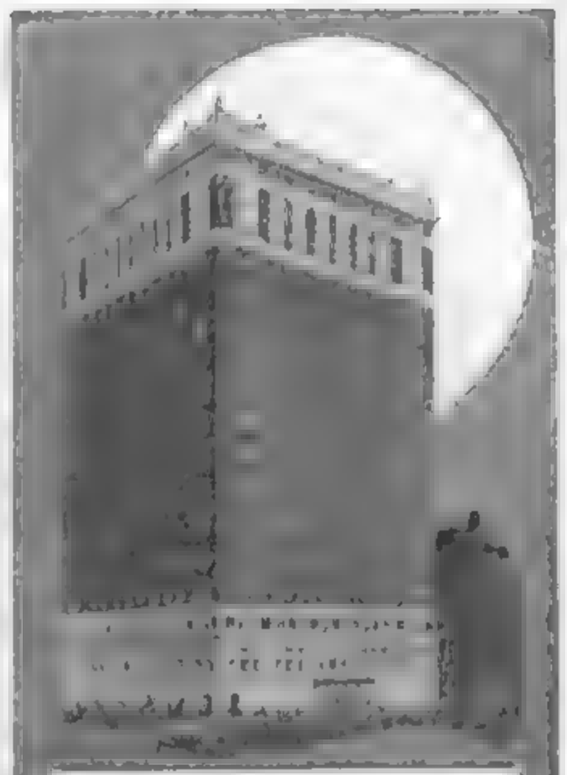
It was Sunday when I saw Louvain in the ashes of her desolation. We were just back then from the German besiegements before Antwerp; and the hollow sounds of the big guns fired there at spaced intervals came to our ears as we rode over the road leading out from Brussels, like the boomings of great bells. The last time I had gone that way the country was full of refugees fleeing from burning villages on beyond. Now it was bare, except for a few baggage trains lumbering along under escort of shaggy gray troopers. Perhaps I should say they were gray-and-yellow troopers, for the plastered mud and powdered dust of three months of active campaigning had made them of true dirt color.

Oh, yes; I forgot one other thing: We overtook a string of wagons fitted up as carryalls and bearing family parties of the burghers to Louvain to spend a day among the wreckage. There is no accounting for tastes. If I had been a Belgian the last thing I should want my wife and my baby to see would be the ancient university town, the national cradle of the Church, in its present state. Nevertheless, there were many excursionists in Louvain that day.

The Germans had taken down the bars and sight-seers came by autobusses from as far away as Aix-la-Chapelle and from Liège and many from Brussels. They bought postal cards and climbed about over the mountain ranges of waste, and they mined in the débris mounds for souvenirs. Altogether, I suppose some of them regarded it as a kind of picnic. Personally I should rather go to a morgue for a picnic than to Louvain as it looks to-day.

I have tried hard, both in Germany among the German soldiers and in Belgium among the Belgians, to discover the truth about Louvain. The Germans said the outbreak was planned, and that firing broke out at a given signal in various quarters of the town; that, from windows and basements and roofs, bullets rained on them; and that the fighting continued until they had smoked the last of the inhabitants from their houses with fire and put them to death as they fled. The Belgians proclaimed just as stoutly that, mistaking an onmarching regiment for enemies, the Germans fired on their own people; and then, in rage at having committed such an error and to cover it up, they turned on the townspeople and mixed massacre with pillagings and burnings for the better part of a night and a day.

I had come to a point in my experience where I could, I think, sense something of the viewpoint of each. To the Belgian, a German in his home or in his town was no more than an armed housebreaker. What did he care for the code of war? He was not responsible for the war. He had no share in framing the code. He took his gun, and when the chance came he fired—and fired



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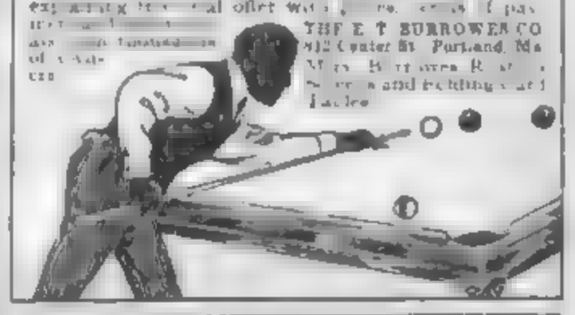

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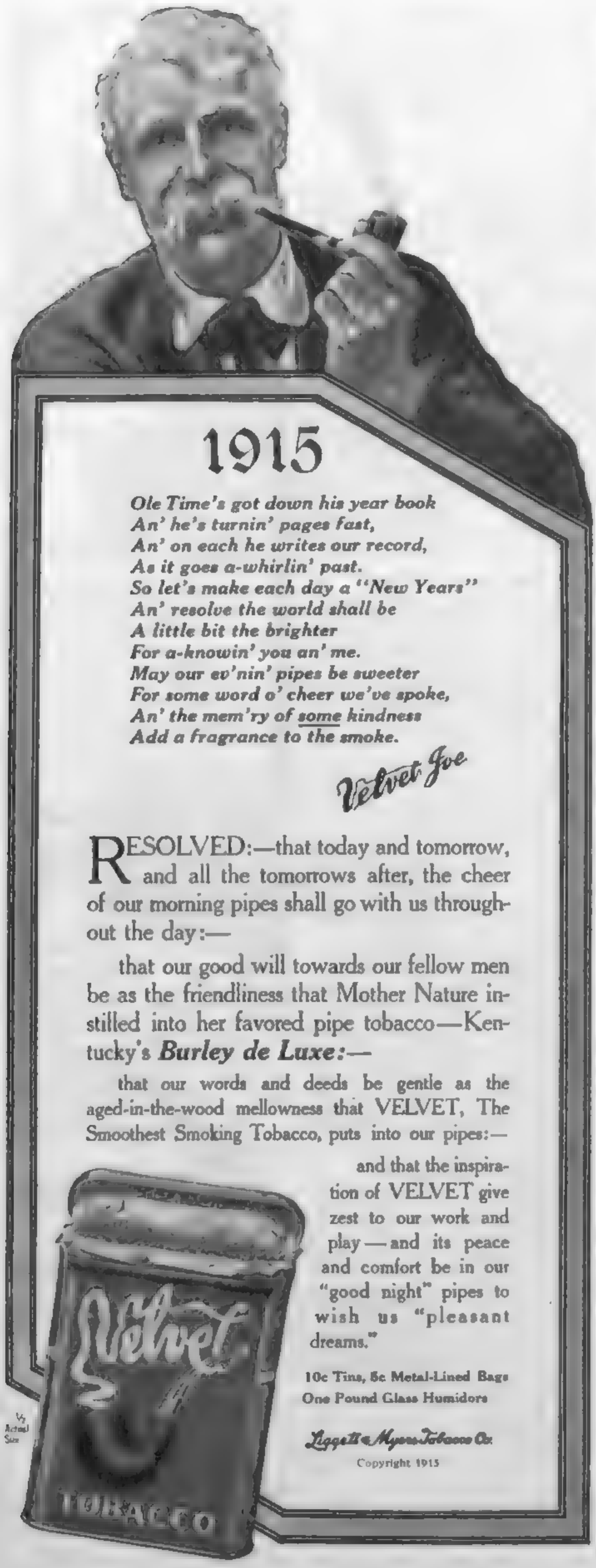
1915
Ole Time's got down his year book
An' he's turnin' pages fast,
An' on each he writes our record,
As it goes a-whirlin' past.
So let's make each day a "New Years"
An' resolve the world shall be
A little bit the brighter
For a-knowin' you an' me.
May our ev'nin' pipes be sweeter
For some word o' cheer we've spoke,
An' the mem'ry of some kindness
Add a fragrance to the smoke.
Velvet Joe
RESOLVED:—that today and tomorrow, and all the tomorrows after, the cheer of our morning pipes shall go with us throughout the day:—
that our good will towards our fellow men be as the friendliness that Mother Nature instilled into her favored pipe tobacco—Kentucky's Burley de Luxe:—
that our words and deeds be gentle as the aged-in-the-wood mellowness that VELVET, The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, puts into our pipes:—
and that the inspiration of VELVET give zest to our work and play—and its peace and comfort be in our "good night" pipes to wish us "pleasant dreams."
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to kill. Perhaps, at first, he did not know that by that same act he forfeited his life and sacrificed his home and jeopardized the lives and homes of all his neighbors. Perhaps in the blind fury of the moment he did not much care.

Take the German soldier: He had proved he was ready to meet his enemy in the open and to fight him there. When his comrade fell at his side, stricken down by an unseen, skulking foe, who lurked behind a hedge or a chimney, he saw red and he did red deeds. That in his reprisals he went farther than some might have gone under similar conditions—though that point is debatable too—is rather to have been expected. In point of organization, in discipline, and in the enactment of a terribly stern, terribly deadly course of conduct for just such emergencies, his masters had gone farther than the head of any modern army ever went before.

You see, all the laboriously built-up ethics of civilized peace came into direct conflict with the bloody ethics of war, which is never civilized, and which frequently are born in the instant and molded on the instant to suit the purposes of those who create them. And Louvain is perhaps the most finished and perfect example we have in this world to-day to show the consequences of such a clash.

I am not going to try to describe Louvain. Others have done that competently. The Belgians were approximately correct when they said Louvain had been destroyed. The Germans were technically right when they said not over twenty per cent of its area had been reduced; for that twenty per cent included practically the whole business district, practically all the better class of homes, the university, the cathedral, the main thoroughfares, the principal hotels and shops and cafés. The famous town hall alone remained unscathed; it was saved by German soldiers from the common fate of all things about it. What remained, in historic value and in physical beauty, and even in tangible property value, was much less than what was gone forever.

I sought out the hotel near the station where we had stayed, as enforced guests of the German army, for three days in August. Its site was a leveled gray mass, sodden, ruined past all redemption; ruined past all thought of salvage. I looked for the little inn at which we had dined. Its front wall littered the street and its interior was a jumble of worthlessness. I wondered what had become of its proprietor—the dainty, gentle little woman whose misshapen figure had told us she was near the time for her baby.

I endeavored to fix the location of the little sidewalk café where we sat on the second or the third day of the German occupation—August twenty-first, I think, was the date—and watched the sun go out in eclipse like a bloody disk. We did not know it then, but it was Louvain's bloody eclipse we saw presaged that day in the suddenly darkened heavens. Even the lines of the sidewalks were lost. The road was piled high with broken, fire-smudged masonry. The building behind was a building no longer. It was a husk of a house, open to the sky, backless and frontless, and fit only to tumble down in the next high wind.

The Widow of the Postal Cards

As we stood before the empty railroad station, in what I veritably believe to be the forlornest spot there is on the earth, a woman in a shawl came whining to sell us postal cards, on which were views of the desolation that was all about us.

"Please buy some pictures," she said in French. "My husband is dead."

"When did he die?" one of us asked.

She blinked, as though trying to remember.

"That night," she said as though there had never been but one night. "They killed him then—that night."

"Who killed him?"

"They did."

She pointed in the direction of the square fronting the station. There were German soldiers where she pointed—both living ones and dead ones. The dead ones, eighty-odd of them, were buried in two big crosswise trenches, in a circular plot that had once been a bed of ornamental flowers surrounding the monument of some local notable. The living ones were standing sentry duty at the fence that flanked the railroad tracks beyond.

"They did," she said; "they killed him! Will you buy some postal cards, m'sieur? All the best pictures of the ruins!"

She said it flatly, without color in her voice, or feeling or emotion. She did not, I am sure, flinch mentally as she looked at the Germans. Certainly she did not flinch visibly. She was past flinching, I suppose.

The officer in command of the force holding the town came, just before we started, to warn us to beware of bicyclists who might be encountered near Tirlemont.

"They are all *franc-tireurs*—those Belgians on wheels," he said. "Some of them are straggling soldiers, wearing uniforms under their other clothes. They will shoot at you and trust to their bicycles to get away. We've caught and killed some of them, but there are still a few abroad. Take no chances with them. If I were in your place I should be ready to shoot first."

We asked him how the surviving populace of Louvain was behaving.

"Oh, we have them—like that!" he said with a laugh, and clenched his hand in a knot of knuckles to show what he meant. "They know better than to shoot at a German soldier now; but if looks would kill we'd all be dead men a hundred times a day." And he laughed again.

Of course it was none of our business; but it seemed to us that if we were choosing a man to pacify and control the ruined people of ruined Louvain this square-headed, big-fisted captain would not have been our first choice.

It began to rain hard as our automobile moved through the wreckage-strewn street which, being followed, would bring us to the homeward road—home in this instance meaning Aix-la-Chapelle. The rain, soaking into the débris, sent up a sour, nasty smell, which pursued us until we had cleared the town. That exhalation might fully have been the breath of the wasted place, just as the distant, never-ending boom of the guns might have been the lamenting voice of the war-tortured land itself.

The Vitals of Belgium

I remember Liège best at this present distance by reason of a small thing that occurred as we rode, just before dusk, through a byway near the river. In the gloomy, wet Sunday street two bands of boys were playing at being soldiers. Being soldiers is the game all the children in Northern Europe have played since the first of last August.

From doorways and window sills their lounging elders watched these Liège urchins as they waged their mimic fight with wooden guns and wooden swords; but, while we looked on, one boy of an inventive turn of mind was possessed of a great idea. He proceeded to organize an execution against a handy wall, with one small person to enact the rôle of the condemned culprit and half a dozen others to make up the firing squad.

As the older spectators realized what was afoot a growl of dissent rolled up and down the street; and a stout, red-faced matron, shrilly protesting, ran out into the road and cuffed the boys until they broke and scattered. There was one game in Liège the boys might not play.

The last I saw of Belgium was when I skirted her northern frontier, making for the seacoast. The guns were silent, for Antwerp had surrendered; and over all the roads leading up into Holland refugees were pouring in winding streams. They were such refugees as I had seen a score of times before, only now there were infinitely more of them than ever before: men, women and children, all afoot; all burdened with bags and bundles; all dressed in their best clothes—it was well to save their best, since they could save so little else—all or nearly all bearing their inevitable black umbrellas.

There was a double reason for this last: first, force of habit, for it rains nearly every day in Belgium; and second, because a raised umbrella makes a sort of shelter under which to huddle on the miry ground at night when there is no other shelter.

They must have come long distances; but I marked that none of them cried out or complained, or gave up in weariness and despair. They went on and on, with their weary backs bent to their burdens and their weary legs trembling under them; and we did not know where they were going—and they did not know. They just went. What they must face before them could not equal what they left behind them; so they went on.

That poor little rag doll, with its head crushed in the wheel tracks, does not furnish such a good comparison, after all, I think, as I finish this story about Belgium; for it had sawdust insides—and Belgium's vitals are the vitals of courage and patience.

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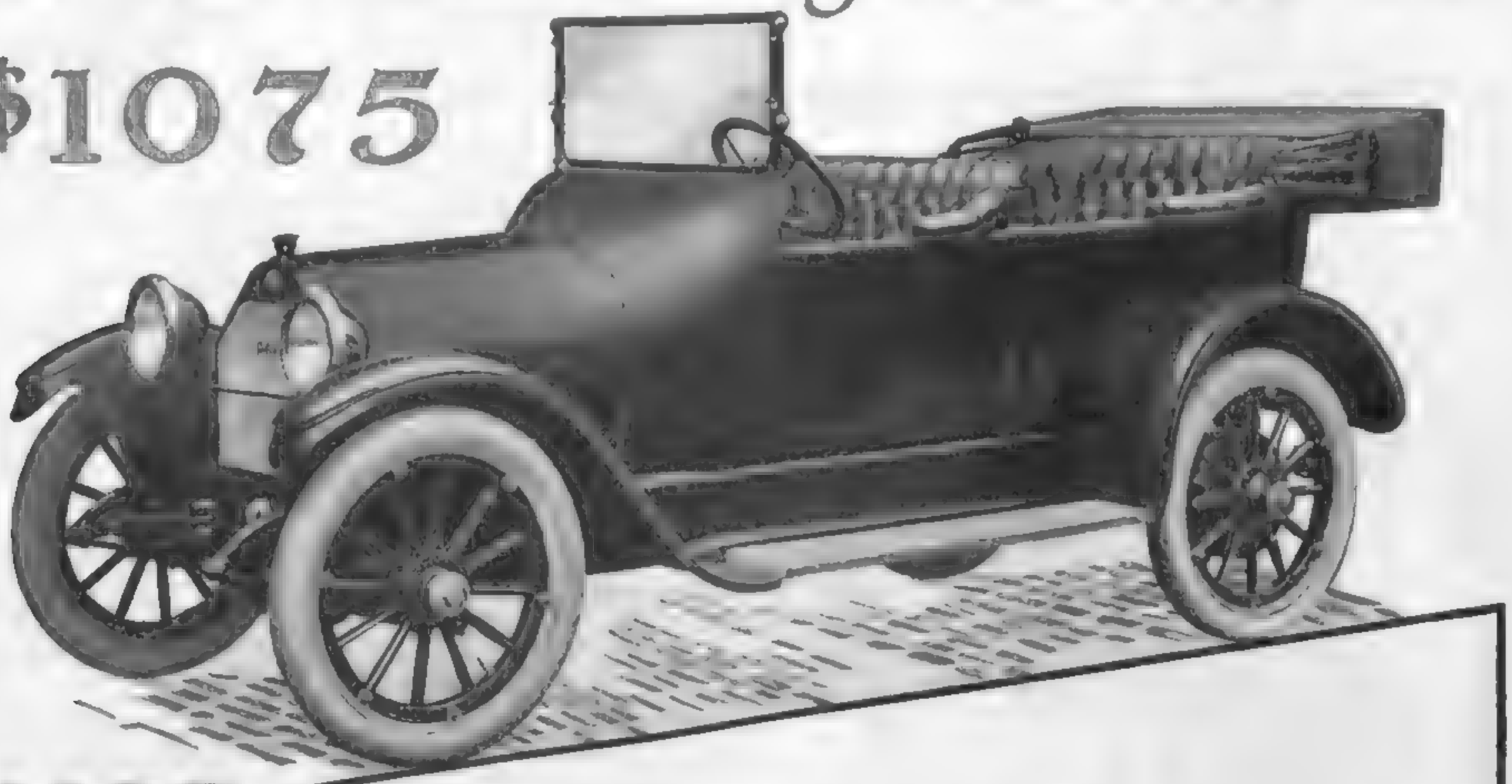
$1075



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IGNITION—Bosch Magneto; variable spark.

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COOLING—Water cooled, honey comb radiator, circulation by centrifugal pump; driven by silent chain; ball-bearing fan.

CLUTCH—Multiple disc, with cork inserts; housed-in fly-wheel, in dust-proof case running in oil.

LUBRICATION—Combination force feed and constant level splash. Oil forced to main bearings by plunger pump operated from cam shaft. Oil in bottom of crank-case sprays cylinders, piston and connecting rod bearings.

AXLE—Rear, floating type; front, I-beam, one-piece drop forging. Hyatt anti-friction roller bearing.

SPRINGS—Front, semi-elliptic, 34" long, 2" wide; rear, full elliptic, 38" long, 2" wide, re-bound clips.

CONTROL—Left-hand drive, center control, spark and throttle levers on steering wheel. Ignition switch, lighting switch, dash light, current indicator, speedometer oil pressure gauge on cowl board, very accessible.

GASOLINE TANK—Tank located under shroud dash; gravity feed; reserve supply valve; carburetor adjustment on dash.

TIRES—34 x 4". Non-skid tread on rear.

WHEELS—Wood, artillery type, 34" in diameter, 12 spokes, front and rear. Demountable rims.

WHEEL BASE—116".

UPHOLSTERY—Genuine leather over sumptuous curled hair and springs.

FENDERS—Latest type Crowned Fenders.

EQUIPMENT—Silk mohair top; rain-vision, ventilating windshield; speedometer; one extra demountable rim; one extra tire carrier in rear; robe rail; license bracket; horn; pump; jack; tools and tire repair kit.

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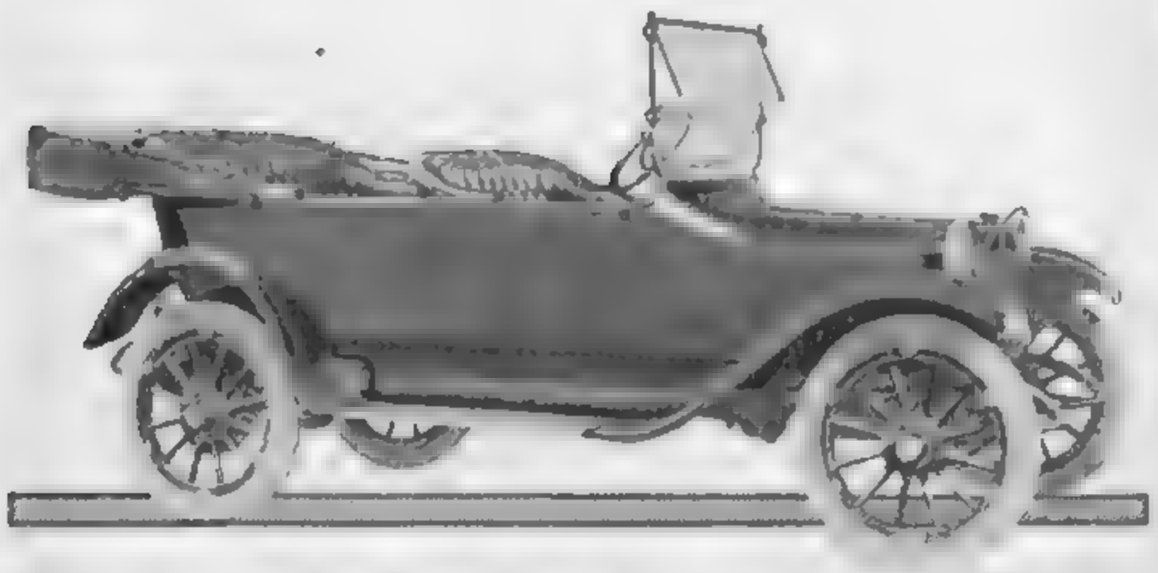
DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



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T. B.

(Continued from Page 11)

"Sure you got em, missy; but that don't need to mean nothin' much."

"I got 'em, I tell you."

"Losin' weight?"

"Feel."

He inserted two fingers in her waistband.

"Huh!"

"You a doctor?"

He performed a great flourish.

"I ain't in the profesh, missy. I'm only chief clerk and bottle washer round here; but ——"

"Where is the doctor? That him reading down there? Can I ask him—I —— Oh! Ain't I scared!"

He placed his big, cool hand over her wrist and his face had none of its smile.

"I know you are, little missy. I seen it in you last night when you and—and ——"

"My—my friend."

"—— your friend was in here. There's thousands come in here with the scare on, and most of 'em with a reason; but I picked you out last night from the gang. Funny thing, but right away I picked you. 'A pretty little thing like her'—if you'll excuse me for saying it—'a pretty little thing like her,' I says to myself. 'And I bet she ain't got nobody to steer her!'"

"Honest, did you?"

"Gee, it ain't none of my put-in; but when I seen you last night—funny thing—but when I seen you, why, you just kinda hit me in the eye; and, with all that gang round me, I says to myself: 'Gee, a pretty little thing like her, scared as a gazelle, and so pretty and all; and no one to give her the right steer!'"

"Aw, you seen me?"

"Sure! Wasn't it me reached out the pamphlet to you? You had on that there same cutey little hat and jacket and all."

"Does it cost anything to talk to the doctor down there?"

"Forget it! Go right down and he'll give you a card to the Victoria Clinic. I know them all over there and they'll look you over right, little missy, and steer you. Aw, don't be scared; there ain't nothing much wrong with you—maybe a sore spot, that's all. That cough ain't a double-lunger. You run over to the clinic."

"I gotta go back to the store now."

"After store, then."

"Free?"

"Sure! Old Doc Strauss is on after five too. If I ain't too nervy I'm off after six myself. I could meet you after and we could talk over what he tells you—if I ain't too nervy?"

"I ——"

"Blaney's my name. Eddie Blaney. Ask anybody round here about me. I—I could meet you, little missy, and ——"

"I can't to-night, Mr. Blaney. I gotta go somewheres."

"Aw!"

"I gotta."

"To-morrow? To-morrow's Sunday, little missy. There's a swell lot of country I bet you ain't never seen, and Old Doc Strauss is going to tell you to get acquainted with it pretty soon."

"Country?"

"Yes. That's what you need, outdoors; that's what you need, little missy. You got a color like all indoors—pretty, but putty."

"You—you don't think there's nothing much the matter with me, do you, Mr. Blaney?"

"Sure I don't. Why, I got a bunch of Don'ts for you up my sleeve that'll color you up like drug-store daub."

Tears and laughter trembled in her voice.

"You mean that the outdoor stuff will do it, Mr. Blaney?"

"That's the talk!"

"But you—you ain't the doctor."

"I ain't, but I ain't been deaf and dumb and blind round here for three years. I can pick 'em every time. You're taking your stitch in time, little missy. You ain't even got a wheeze in you. Why, I bet you ain't never seen red!"

"No!" she cried, with quick comprehension.

"Sure you ain't!"

More tears and laughter in her voice.

"I'm going to-night, then—at six, Mr. Blaney."

"Good! And to-morrow? There's a lot of swell country and breathing space round here I'd like to introduce you to. I bet you don't know whether Ingleside Woods is kindling or a breakfast food—now do you?"

"No."

"Ever had a chigger on you?"

"Huh?"

"Ever sleep outdoors in a bag?"

"Say, whatta you think I am?"

"Ever seen the sun rise, or took the time to look up and see several dozen or a couple of thousand or so stars glittering all at once?"

"Aw, come off! We ain't doing teamwork in vaudeville."

"Gee, wouldn't I like to take you out and be the first one to make you acquainted with a few of the things that are happening beyond Sixth Avenue—if I ain't too nervy, little missy?"

"I gotta go somewheres at two o'clock to-morrow afternoon, Mr.—Mr. Blaney; but I can go in the morning—if it ain't going to look like I'm a freshie."

"In the morning! Swell! But where—who ——" She scribbled on a slip of paper and fluttered it into his hand. "Sara Juke! Some little name. Gee! I know right where you live. I know a lot of cases that come from round there. I used to live near there myself, round on Henry Street. I'll call round at nine, little missy. I'm going to introduce you to the country, eh?"

"They won't hurt at the clinic, will they, Mr. Blaney? I'm losing my nerve again."

"Shame on a pretty little thing like you losing her nerve! Gee! I've seen 'em come in here all pale round the gills and with nothing but the whooping cough. There was a little girl in here last week who thought she was ready for Arizona on a canvas bed; and it wasn't nothing but her rubber skirt-band had stretched. Shame on you, little missy! Don't you get scared! Wait till you see what I'm going to show you out in the country to-morrow—leaves turning red and all. We're going to have a heart-to-heart talk out there—eh? A regular lung-to-lung talk!"

"Aw, Mr. Blaney! Ain't you killing!"

She hurried down the room, laughing.

At Sharkey's on Saturday night the entire basement café and dance hall assumed a hebdomadal air of expectancy; extra marble-topped tables were crowded about the polished square of dancing space; the odor of hops and sawdust and cookery hung in visible mists over the bar.

Girls, with white faces and red lips and bare throats, sat alone at tables or tête-à-tête with men too old or too young, and ate; but drank with keener appetite.

A self-playing piano performed beneath a large painting of an undraped Psyche; a youth with yellow fingers sang of Love. A woman whose shame was gone acquired a sudden hysteria at her lone table over her milky-green drink, and a waiter hustled her out none too gently.

In the foyer at seven o'clock Sara Juke met Charley Chubb, and he slid up quite frankly behind her and kissed her on the lips. At Sharkey's a miss is as good as her kiss!

"You—you quit! You mustn't!"

She sprang back, quivering, her face cold-looking and blue; and he regarded her with his mouth quirking.

"Huh! Hoity-toity, ain't you? Hoity-toity and white-faced and late, all at once, ain't you? Say, them airs don't get across with me. Come on! I'm hungry."

"I didn't mean to yell, Charley—only you scared me. I thought maybe it was one of them fresh guys that hang round here; all of 'em look so dopey and all. I—you know I never was strong for this place, Charley."

"Beginning to nag, are you?"

"No, no, Charley. No, no!"

They drew up at a small table.

"No fancy keeling act to-night, kiddo. I ain't taking out a hospital ward, you know. Gad, I like you, though, when you're white-looking like this! Why'd you dodge me at noon to-day and to-night after closing? New guy? I won't stand for it, you know, you little white-faced Sweetness, you!"

"I hadda go somewheres, Charley. I came near not coming to-night, neither, Charley."

"What'll you eat?"

"I ain't hungry."

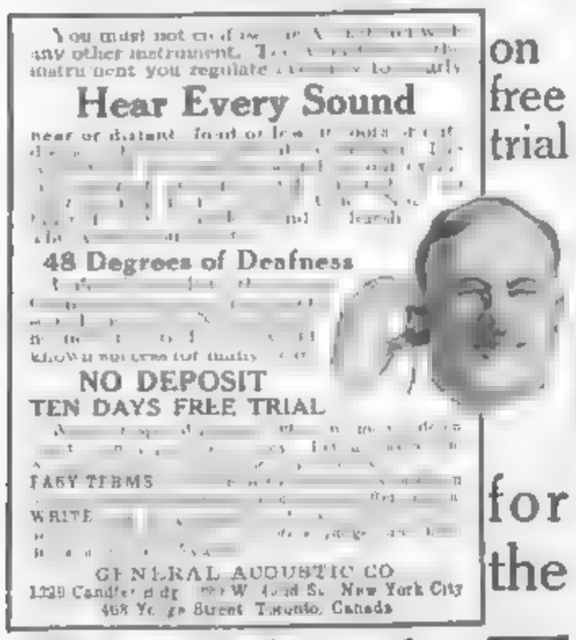
"Thirsty, eh?"

"No."

He regarded her over the rim of the smirchy bill of fare.

"What are you, then, you little white-faced, big-eyed devil?"

Famous Acousticon



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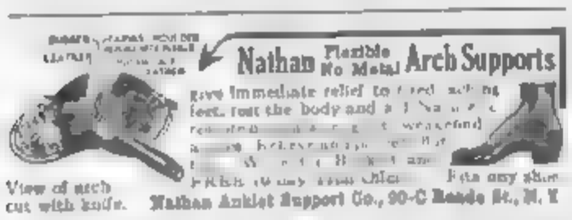

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The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia, Penna.

"Charley, I—I got something to—to tell you; I——"

"Bring me a lamb stew and a beer, light. What'll you have, little white-face?"

"Some milk and ——"

"She means with suds on, waiter."

"No—no; milk, I said—milk over toast. Milk toast—I gotta eat it. Why don't you lemme talk, Charley? I gotta tell you."

He was suddenly sober.

"What's hurting you? One milk toast, waiter; tell them in the kitchen the lady's teeth hurt her. What's up, Sweetness?" And he must lean across the table and imprint a fresh kiss on her lips.

"Don't—don't—don't! For Gawd's sake, don't!" She covered her face with her hands; and such a trembling seized her that they fell pitifully away again and showed her features, each distorted. "You mustn't, Charley! Mustn't do that again, not—not for three months—you—you mustn't."

He leaned across the table; his voice was like sleet—cold, thin, cutting:

"What's the matter—going to quit?"

"No no no!"

"Got another guy you like better?"

"Oh! Oh!"

"A queenie can't quit me first and get away with it, kiddo. I may be a soft-fingered sort of fellow, but a queenie can't quit me first and get away with it. Ask 'em about me round here; they know me. If anybody in this little duet is going to do the quitting act first it ain't going to be you. What's the matter? Out with it!"

"Charley, it ain't that—I swear it ain't that!"

"What's hurting you, then?"

"I gotta tell you. We gotta go easy for a little while. We gotta quit doing the rounds for a while till—only for a little while. Three months he said would fix me. A grand old doc he was!

"I been to the clinic, Charley. I hadda go. The cough—the cough was cuttin' me in two. It ain't like me to go keeling like I did. I never said much about it; but, nights and all, the sweats and the cough and the shooting pains was cutting me in two. We gotta go easy for a while, Charley; just ——"

"You sick, Sara?" His fatty-white face lost a shade of its animation. "Sick?"

"But it ain't, Charley. On his word he promised it ain't! A grand old doc, with whiskers—he promised me that. I—I am just beginning; but the stitch was in time. It ain't a real case yet, Charley. I swear, on my mother's curl of hair, it ain't."

"Ain't what? Ain't what?"

"It ain't! Air, he said, right living-early hours and all. I gotta get out of the basement. He'll get me a job. A grand old man! Windows open; right living. No—no dancing and all, for a while, Charley. Three months only, Charley; and then——"

"What, I say——"

"It ain't, Charley! I swear it ain't. Just one—the left one—a little sore down at the base—the bottom. Charley, quit looking at me like that! It ain't a real case—it ain't; it ain't!"

"It ain't what?"

"The—the T. B. Just the left one; down at ——"

"You—you ——" An oath as hot as a live coal dropped from his lips and he drew back, strangling. "You—you got it, and you're letting me down easy. You got it, and it's catching as hell! You got it, you white devil, and—and you're tryin' to lie out of it—you—you ——"

"Charley! Charley!"

"You got it, and you been letting me eat it off your lips! You devil, you! You devil, you! You devil, you!"

"Charley, I ——"

"I could kill you! Lemme wash my mouth! You got it; and if you got it I got it! I got it! I got it! I—I ——"

He rushed from the table, strangling, stuttering, staggering; and his face was twisted with fear.

For an hour she sat there, waiting, her hands folded in her lap and her eyes growing larger in her face. The dish of stew took on a thin coating of grease and the beer died in the glass. The waiter snickered. After a while she paid for the meal out of her newly opened wage envelope and walked out into the air.

Once on the street, she moaned audibly into her handkerchief. There is relief in articulation. Her way lay through dark streets, where figures love to slink in the shadows. One threw a taunt at her and she ran. At the stoop of her rooming house she faltered, half fainting and breathing

"Let's have a Campbell-Soup supper!"

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Julienne	Vegetable
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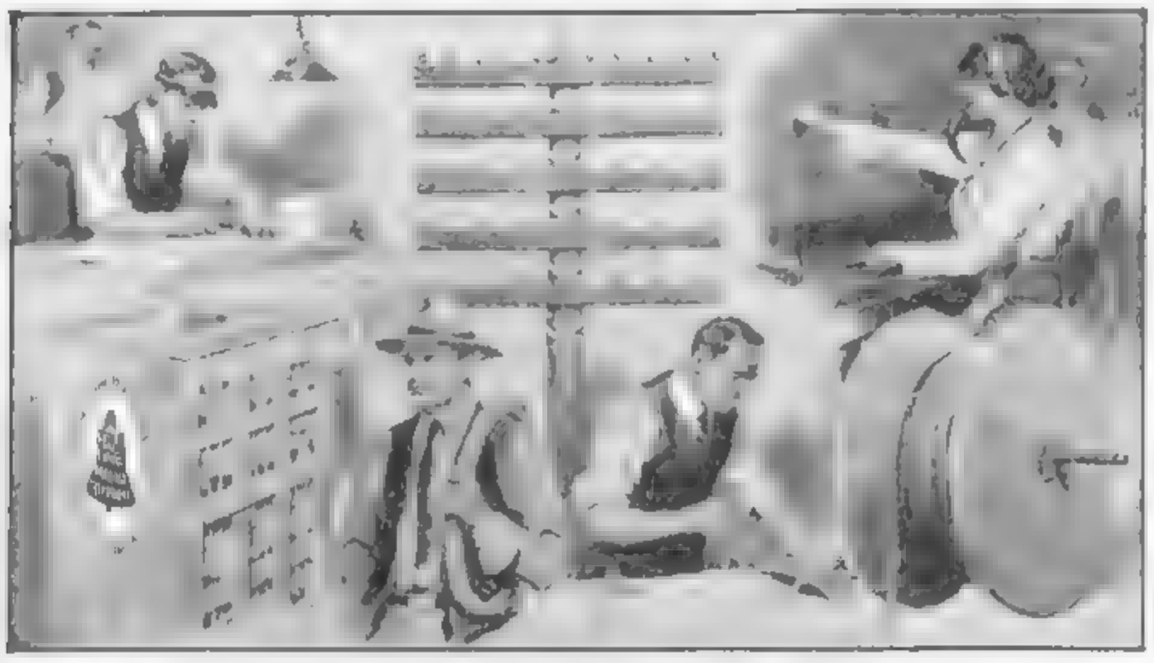
Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Managing the Business of 8,500,000 Telephones

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Consider it as having shops and offices in thousands of cities, and reaching with its output 70,000 places, more than there are post offices in the United States. Think of the task of patroling 16,000,000 miles of connecting highways constantly in use.

This gives you a faint idea of the business of managing the Bell System.

Not all the 8,500,000 telephones are in use at once, but the management must have facilities always adequate to any demands for instant, direct communication.

In so vast an undertaking, every branch of the organization must work in harmony, guided by one policy. The entire plant must be managed in the light of accumulated experience, and with the most careful business judgment.

The aim of the Bell System is to make the telephone of the utmost usefulness. This requires an army of loyal men and women, inspired by a leadership having a high sense of its obligations to the public.

Animated by the spirit of service, and unhampered by red tape, the 150,000 Bell employes have the courage to do the right thing at the right time upon their own initiative. They work together intelligently as a business democracy to give the public good service.

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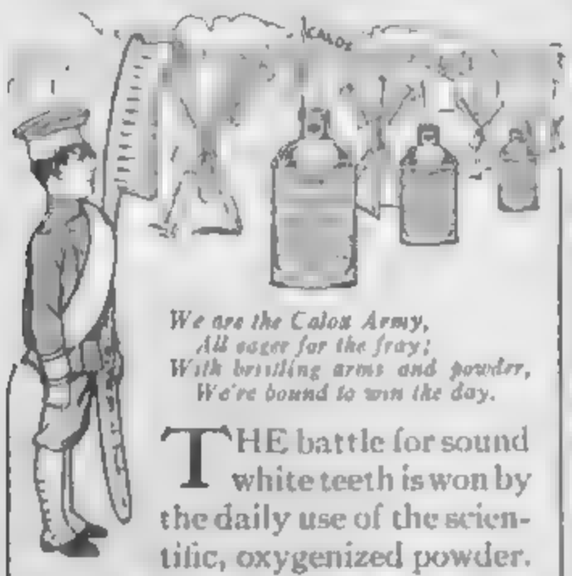

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deep from exhaustion, her head thrown back and her eyes gazing upward.

Over the narrow street stars glittered, dozens and myriads of them.

Literature has little enough to say of the heartaches and the heartburns of the Sara Jukes and the Hattie Krakows and the Eddie Blaneys. Medical science concedes them a hollow organ for keeping up the circulation. Yet Mrs. van Ness' heartbreak over the death of her Chinese terrier, Wang, claims a first-page column in the morning edition; her heartburn—a complication of midnight terrapin and the strain of her most recent rôle of corespondent—obtains her a suite de luxe in a private sanitarium.

Vivisectionists believe the dog is less sensitive to pain than man; so the social vivisectionists, in problem plays and best sellers, are more concerned with the heartaches and heartburns of the classes. But analysis would show that the sediment of salt in Sara Juke's and Mrs. van Ness' tears is equal.

Indeed, when Sara Juke stepped out of the street car on a golden Sunday morning in October, her heart beat higher and more full of emotion than Mrs. van Ness could find at that breakfast hour, reclining on her fine linen pillows, an electric massage and a four-dollars-an-hour masseuse forcing her sluggish blood to flow.

Eddie Blaney gently helped Sara to alight, cupping the point of her elbow in his hand; and they stood huddled for a moment by the roadway while the car whizzed past, leaving them in the yellow and ocher, saffron and crimson countryside.

"Gee! Gee-whiz!"

"See! I told you. And you not wanting to come when I called for you this morning—you trying to dodge me and the swellest Indian summer Sunday on the calendar!"

"Looka!"

"Wait! We ain't started yet, if you think this is swell."

"Oh! Let's go over in them woods. Let's." Her lips were apart and pink crept into her cheeks, effacing the dark rims of pain beneath her eyes. "Let's hurry."

"Sure; that's where we're going—right over in there, where the woods look like they're on fire; but, gee, this ain't nothing to the country places I know round here. This ain't nothing. Wait!"

The ardor of the inspired guide was his, and with each exclamation from her the joy of his task doubled itself.

"If you think this is great, wait—just you wait. Gee, if you like this, what would you have said to the farm? Wait till we get to the top of the hill."

Fallen leaves, crisp as paper, crackled pleasantly under their feet; and through the haze that is October's veil glowed a reddish sun, vague as an opal. A footpath crawled like a serpent through the woods and they followed it, kicking up the leaves before them, pausing, darting, exclaiming.

"I—— Honest, Mr. Blaney, I——"

"Eddie!"

"Eddie, I—I never did feel so—I never was so—so—— Aw, I can't say it." Tears sprang to her eyes.

"Sure, you never was. I never was, neither, before—before——"

"Before what?"

"Before I had to."

"Had to?"

"Yeh; both of them. Bleedin' all the time. Didn't see nothing but red for 'leven months."

"You!"

"Yeh; three years ago. Looked like Arizona on a stretcher for me."

"You so big and strong and all!"

He smiled at her and his teeth flashed.

"Gad, little girl, if you got a right to be scared, whatta you think I had? I seen your card over at the clinic last night, and you ain't got no right to have that down-and-out look on you had this morning. If you think you got something to be scared at you looka my old card at the clinic some day; they keep it for show. You oughtta seen me the day I quit the shipping room, right over at the Titanic, too, and then see whether you got something to be scared at."

"You—you used to work there?"

"Six years."

"I—I ain't scared no more, Eddie; honest, I ain't!"

"Gee, I should say not! They ain't even sending you up to the farm."

"No, no! They're going to get me a job. A regular outdoor, on-the-level kind of a job. A grand old doc, with whiskers! I ain't a regular one, Eddie; just the bottom of one lung don't make a regular one."

"Well, I guess not, poor little missy. Well, I guess not."

"Three months he said, Eddie. Three months of right livin' like this, and air and all, and I'll be as round as a peach, he said. Said it hisself, without me asking—that's how scared I was. Round as a peach!"

"You can't beat that gang over there at the clinic, little missy. They took me out of the department when all the spring water I knew about ran out of a keg. Even when they got me out on the farm—a grown-up guy like me—for a week I thought the crow in the rooster was a sidewalk faker. You can't beat that, little missy."

"He's a grand old man, with whiskers, that's going to get me the job. Then in three months I——"

"Three months nothing! That gang won't let you slip back after the three months. They took a extra shine to me because I did the prize-pupil stunt; but they won't let anybody slip back if they give 'em half a chance. When they got me sound again, did they ship me back to the shipping department in the sub-basement? Not muchy! Looka me now, little missy! Clerk in their biggest display; in three months a raise to ninety dollars. Can you beat it? Ninety dollars would send all the shipping clerks of the world off in a faint."

"Gee, it—it's swell!"

"And——"

"Look! Look!"

"Persimmons!" A golden mound of them lay at the base of a tree, piled up against the bole, bursting, brown. "Persimmons! Here; taste one, little missy. They're fine."

"Eat 'em?"

"Sure!"

She bit into one gently; then with appetite.

"M-m-m! Good!"

"Want another?"

"M-m-m—my mouth! Ouch! My m—mouth!"

"Gee, you cute little thing, you! See, my mouth's the same way too. Feels like a knot. Gee, you cute little thing, you—all puckered up and all."

And he must link her arm in his and crunch-crunch over the brittle leaves and up a hillside to a plateau of rock overlooking the flaming country; and from the valley below, smoke from burning mounds of leaves wound in spirals, its pungency drifting to them.

"See that tree there? It's a oak. Look; from a little acorn like this it grew. See, this is a acorn, and in the start that tree wasn't no bigger than this little thing."

"Quit your kiddin'!" But she smiled and her lips were parted sweetly; and always unformed tears would gloze her eyes.

"Here, sit here, little lady. Wait till I spread this newspaper out. Gee! Don't I wish you didn't have to go back to the city by two o'clock, little lady! We could make a great day of it here, out in the country; lunch at a farm and see the sun set and all. Some day of it we could make if——"

"I—I don't have to go back, Eddie."

His face expanded into his widest smile.

"Gee, that's great! That's just great!"

Silence.

"What you thinking of, little lady, sitting there so pretty and all?"

"N-nothing."

"Nothing? Aw, surely something!"

A tear formed and zigzagged down her cheek.

"Nothing, honest; only I—I feel right happy."

"That's just how you oughtta feel, little lady."

"In three months, if—aw, ain't I the nut?"

"It'll be a big Christmas, won't it, little missy, for both of us? A big Christmas for both of us; you as sound and round as a peach again, and me shooting up like a skyrocket on the pay roll."

A laugh bubbled to her lips before the tear was dry.

"In three months I won't be a T. B., not even a little bit."

"Sh-h-h! On the farm we wasn't allowed to say even that. We wasn't supposed to even know what them letters mean."

"Don't you know what they mean, Eddie?"

"Sure I do!" He leaned toward her and placed his hand lightly over hers. "T. B.—True Blue—that's what they mean, little lady."

She could feel the veins in his palm throbbing.

Do You Ask—Can You Answer
These Automobile Questions?

What Are Piston Rings?

Piston Rings are light, flexible, springy metal rings fitted around the piston head inside each cylinder of the motor.

What is Their Function?

They are designed to prevent the escape of gas between cylinder wall and piston head during compression of the fuel charge; to prevent loss of the [illegible] after the gas has been exploded and to keep back surplus lubricating oil.

How Can They Fail?

They fail whenever they leak. Leakage occurs when they do not fit properly; when their contact with the cylinder wall is not equal around the whole circumference or the opening made in the ring to give it the necessary power of expansion is unsealed.

What Happens When They Do Leak?

Leaky rings cause poor compression; allow excessive carbon deposit to form within the cylinder, upon the piston head and around the piston ring grooves.

What is a Little Power More or Less?

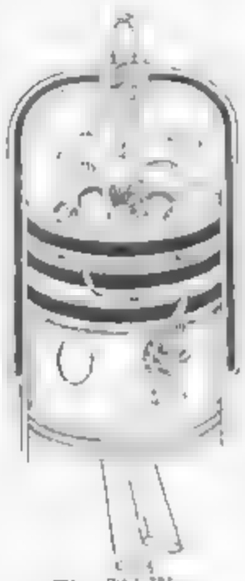
Less power means slow starting—failure to take hills or heavy roads properly, if not actual stalling—continual annoyance—often considerable danger.

Why Do Leaky Piston Rings Cause Power Loss?

Perfect compression is first necessary to get a strong explosion and full power volume. Badly fitting rings with unsealed openings will allow the gas to blow past, through or beneath them on the compression stroke of the piston. They also cause the loss of some of the power impulse.

Why Do Leaky Piston Rings Increase Carbonization?

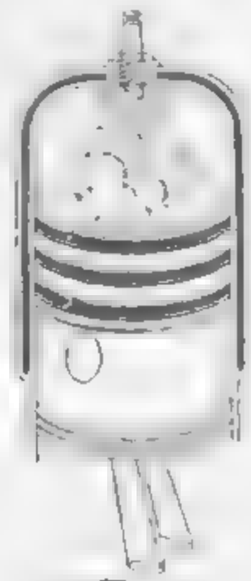
Carbonization follows the presence of lubricating oil in the combustion chamber, which can only get up there when the bearing of the piston rings is unequal or through their openings. Carbon deposit is also caused by the incomplete combustion of the gas charge through imperfect compression or by the burning of oil.



The Old Way

INSTALL LEAK-PROOF PISTON RINGS

(Made by McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Co., St. Louis)



Leak-Proof Way

These piston rings are so expertly designed, carefully tested and exactly finished as to secure perfect fit and properly distributed tension, ensuring a permanently effective check to all gas and oil leakage.

They Increase Power

Because they give practically perfect compression, being absolutely gas-tight through the equal, firm and sustained bearing on the cylinder walls which they continuously provide, and the absence of any unsealed openings.

They Save Fuel

By putting every ounce of gasoline to work to its utmost capacity and causing the full intensity of each power impulse to be applied to the piston head without any escaping.

They Reduce Carbonization

By effectively holding back surplus lubricating oil and ensuring proper combustion of gas.

They Save Motor Wear

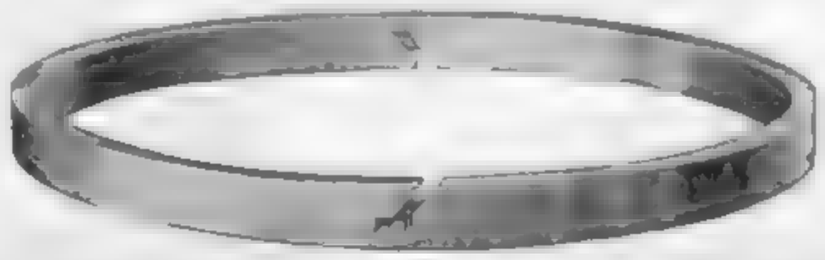
Because they are made to within a one-half thousandth of an inch of gauge, finished with extreme exactness. The special Processed Gray Iron used in their manufacture is softer than the cylinder and takes all the wear—yet will outlast the motor.

Leak-Proof PISTON RINGS are elastic, tough, enduring. Their design consists of two concentric, interlocking sections with each half so opposed to the other as to seal both expansion openings. Equal tension throughout the whole ring is permanently obtained and the angle-iron form of the sections ensures the greatest strength. This is Leak-Proof individuality—the patented feature. The rings protect the cylinder—never cut or score it.

Leak-Proof PISTON RINGS will pay the cost of their installation out of one year's saving in fuel and oil alone. And not only this, but by checking all leakage of gasoline vapor into the crank case, they prevent the deterioration of lubricating oil and the expensive wear and tear upon the whole engine that results from such a condition.

When your car is overhauled have Leak-Proof PISTON RINGS installed

MADE IN ALL SIZES



EASILY ADJUSTED

To protect you from imitations Leak-Proof is stamped on the ring—insist.

Leak-Proof PISTON RINGS have been installed in more than 300,000 motors to replace unsatisfactory and inefficient rings originally installed by the manufacturers

Some of the Uses of the Leak-Proof RING:

Automobiles	Farm Engines	Pumps
Motor Boats	Steam Engines	Refrigerating and
Motorcycles	Air Compressors	Ice Making Machines
Aeroplanes		Lungmotors

Send for Free Booklet—

It tells all about piston rings and why you should equip your engine with the Leak-Proof. How it will pay you in fuel economy and prolonged motor life. **Write for it.**

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PISTON RINGS
"Ask the User"

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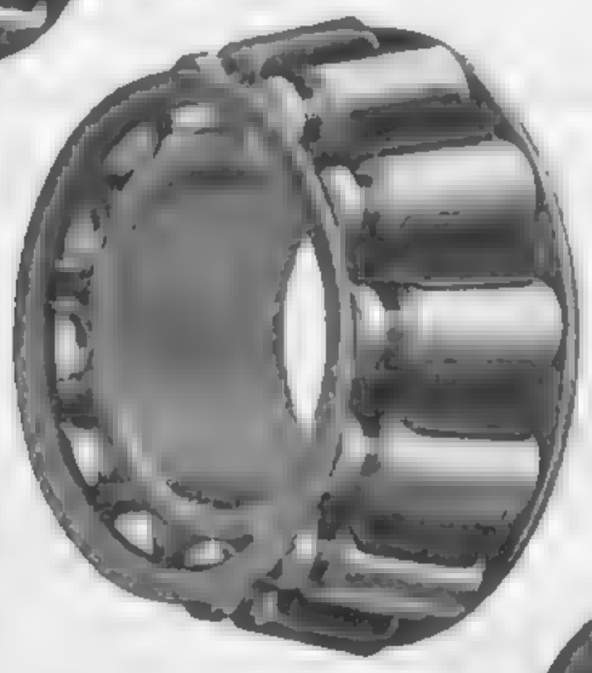
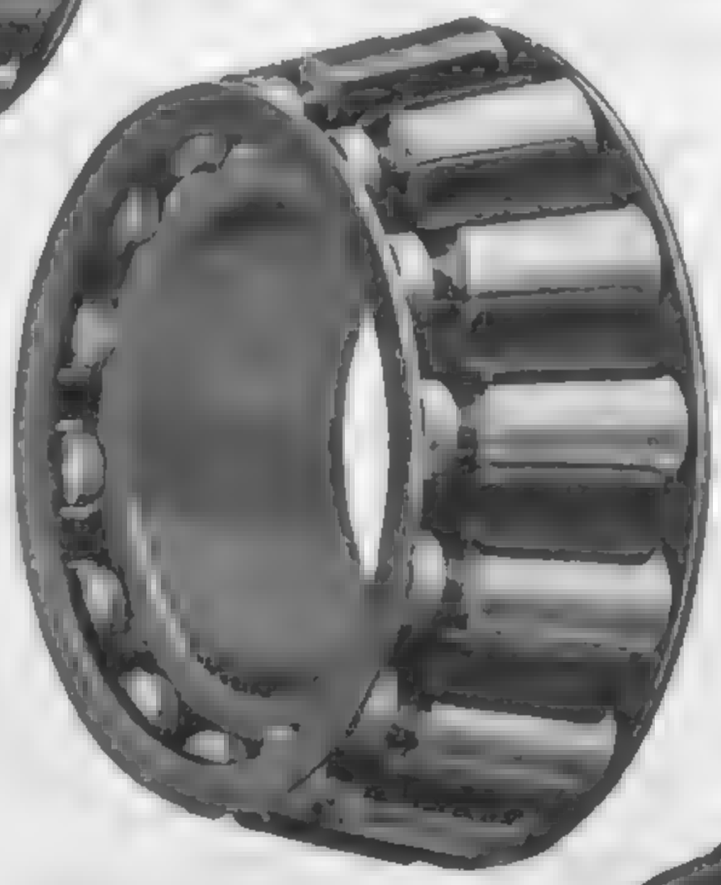
TAPERED ROLLER BEARINGS



IN the ponderous motor-truck—in the swift moving pleasure car—on the spindles of the front axle—in steering knuckle heads—in the transmission—on the pinion shaft—each side of the differential—in the hubs of the rear wheels.



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CANTON, OHIO

Write for free booklets on Bearings, on Axles, and list of Timken Users.

A TALK WITH THE PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 4)

England, with his Cabinet, than we are the Government over here, for Asquith and his ministers sit in the Commons; they are there to be questioned, and to direct, and to demand support, and to meet opposition. If they are defeated they can go directly to the country for support or rejection. They have to take part. Whereas, over here, if the Congress requires anything of a member of the Cabinet, say, and he does not see fit to answer that requirement, he can say an answer is not compatible with the public welfare, and let it go at that. We have greater power and less direct responsibility."

"Well, Mister President," I said, "you are on the inside in this place, looking out, and the rest of the world is on the outside, looking in. What is the most interesting thing about the presidency from your viewpoint?"

"The power of decision," he replied. "The knowledge that I, by virtue of the position I hold, can decide matters that are of moment to our people and to the rest of the world. With that, of course, comes the tremendous sense of responsibility; but that is the most interesting thing—painfully interesting at times—painfully!

"And," he went on animatedly, "I discover that I am not relying entirely on any present situation when I am called on to make these important decisions. By that I mean the influence which directs me isn't entirely the present influence—the influence exerted by the particular set of circumstances at hand—but is a culminative influence predicated on information I have secured in former times, of former circumstances, and of former procedure.

"That is to say, I have stored away in my mind, to be drawn on, a certain amount of information that comes to be of the greatest use in such contingencies. When a phase of a question comes up before me I not only consider that phase or that question in view of the present circumstances but in view of past circumstances. I suppose I am helped in this because I once wrote a history of the United States."

History in Theory and Practice

"Let me tell you why I wrote that history. I had no particular intention of being a historian. That was not in my mind. What was in my mind was to write a book on the development and philosophy of American politics. I wanted to do that. But when I came to do it I soon found I did not know enough to write such a book. I had not the information. So, in order to learn the history I needed, I wrote a history. Some time before I wrote that history I had written an essay telling how history should be written.

"When I wrote that essay I had no idea I should become a historian; and when I wrote my history I discovered that my performance did not measure up at all to the critical requirements I had laid down in the essay I had written, discussing the proper manner in which history should be written. My mistake was in laying down rules before I began the practice. Probably if I should write such an essay now, it would conform more closely to my performance than to my propaganda.

"Then I came into public life; and the book about politics is yet to be written."

"But you will write it," I said.

"Yes; I shall write it," he answered—"provided there is anything left of me when I get through with this job."

"The thing that has most impressed me about the presidency since I began to know about Presidents is the incredible loneliness of the man in it," I said.

"Yes," the President replied; "it is a lonely place. It is necessarily solitary. Human nature is so constituted that a position of advantage invariably is utilized by the person occupying it. A President can have no intimates; because, no matter how unselfish those intimates may be at the beginning, inevitably they will seek to take advantage of that intimacy before the end. A President has so much to give, you know; and good resolutions of unselfish behavior cannot withstand the pressure of the temptation to ask for something on an opportunity provided by that intimacy.

"It is a lonely place; but that very loneliness has its compensations, and those compensations are great. Standing alone here I feel and know that I am in closer conscious touch with the people. I can hear them better; sense their wants and their dues better; come closer to them than I could if I were surrounded by a group, either large or small, who were constantly dinning into my ears their own thoughts, ideas, desires and opinions. I am in closer conscious touch with the outside. There are no walls of selfish humans between me and the country. There is no babble of near-by voices to deafen my ears to the real demands from the great outside."

The President rose, walked to the window, and motioned for me to come and stand beside him. He pulled back the curtain and pointed out over the great sweep of the White House lawn, where the spray of the fountain glittered in the moonlight; where the shadows of the naked trees were sharply silhouetted on the turf; where, beyond, the Monument stood silvery in the light, and where the dome of the Capitol rose majestically in the far distance.

"Often," he said, "I stand here and look out over this picture; and I say to myself: 'This isn't Washington, with its petty politics and its little strifes, and its concentration of interests, and its puny ambitions and jealousies and egotisms and vanities and intrigues. This is the wide country—the busy East; the sweep of the prairies of the West; the breath of the forests; the grandeur of the mountains.' I am not shut up here. I am in conscious relation with all the people; and that, my dear friend, is the compensating advantage for the loneliness of my place."

Guarding the Plum Tree

"I love my fellow man. No person takes keener delight in his society than I do. I have my friends and I love them; but I realize that the circumscriptions of my position are not an unmixed evil. I may be lonely because of the necessities of my place; but my vision is clearer than it would be were I surrounded by a group—any group—of well-meaning and zealous friends with interests of their own.

"Do not misunderstand me, I beg of you. Do not think or say that I take no delight in the society of my fellows. No man is more gregarious than I. As Lincoln said: 'I reckon no man likes his fellow men better than I do—and no man sees less of them socially.' It goes with the place, and, as I have explained, it is not altogether undesirable."

We stood there for a minute silently. Then he put his hand on my shoulder and we walked back to our chairs.

"What," I asked, "is the most disagreeable feature of the presidency?"

"Patronage," he replied without a moment's hesitation—"patronage, and the genuine astonishment and resentment of personal friends that I cannot take care of them merely because they are personal friends. Politics, you know, as it is widely considered, consists in taking care of one's personal friends. Now I should like to do that, love to do it; but I cannot. And I am constantly perplexed at the genuine aggrievement of those friends because I cannot and do not.

"I would willingly take the coat off my back and give it to a friend who needed it. My friends can have anything I have that is mine; but I cannot give them what is not mine. These offices are not mine. They belong to the people. They are the nation's. Merely because a man is a personal friend of mine, or has been something or other that makes him think he is, is not a valid reason for bestowing on him an office that does not belong to me, but is mine only to administer through the proper person selected as the active agent. The obligation incumbent on me, as the distributor for the moment of these offices, is to find efficient men to hold them, not personal friends to hold them and get the emoluments.

"I do not think my generosity or my sense of deep and lasting friendship for my real friends can be questioned; but there is a higher obligation than any personal obligation: that is my obligation to the people of this country, who have put me in this place temporarily to administer their governmental affairs for them and who demand of me that I shall administer them for the people and not for the individual, even though that individual be myself or some one close to me.

"Moreover," he went on, his voice vibrant with earnestness and sincerity, "it is my

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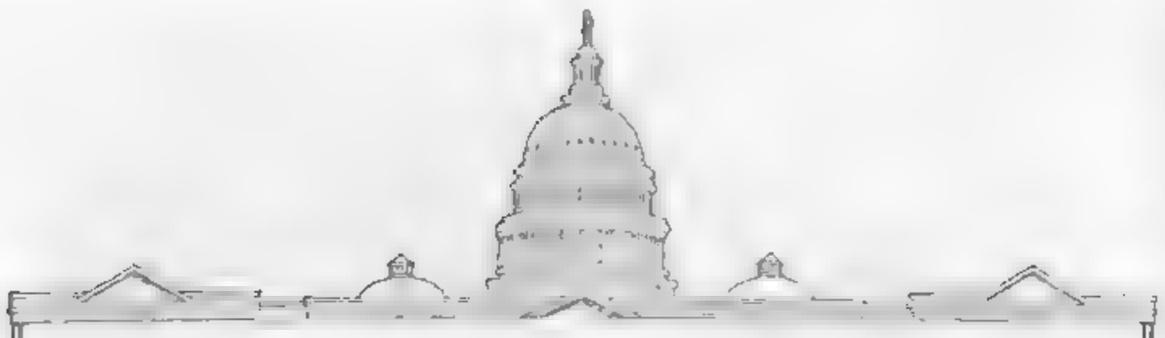

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The Lava Heater is only 1⅞ inches high—can be easily carried in pocket or handbag. Lights quick as a wink. Always ready for use in dining room, kitchen [illegible] Costs only 50 cents. [illegible] For a Lava Heater [illegible] 25 pence, and 12c postage. We keep [illegible] and [illegible]

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72 E. 131st Street, New York City

firm impression that patronage ruins more potentially great men than any other one political influence. By that I mean that many a man who comes into public life hampers his true development by his devotion to patronage hunting, and his limitations thereby, more than in any other way. They spend their time running to get a job here and a job there.

"Of course there is a reason for it, because most of them owe their positions in public life to the work of the men back home, and they feel they must do what can be done for those men, and for their own men—the organization—in order that they may have future and continued success at the polls. But, as my observation goes, many a man in public life has not developed to half of his true capacity because of this ceaseless devotion to the harassing details of patronage. Some of them, to be sure, wouldn't develop very much if there were no patronage; but it is my firm opinion that if patronage could be eliminated we should have a bigger, broader, more patriotic and more useful body of legislators than we now have.

"I am not insensible to the demands made on public men who, in their turn, make those demands on me; but I deprecate them. I see fierce contests over Federal offices; consume hour after hour listening to the claims of one set of men or another; and I am convinced that, except for mere organization purposes, the people, as a mass, are not interested and do not pretend to be.

"Take the postmastership of any of our large cities, for example. When one of those contests for appointment is on you would think, to hear the proponents and opponents of the candidates tell it, that the very foundations of the Republic will rock if one man is not appointed or if another man is. And yet, I venture to say, the only concern of the great mass of the people over the postmastership of one city is that they get their mail promptly and that the office is administered honestly and efficiently. Let me repeat: If patronage could be eliminated we should have a much broader, more patriotic, more capable and more useful set of legislators."

"Is patronage the chief of your troubles?" I asked.

The President turned and looked at me with a sort of quizzical smile on his face.

The Clearing House for Trouble

"Troubles!" he exclaimed. "Troubles! Why, my dear sir, the White House is the clearing house for trouble!"

He stopped and laughed—laughed with his head thrown back and his shoulders shaking.

"After I was elected," he said, "and before I came to Washington, many advisers sought me to advise. Most of them told me, with solemn portent, that the thing I must guard against most was flattery.

"'Beware,' they exhorted, 'of the fawning sycophant! Steel yourself against the insidious flatterer. Do not be misled by the words of the honeyed tongue.'"

He laughed again.

"It's a joke," he said—"a joke. I haven't been bothered with flatterers. Of course there are some few obvious gladhanders who can be set down instantly where they belong; but, you may believe me, there has been no excess of flattery since I have been here. No person comes to you when things are going right. That is expected. Every person comes to you when things are going wrong. That is what I meet with day after day—trouble—complaint—things that have gone wrong—things that have bogged down. They want me to straighten them out. They want help. They want to tell me their troubles—and they do; you may be quite sure they do.

"The White House is the clearing house for trouble—not only Washington troubles, departmental troubles, governmental troubles, but hundreds and hundreds of the people write here to tell their private grievances and to ask for redress or for my aid. When things are going right we hear little about them; but when things go wrong we hear all about them—and there is no flattery about it, either. Flattery hasn't bothered me in the least. I don't have to fend off flatterers. My defensive tactics are employed against kickers.

"There's another thing that goes with the job which I do not like, and that is the eternal kotowing to the President. Every time I go anywhere it is an event. If I want to go on the Mayflower I can't go as Woodrow Wilson, seeking a little recreation; but I must go as the President and be piped over the side and have the officers standing stiffly round, and all that.

"And it is so everywhere. Some day I hope to get a chance to visit some of the interesting places in this town and see the sights. I can't do it now, because the minute I stick my head into a public building they turn out the guard and I can't see anything for the crowd of officials surrounding me. It's maddening!

"They have recently adopted some rather complicated regulations about automobile lights here in the District of Columbia. They are hard to understand, and we have put in a good deal of time trying to comply with them. We have been stopped by policemen two or three times because we have not had our lights right. Each time, as soon as the policeman discovered he had stopped me, he ran madly away—not walked, but ran. I have called after them in a vain endeavor to stop them and ask what is wrong, in order that the fault may be corrected; but each time the policeman has galloped down the street and away from me.

"I hate that. I despise any person who takes advantage of his position to evade any responsibility. I remember, when I was president of Princeton University, being out on the campus one night when the Seniors were to have some rites particularly sacred to them. They had a space railed off on the lawn. I was with some friends, and we started to go within the inclosure. A man stopped me. He said I wasn't a Senior and had no right within that select inclosure. I turned away.

"'Why,' said one of my friends, 'you are president of this university and can go anywhere you like!'

"'No,' I said; 'the mere fact that I am president gives me no right to go where I am not invited or where custom operates against me.'"

Presidential Speeches

"And it is so with the presidency and with any other position. I despise a person who will use his position to gain an advantage for himself, or to evade any responsibility, or to avoid any obligation."

"Still," I commented, "there are some few of that class in Washington—as you have observed, no doubt."

The President shot a quick glance at me.

"Some few!" he said dryly.

We talked of many other things, discussing various statesmen and the correctness of certain policies. He showed me why a writer was wrong who said he could not be a progressive Democrat if he admired Edmund Burke, and explained his liking for Burke and quoted much from Burke's orations.

The President said he intends to make some speeches on his return from the San Francisco Exposition next spring—"because," he remarked, "I shall have something to say to the people then. I have felt that it was not for me to appear in the rôle of a prophet before the people; but when this Congress is over we shall have a substantial record of things achieved, and I want to talk to the people about what we have done—not about what we intend to do."

He commented on the recent elections, expressing his satisfaction over the fact that, as he views it, the Democratic party is now a majority party and has great hopes for the future.

"I remember you said once that you read detective stories," I remarked. "Do you still read them?"

"I devour them," he replied. "I mean, of course, the better class of detective stories.

"I like the theater, too, and especially a good vaudeville show when I am seeking perfect relaxation; for a vaudeville show is different from a play, though I am intensely interested in the drama in all its phases. Still, if there is a bad act at a vaudeville show you can rest reasonably secure that the next one may not be so bad; but from a bad play there is no escape. Of course"—and he turned his face away—"I cannot go to the theater now."

He walked over to the window.

"Good night, Mister President," I said.

"Good night, Blythe," he answered, and as I turned at the door he was still standing by the window, looking, with misty eyes, at the great Monument, towering silvery in the cold moonlight.

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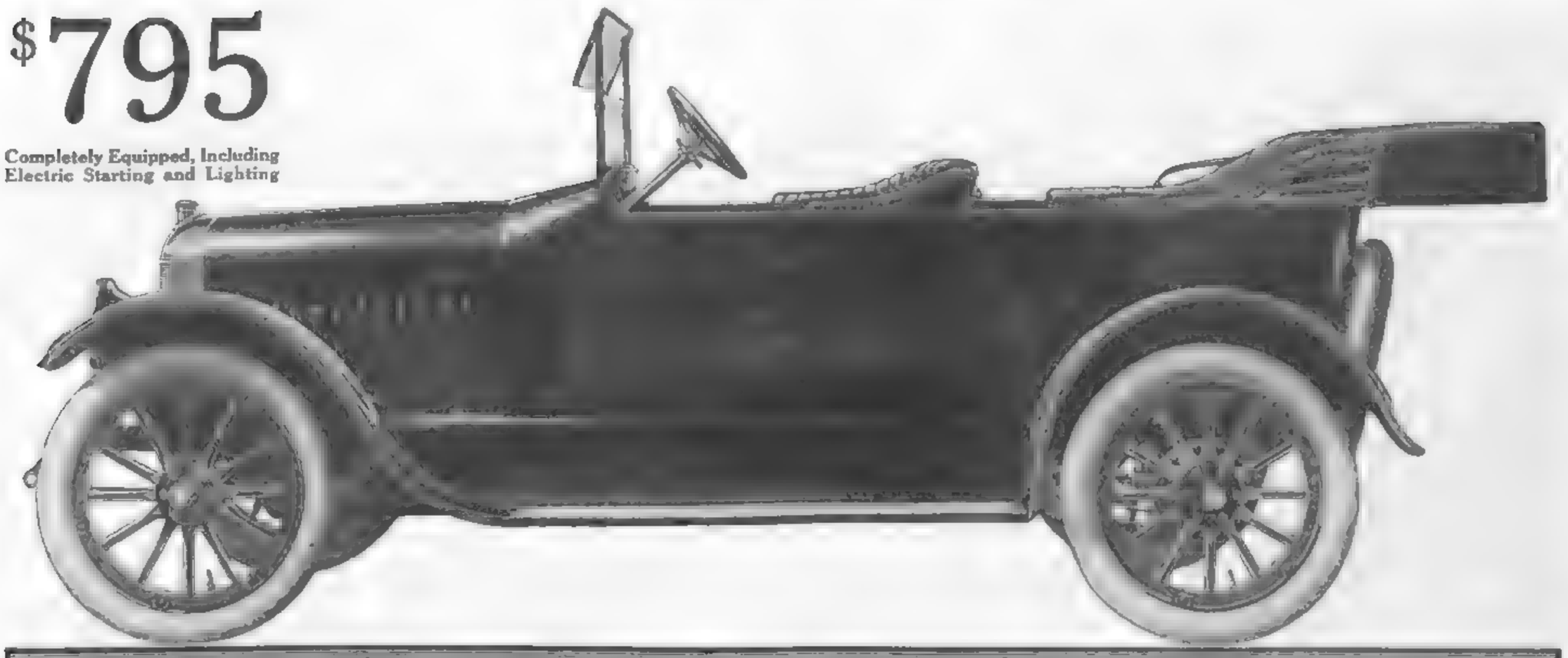

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A full-size, five-passenger, standard-tread, six-cylinder touring car—richly upholstered, well sprung, easy riding—for $795.

In a nutshell, that is the big news of the Grant Six.

The price covers electric starting and lighting, in addition to complete equipment of highest-grade accessories.

It brings a "six" of unexcelled economy among "sixes."

A "six" with full 30 per cent more power than most other type motors of like bore and stroke, because of its overhead valves and spherical combustion chambers.

With streamline body of the beautiful "Sunbeam" pattern graceful curves and long sweeping lines.

A "six," in short, that wipes out the price obstacle that has been depriving thousands of the enjoyment and advantages of six-cylinder ownership.

The coming of the Grant Six is a logical development in the industry.

One strong trend is toward "sixes"; another toward lower prices and higher values.

The Grant Six puts a new price upon—and a new value into a type of car hitherto restricted to a much higher price-range.

And necessarily restricted to a relatively small number of buyers.

GRANT SIX

Heretofore, the man whose limit of motor car investment is $800 to $1000 could only wish for the acknowledged six-cylinder superiorities.

Now he can actually have them; coupled with a degree of operative economy seldom attained in a "six," and the very highest quality.

Specifications

Unit Power Plant—Three-point suspension

Motor—Our own—six cylinders, [illegible] stroke, cast en bloc, water cooled, overhead valves, [illegible] internal combustion engine. Horsepower, 33-36.

Transmission—Selective sliding, three speeds forward [illegible] bearings

Front Axle—I-beam, drop forged, heat treated—steering knuckle pins hardened and ground.

Rear Axle—Full floating—differential and pinions on [illegible] carrier—fully adjustable—ball and roller bearings [illegible] rear inspection plate.

Steering Gear—Irreversible worm and sector type.

Control—Left-hand drive—center control—throttle lever under wheel—foot accelerator

Clutch—Cone, fully adjustable

Ignition—Atwater-Kent—automatic spark advance.

Brakes—Internal and external, rear wheels; extra large braking surfaces.

Lubrication—Constant level [illegible] sight feed on dash board

Gasoline System—[illegible] tank under cowl, [illegible] cowl board

Springs—[illegible] true cantilever rear—special alloy steel

Wheel Base—106 inches.

Tread—56 inches—60 inch special for Southern trade

Body—Beautiful streamline—deep, wide, tilted cushions—real upholstery, long springs and curled hair

Fenders—Heavy stamped crown fenders, joined to aluminum covered running boards

Wheels—Wood—32 inches quick detachable demountable rims

Tires—32 x 3½ all around—straight side type

Windshield—[illegible] adjustable to any position

Road Clearance—11 inches

Top—One man—mohair with mohair top slip.

Lights—Electric, two-bulb headlights—electric tail light

Starting and Lighting—One unit generator—mounted on motor—extra large battery

Cowl Board Mountings—[illegible] pressure gauge, speedometer, ignition switch, gasoline filler.

Color—Body and chassis black—wheels, rich [illegible] equipment in black enamel and nickel.

Equipment—Electric horn—tube rail—foot rail—floor mats—extra demountable rim and rim carrier on rear—tools—jack—tire [illegible] soap—license bracket speedometer

Price—With electric lighting and starting and [illegible] sories, as specified, $795. Equipped with acetylene headlights, Prest-O-Lite tank, rear oil light and [illegible] accessories as specified (electric lighting, starting and electric horn excepted), but [illegible] $50 [illegible] Ohio.

For any man who is able to buy and run a car costing $800 to $1000 can afford to buy and run the Grant Six.

This car offers all that is good in modern motor car engineering and construction; nothing untried or freakish.

Six cylinders, overhead valves, cantilever springs, plenty of room for five, quality of the sort you'd expect only in a car of much higher price.

Study the specifications; they reveal its good points and sound construction.

Inspect the Grant Six car at local dealer's, and ride in it.

If you are one of the remaining few not yet converted to the "six" idea, one demonstration of the smooth, silent, vibrationless power of the Grant Six motor will obliterate your first and last doubts.

If you have had experience with other "sixes" you will be all the more gratified by this car's performance.

In any case, examination and demonstration of the Grant Six will be richly worth your while as revealing an important motor car development.

Illustrated literature and local dealer's name on request.

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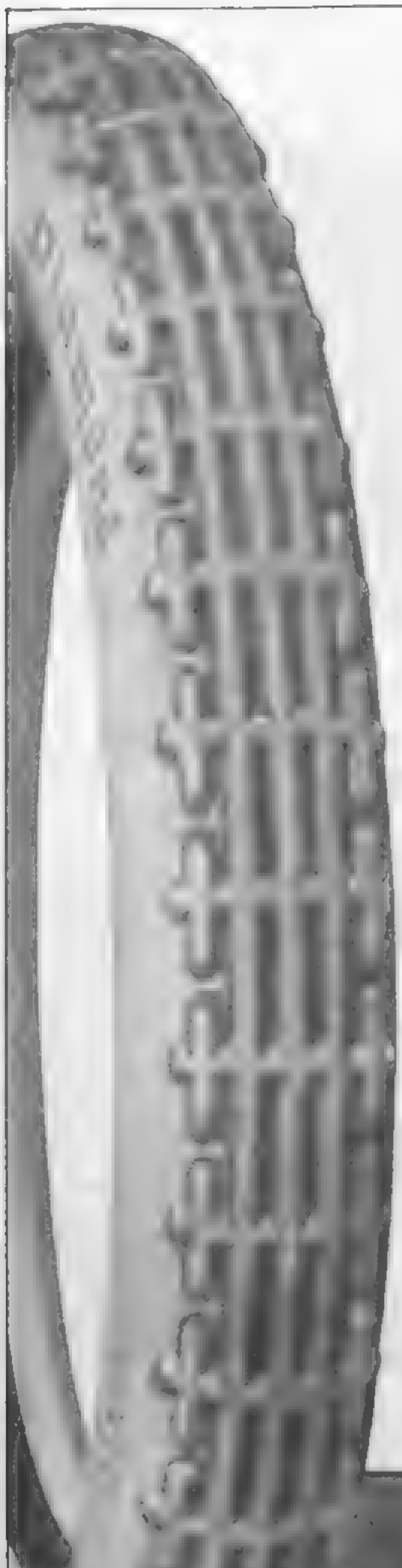

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THE DOUBLE CROSS

(Continued from Page 7)

"Pray—er—continue," said Mr. Plum.

The president continued:

"With this, with so grave a feature in your minds, gentlemen, it therefore will be clear to you that in any matter regarding the N. Y., B. B. & E.'s future welfare I must necessarily proceed with tact, with caution. The case was this: The road, in its legitimate progress and growth, was not only faced on one side by the attacks of unscrupulous politicians, but was confronted on the other side by a growing and ruinous competition. One was the outcome of the other. The two were inseparable.

"However, gentlemen, this is not the point. What I wish to tell you is that, in my attempts, my efforts, to free our great and struggling enterprise from a burden which was not only annoying but which, at the same time, threatened its very life, I was compelled to proceed in a way less direct and straightforward than otherwise I should have chosen."

"Yes, yes, Carver," a voice returned abruptly; "we know all that. Go on!"

"Keep still, Grote!" said another voice.

The president, frowning briefly, went on.

"I refer," said the president stiffly, "to the Pequot & Millvale Railroad. It was ruining our interests. It was eating out our hearts. If we didn't get our hands on it, it'd run us into the ground!"

There was instantly a murmur of animation:

"That's the stuff!" "Go on, Carver!" "Let's hear it now!"

"Well," said the president, and he smiled blandly, "this brings me to our friend, to our associate—our good friend, Mr. Marker!"

Again the murmurs; again the animation. Inspired, the president went on hurriedly. Speech poured swiftly from his lips.

The Back Bay could not run the P. & M. off the map. It had tried and it had failed. Neither could it buy out its rival offhand—not openly anyhow. There was that crowd of demagogues, those grafters down in Washington. If the Back Bay bought its competitor it must buy it on the quiet—that was it. And, taking up a telegram, the president intently studied it for a moment. Then, the paper still in his hand, Mr. Carver gazed impressively at the row of absorbed, eager faces turned earnestly toward his.

"Well, gentlemen," said the president, "we've got the P. & M. This morning Marker bought the control!"

The effect was instantaneous. Some rose in their seats; some gave vent to ejaculations. One, in open glee, slapped another on the back. Hands were shaken; there almost was a cheer. Then, in the midst of it, the president raised his hand.

"And say," he said—"all I paid was par!"

Zinsky got it now. It was a con game, of course; but, at the same time, it was a kind of con game on which he was only hazily informed. This, you know, was his first visit to the Street. It was, besides, not at all like the Wall Street he had heard about.

According to accounts, Wall Street places were fitted like pool rooms. There would be a big board on the wall, and on the board would be numbers. Then there would be a sporting ticker, too, and a capper calling the numbers as they came in. If you guessed a number right they paid you ten to one. If you guessed it wrong you got stung. It was like policy, you know—only in the Wall Street game they did not take any dime or dollar bets. A feller had to put up big money—a swell bet; fifty or a hundred bucks, perhaps.

But this game, this deal the big guy was capping for—what was it? Who was the come-on, too? Where was the sucker they were trimming?

It was at this instant that Zinsky saw the big guy raise his hand.

"And say," he said—"all I paid was par!"

The gang—a lot of them, anyway—began jumping up from the chairs. Then, down the table, one of them began to pound for silence. It was the guy they all called Grote; and they all scowled at him.

"What I'd like to inquire," said Grote, "is what there's in it for us. No; wait!" he roared as several began to jeer. "If we pay par for the P. & M., what price do we get when we turn it over to the Back Bay?"

Again the cries; again the jeers:

"Sit down, Grote!" "Keep still there!" "You've been told the price!"

Then the lean guy, Plum, rose:

"Possibly Mr. Grote—er—forgets we have already agreed on the figure. It was er—one hundred and ten, Mr. Grote."

"That's it!" "Sit down, Grote!" said the voices; but the guy, Grote, did not sit down. Instead, he gave them a sneer:

"A hundred and ten? Rubbish! Ten points is only chicken feed! I move the price be raised to one twenty-five."

"Second the motion!" said his side kick, a gink they all called Weevle. "We're not here for our health."

There was a hubbub at once. In the midst of the uproar, however, the big guy raised his hand.

"You've heard the question, gentlemen. All in favor say 'Aye.'" There was a loud chorus of ayes! "Contrary-minded," said the big guy, "say 'Nay.'" A few scattering nays responded. "The ayes have it!" the big guy was saying—why, it was like a regular lodge meeting!—when his pal, the tall, lean josser, unkinked himself and rose.

"Gentlemen," he said, "will the—er—public stand for it?"

The public? Zinsky, bewildered, was still wondering when a titter ran round the table. Afterward a drawling voice said:

"Say, what have they got to say about it? The public be damned, Plum!"

Evidently what he had got off must be some standing joke, a regular josh they all knew about; for again they gave a snigger. The tall, thin guy still stood his ground.

"Tell me," he asked: "Do you include the minority stockholders too?"

Then, for the first time, Zinsky realized who the come-on was. For the first time he saw who the suckers were. The gang seemed to realize it too. A gust of laughter burst eloquently from them all.

The big guy had risen.

"Well, friends—well, gentlemen, I won't keep you any longer. You'll have a little private business you'll want to 'tend to—eh? With the P. & M. in our pockets—out o' the way, y' know—I shouldn't wonder if there'd be something doin' in Back Bay common. What? And, that being the case"—he laughed heartily—"I guess we'll all want to get aboard before the public gets wise to it too! Eh, my friends?"

There was an abrupt scraping of chairs. The gang got up hurriedly. Few delayed. Some had reached the door even before the big guy had finished speaking. You would almost have thought that some one had hollared Fire! And in the closet, his mouth agape, his eyes bulging in wonder, Zinsky sat breathless.

His mind, stirred by all he had seen and heard, had all at once been illuminated by a blinding flash of light. It was not only that the Back Bay gang was trimming the P. & M.'s. It was not, either, that the two were trimming some one else. The whole outfit, the whole kit and caboodle, was trimming every one in sight! Yes! Only that was not the point, it happened. A gang, if it got the chance, had a right to trim anyone it could. Was not that what the boobs—the public—were for? Sure! But then this gang beat any gang Zinsky had ever heard about. It wasn't only trimming every one in sight; why—why——

"S-a-y!" said Zinsky—"S-a-y!"

He had it now. The gang, the whole bunch, were so crooked that they were even trying to trim one another!

Noon had struck. The meeting had adjourned. The N. Y., B. B. & E.'s directors, having finished all their business in behalf of the railroad's interests, had departed, leaving only the president and Mr. Plum. These two, with their heads close together, were still conversing when Jarvis appeared in the doorway. In his hand was a small wooden tray, and on the tray was a gold piece.

"Well, well! What is it, Jarvis?" Mr. Carver grunted thickly.

"Your fee, sir," said Jarvis—"the fee for the directors' meeting."

The president signed for him to put it on the table. Then, when Jarvis had done so, afterward departing, President Carver again turned to his fellow director.

"Don't be an ass, Plum—ridiculous! Even if they do tumble, what's the difference? We'll have our profits then! Why, we can give them all the laugh!"

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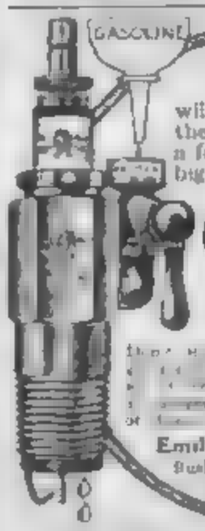

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"Yes," said Mr. Plum; "but, as you so—er—delicately put it, can we give the—er—Government the laugh?"

The president started. Almost instantly, though, he recovered his aplomb.

"Bosh!" he laughed. "Buncombe, Plum!"

Mr. Plum did not seem so sure, however. His head wagging slowly on his shoulders, he got up and drifted toward the door.

"I don't like it! I don't like it!" he repeated; and he was still saying that as he reached the door and passed out of view.

The president gazed after him with a lurking smile, a grin.

"Th' dub!" he grunted. "Th' big boob!"

Just then the door of the closet behind him burst open with a crash; and the president leaped back, startled.

"Huh?" he ejaculated.

A man in a shapeless black serge suit stood there—a fellow whose hat, a battered derby, sagged down to his ears like a candle snuffer. Mr. Carver, however, gave little heed to his visitor's attire. The man, his head rocking slowly to and fro, was gazing at him with a grin of contemptuous derision and disgust.

"Who are you?" gasped the president.

"Never you mind who I am!" the man retorted. "I'm onto you, all right! Why, you big *ganef*, if I was you I'd be scared if I was left alone! Sure; I'd be afraid I'd try to do myself! Yes, I would! You ain't safe in your own presence. 'S right! I heard you—yes, I did! I was in there all the time; and you wasn't only laying to trim every one in sight, you was trying to trim your own pals too! . . . You big crook! You big *ganef!* Why, you'd pick your own pockets if you could!"

A tide of color had crept up into the president's face, and now he had grown scarlet.

"Sir!" he thundered.

The man laughed. Then with a swift leap he darted toward the table. The ten-dollar gold piece lay there, and with a cry of triumph he snatched it up.

"Well, y' don't trim me!" he cried. "I've got mine anyhow!"

A leap carried him to the door. There he turned.

"Say," he said—and the president gazed at him, thunderstruck—"Say, I never double-crossed a pal in my time! Naw!—and I never squealed on one, what's more! Just the same, bo, d'you know what I'm going to do to you?"

Sliding out into the hall, Zinsky shot a glance round him. The way was clear; and, turning, he bared his teeth at the astounded Mr. Carver.

"I'll tell you, bo—I'm going to blab on you to Horgan!"

Then, banging the door behind him, Zinsky scuttled down the stairs.

A long moment passed ere the Honorable James P. Carver, president of the N. Y., B. B. & E. woke from his stupor of astonishment. Horgan? Horgan? He had never heard of the man; and, grunting, he had turned away—when with a start, a wheeze, his face blanched suddenly to his eyes.

"S-a-y!" said the president—and his voice broke thickly as he said it—"S-a-y!"

What if Horgan was one of the Back Bay's stockholders!

A Finished Address

WILTON LACKAYE, under protest, attended a gathering of Boston highbrows to make a short and informal talk on the subject of the drama. It had been promised that he should be introduced early, in order that he might complete his remarks and hurry back to a party where he was expected; but the chairman wasted so much time in vain oratory and delivered such long discourses between speeches that it was nearly midnight before he turned to where the fidgety and despairing Lackaye sat.

"And now," he said, "we are to have the real treat, the real purpose of this assemblage. Mr. Wilton Lackaye, the distinguished American actor, will give us his address."

Lackaye reached for his hat, measured the distance between himself and the door, and got on his feet preparatory to a flying start.

"My address," he said as he began moving, "is the Lambs Club, West Forty-fourth Street, New York."

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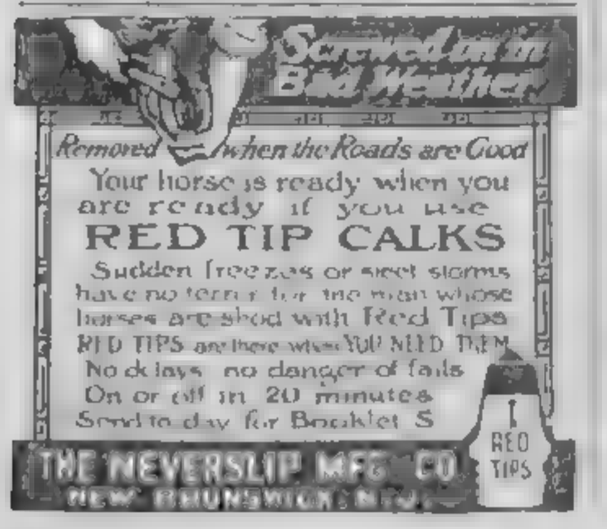
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THE PHŒNIX

(Continued from Page 16)

I found out. I did it through my wife. She worked on it from 1900 to 1905 A. D. And at last we found out. It was because he looked like a fighter!

Somehow that haunted Grace, she said. She had learned that many men were not known at all—until after marriage. Far be it from her to be suspicious of a man so good; but somehow the town—bless my soul, the city!—of Bodbank looked on Matt as a man capable of physical prowess, violence, rough actions. Where there was smoke —— She was fond of him. And yet —— Besides, now it was rather too late. That day had gone!

Poor Matt! If it had not been for George Modus Colgate I suppose he would have been holding to this day his false, vain hope—and the hose. And I suppose he would have gone on just looking like a fighter.

The name of Colgate sounds like a parson's name to me. The name of Tinkham makes me think of a dentist. Carrington sounds like a doctor, Barrows like a lawyer, and Colgate like a minister; but George M. was no minister.

If you took the word of that man Colgate who blew into Bodbank from Terre Haute, Indiana, you would have to believe that most of his two hundred and twenty pounds was in his head; if you used your own observation and experience you would conclude that it was all distributed in other places, and none left for any place above his biplane ears.

Chapman, the chief of police, said Colgate was a bad man, and is my authority for the statement that he had been a private detective, hired by a street-car company in the Hoosier State to slug promoters of labor unionism. By and by he had threatened to tell the Public Service Commission what he knew, and so the corporation sent him over to Bodbank to live with his wife and two children who promised to be just as bony and big and coarse and red-haired and freckled as he.

One of those Frazer houses on Frazer Street was hired for him, and it backed up to Grace Le Croix's property, on the other side of a high board fence. And, gentlemen, thus it is that Destiny works, her wonders to perform.

Two years ago, come this January second week, Matthew Fales was in his music store, wondering what to do with a stuck of unsold sheet music, like After the Ball, Sweet Marie, The Sidewalks of New York, and Comrades. And he had just concluded to give away an assortment with every Hansen Upright sold, when in came Colgate, leaving the door open so that a draft of winter blew Now the Sunshine Lingers There down the wide aisle between the phonographs and the pianos.

"Do you sell them disk records?" he roared.

"I do," said Matthew. "Do you want to hear some?"

"That's what I'm here for. Let's hear 'The Lost Chord,'" said George M., resting his derby on the back of his red head.

The Lost Chord did not make any apparent impression on Colgate. While it was rolling off he unbuttoned his overcoat, which was too small for him, and found a quill toothpick in his vest pocket, which he examined and threw on the floor.

"This is a punko town," he said to Fales, looking at him, with his pink, bushy lashes close together. "Punko! Punko! Punko! Play the Meandering Rag."

So Matt took the record from the rack and played it.

"Nice lively one, isn't it?" he said with his sales air.

"I've heard better," the stranger said in gloom.

"What name?" asked Matt, for Bodbank is now so big that unfamiliar faces can be seen every day, and sometimes in the churches.

The other man sneered.

"Aw, play Get Out and Get Under," he said.

So Matt played Get Out and Get Under; and all the time it was playing the professional slugger stared at the proprietor of the store with an expression of curiosity and contempt. When the needle began to clack and the tune was over, Colgate yawned and looked round the store.

"Say, this is dead!" he complained, making a sweep with one of his red paws. "They wouldn't stand for no shop like this in Indianapolis. There ain't but two railroads enterin' this town, and anybody'd know it."

"Boost for Bodbank!" said Fales, remembering the slogan of the Chamber of Commerce.

"Me!" yelled the stranger. "Me! Nix on the boost. Why, they don't know enough in this town to run for Congress! Where do you think you get off with this one-horse music store, for instance?"

So then he went out; but the next afternoon, and the next and the next, he came back. He heard thirty-five tunes, shelled peanuts on the floor, and used the telephone four times. At last Fales plucked up courage to ask him what kind of a talking machine he owned at home.

"What do you think I come in to listen for if I had one of these machines at home?" Colgate asked. "You must think my mind is skidding. Why, the only talking machine I've got at home is my wife!"

I think Matt was hurt. He said:

"Then the concerts are over."

"They are, eh?" bellowed George M. "Over, eh? No more Oh, Paradise! for me, eh? Then let me tell you this: You may have this river town bluffed, but you haven't got me bluffed. I've got your name and number. They told me you was a fighter and I came in to give you the once over. I frisked you and there wasn't anythin' there. You're a dummy! If I stood all right in this town I'd beat you up. I certainly don't like your face."

Saying which, George Colgate buttoned up his overcoat, did up the clasps on his big overshoes, and went out into the snow.

It was a sad moment for Matt. All his life he had looked like a fighter. Everybody had told him he was a fighter, but he had never had a fight; he had no inclination to fight. And yet, as he himself has said, he stood there, with an empty feeling in his stomach—remember, a man past forty years, who had never indulged in a violent deed and hardly a cross word; who was interested only in pianos, disk records, botany, and the hose and coal scuttle at Grace Le Croix's.

And he could not tell what caused that empty feeling. He went to the back of the store and looked into the mirror in the washroom. He thought of what people said about him and he looked at himself; and he came to what I suppose was an unfounded conclusion.

I testify with accuracy when I say that three weeks afterward, when he met me walking on Saturday afternoon up the hill, he spoke to me about an extension of credit, and we went along together very slowly. I say we walked slowly, because I was in knots with the rheumatism and a long step would have broken my leg just as surely as a sudden turn would have broken my neck. In those days I was half a man and half a limestone.

When we came to Grace's house she was at the window, between the geraniums and the ivy, like a mother waiting for her boy to come home from school, and Matt saw her, and he caught his breath the way the one-woman kind of man does.

"You'd better rest here a minute, Mr. Shook," he said; "and that will give me a chance to go in and bring up some coal for Grace."

He went, without any answer from me, and a couple of minutes later he came up out of the cellar bulkhead with two full hods. She met him at the back door, just as she had met him for years; and when he had put the coal inside the door he slapped his cold hands together to knock off the dust, just as he had done on winter days almost as long as I could remember. She stood on the top step of the back porch and he looked up at her, for her cheeks were red, just as they had been when she was a girl.

I glanced at them, and it was a pretty picture in spite of their ages. I looked down the hill, and could see the ice cutters working like black dots moving on the white ice of the river; and, so far as I knew—provided we could get relief from the Interstate Commerce Commission in the commodity freight-rate case—peace was everywhere.

Now Grace owned a cat. The cat's name was Solomon. This, I thought, was not on account of his wisdom, but because of another similarity he bore to the Biblical

character. He had a thousand wives and had dodged a boot for every one. He was a Maltese cat, and handsome and noisy and fickle in courtship. And at that moment Solomon came over the high board fence without touching it, fell in the snow, and I believe his lives went out in quick succession, including the ninth and last.

He came over the fence propelled by the kick of a brutal toe. This was plainly so, because language to that effect followed him over the fence; and I knew that George M. Colgate was on the other side.

It was pathetic to see Grace Le Croix pick up that dying cat in her arms. The loss of her pet, I fully believe, was forgotten; the tears that started in her eyes were not for herself, but for the dumb and suffering back-broken animal, and because of her indignation roused by the brutality She fixed her eyes on the two human paws, covered with red hair, which had seized the top of the fence; and as Colgate's face appeared she looked at him squarely.

"If I were a man ——" she said, catching her breath. Colgate grinned and disappeared; so she turned to poor Matt and she said: "Do it for me!"

"Do what?" he stammered.

"Go over that fence and thrash that creature."

"No, Grace," he said, turning white. "We must not have violence. Better telephone the police."

"The police?" she said to him. "The police! That is not what I want. Somebody must thrash that man. Go over the fence and give him a thrashing, Matthew Fales!"

"He is a much larger man," he complained.

"Go over that fence and thrash that creature!"

"I should be arrested."

"You are a fighter. Go over that fence and thrash that creature!"

"You say you want me to fight?"

"Go over that fence and thrash that creature!"

And Matt went over the fence.

I was too far away to stop the rash act, but I hobbled up as quickly as I could through the snow. The boards were so high we could not see over them. Grace stood very straight, with her hands clenched at her sides and the old red glow on her cheeks. In spite of her gray hairs she looked very young.

I feared the worst. I entertained apprehension as I heard exclamations, profanity, grunts and roars from Colgate's rough throat, but not a sound from poor Fales. He was an unskilled knight in his maiden conflict. What would it avail him to look like a fighter? I thought that it was fortunate that Doctor Reeve lived near at hand.

"You'd better go into the house," I said to Grace; but she did not stir.

I heard something thump against the fence; I thought of Matt. I heard blows landing hard; I thought of Matt. I heard a ripping of clothing, and I thought of Matt. At last the noise ceased and Matt climbed back painfully over the fence. A look of regret and grief was on his face. His collar was torn. Snow was up his sleeves. His derby hat was crumpled in. Dusk was gathering about one of his eyes. He fell rather than climbed down into the snowdrift and limped toward us, panting.

"Fales," said I, "you have no one to blame but yourself. It was you who walked into the disaster with open eyes."

He was so out of breath he could hardly speak, but he pointed back with a red finger to the yard from which he had come and said: "Listen!"

It was a woman's strident voice that came from beyond the fence.

"Freddy!" she screamed. "Freddy!"

"Ma'am?" said the boy's voice from a window.

"Come here!"

"What fer?"

"Quick as you can! I want you to take his feet while I take his head. Somebody has licked Popper!"

That was nearly two years ago, gentlemen.

It was this last October that Fales called me into the old Le Croix house. They had made some additions to it after tango music had speeded the sales of disk records in Bodbank and its environs. Carpenters' shavings as well as autumn leaves were on the lawn. Fales called me in to show me young Fales.

Grace had him in her arms, with that look a young mother has—a look which is not duplicated or equaled in beauty, gentlemen, by anything else on God's green earth. She had him rolled up in some of that stuff which is covered with silky fuzz—a kind of soufflé material that is as appurtenant to babies as ice-cream shades of pink; and she unfolded him as though he was an example of the glassblower's art.

Believe every word I say when I tell you he looked like Emma Bradley's own. He had a battling eye; his little neck gave promise of being viciously thick. Whatever the nature of his soul, the appearance of its temple was that of a plug-ugly.

As I was observing this Grace looked up from her pride to me and said: "Isn't his expression the exact image of his father?"

"Exact!" I said.

"And hasn't he the sweetest, tenderest expression you ever, ever saw?"

Well, of course a man has to make allowances.

Fales walked downtown with me that morning and I asked him the question which had been on my mind.

"Matt," said I, "as Nature made you, you are the retiring type. The motto should take the place of the crossed swords over your fireplace. You are fond of the wild flowers and the evening round the parlor lamp. Grace tells me she got her first insight into your real tenderness of character when she saw you sit down in her front room and weep because you had knocked a man senseless.

"You wouldn't stop, though she came down from the high perch of intellect and dignity to say to you: 'But Matt, dear, you knocked the stuffin' out of him!' You are the kind of man who turneth away wrath with a soft answer; and you would, by the dictates of your nature, turn your other cheek to the certain disadvantage that always awaits it.

"Tell me, Matt," said I, "whatever in the world put it into you to beat that man?"

"Well, it was this," he said: "Everybody thought I was a fighter; and at last ——"

"At last—what?"

"At last I thought so."

And in this answer you will find the secret of many of the world's great triumphs, the solution of historical and immortal personalities, and the justification of George Henry Gunn when, to the suggestion that Jamieson thought he was a real-estate manipulator, he said:

"It is just like a man thinking he is in love."

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of Bodbank Stories by Mr. Child. The next will appear in an early number.

A Correction

November 23, 1914.

EDITOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

IN AN article appearing in your issue of November twenty-first, by Doctor Dernburg, entitled Germany and England—The Real Issue, the following remark appears: *"and the big liners of the Cunard Line can live only by subsidies."*

We have no intention and do not feel called upon to enter into any controversy with Doctor Dernburg as to the merits of his article generally, but as regards his remarks relating to this company we must stigmatize his statement as an absolute untruth. Before making such sweeping remarks Doctor Dernburg should have taken the trouble to obtain and read this company's balance sheets. Furthermore, he might have acquainted himself with the exact terms of the Cunard Company's arrangements with the British Government, when he would have found that the Cunard Company depends for its dividends only upon its ordinary trading sources, and apart from receiving a lump-sum payment for carrying mails and parcel post—an amount much less than we would receive under the International Postal Tariff—is not receiving any government allowance, and certainly no subsidies in the sense in which some German companies have received such government payments for years past. We also take direct exception to Doctor Dernburg's additional point that "German ships exceed in comfort anything launched from British shipyards," an exception which we feel sure the traveling public will sustain.

Yours truly,

THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.
Per Chas. P. Sumner.

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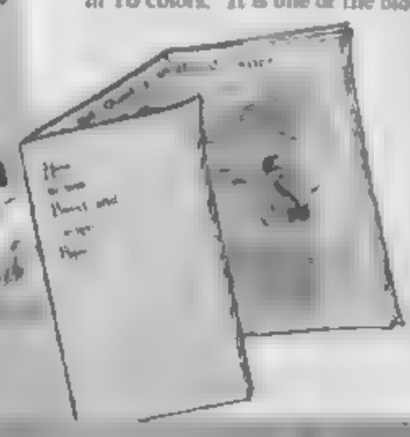

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JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY says that "Every boy is potentially worth more than a million dollars to the nation." In writing of the boys who sell *The Saturday Evening Post* he says:

> *"I am just delighted with what you are doing and the way you are doing it. The boy who is busy with good work like this is not the kind to get into trouble. This kind of a boy is bound to win, not only in making a creditable record in selling* THE POST *but also through selling* THE POST; *to lay the foundation of a successful career and a useful citizenship."*

Perhaps no man in America knows boys better than does Judge Lindsey. He knows what appeals to them and what makes good men of them.

If you have a boy who wants to earn his own spending money, *The Saturday Evening Post* will help him do it. By delivering the weekly to friends and neighbors outside of school hours your boy can earn a lot of money without associating with undesirable companions, and can get a training that will be of inestimable value in later life. It will help to make him one of the million-dollar boys of whom Judge Lindsey writes.

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Box 712, Sales Division

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

RUGGLES OF RED GAP

(Continued from Page 19)

fire over which a cooking pot hung. The two lads of ten years or so rushed from the tent to regard me, both attired in shirts and leggings of deerskin profusely fringed after the manner in which the red Indians decorate their outing or lounge suits. They were armed with sheath knives and revolvers and the taller bore a rifle.

"Howdy, stranger!" exclaimed the one, and the other repeated the simple American phrase of greeting. Responding in kind I was bade to seat myself on a fallen log, which I did. For some moments they appeared to ignore me, excitedly discussing an adventure of the night before and addressing each other as Dead Shot and Hawk Eye. From their quaint backwoods speech I gathered that Dead Shot, the taller lad, had the day before been captured by a band of hostile redskins who would have burned him at the stake but for the happy chance that the chieftain's daughter had become enamored of him and cut his bonds.

They now planned to return to the encampment at nightfall to fetch away the daughter, whose name was White Fawn, and cleaned and oiled their weapons for the enterprise. Dead Shot was vindictive in the extreme, swearing to engage the chieftain in mortal combat and to cut his heart out, the same chieftain in former years having led his savage band against the forest home of Dead Shot, while he was yet too young to defend it, and scalped his parents.

"I was a mere stripling then, but now the coward will feel my steel," he coldly declared.

It had become absurdly evident as I listened that the whole thing was but spoofing of a silly sort that lads of this age will indulge in, for I had seen the younger one take his seat at the luncheon table. But now they spoke of a raid on the settlement to procure grub, as the American slang for food has it. Bidding me stop on there and to utter the cry of the great horned owl if danger threatened, they stealthily crept toward the buildings of the camp. Presently came a scream, followed by a hoarse shout of rage. A second later the two dashed by me into the dense woods, Hawk Eye bearing a plucked fowl. Soon Mr. Waterman panted up the path brandishing a barge pole and demanding to know the whereabouts of the marauders. As he had apparently for the moment reverted to his primal African savagery I deliberately misled him by indicating a false direction, upon which he went off muttering the most frightful threats.

The two culprits returning put their fowl in the pot to boil and swore me eternal fidelity for having saved them. They declared I should thereafter be known as Keen Knife, and that, needing a service, I might call upon them freely.

"Dead Shot never forgets a friend," affirmed the taller lad, whereupon I formally shook hands with the pair and left them to their childish devices.

They were plotting as I left to capture "that nigger" as they called him and put him to death by slow torture. But I was now shrewd enough to suspect that I might still be far from the Western frontier of America. The evidence had been cumulative, but was no longer questionable. I mean to say one might do here somewhat after the way of our own people at a country house in the shires. I resolved at the first opportunity to have a look at a good map of our late colonies.

Late in the afternoon our party gathered upon the small dock and I understood that our host now returned from his trouting. Along the shore of the lake he came, propelled in a native canoe by a hairy backwoods person quite wretchedly gotten up, even for a wilderness. Our host himself, I was quick to observe, was vogue to the last detail, with a sense of dress and equipment that can never be acquired, having to be born in one. As he stepped from his frail craft I saw that he was rather slight of stature, dark, with slender mustaches, a fairly sensitive nose and eyes of an almost austere repose. That he had much of the real manner was at once apparent. He greeted the Flouds and his own family with just that faint touch of easy superiority which would stamp him to the trained eye as one that really mattered. Mrs. Effie beckoned me to the group.

"Let Ruggles take your things—Cousin Egbert's man," she was saying. After a startled glance at Cousin Egbert our host turned to regard me with flattering interest for a moment, then transferred to me his oddments of fishing machinery—his rod, his creel, his luncheon hamper, landing net, small scales, ointment for warding off midges, a jar of cold cream, a case containing smoked glasses, a rolled map, a camera, a book of flies. As I was stowing these he explained that his sport had been wretched: no fish had been hooked because his guide had not known where to find them. I here glanced at the backwoods person referred to and at once did not like the look in his eyes. He winked swiftly at Cousin Egbert, who coughed rather formally.

"Let Ruggles help you to change," continued Mrs. Effie. "He's awfully handy. Poor Cousin Egbert is perfectly helpless now without him."

So I followed our host to his own detached hut, though feeling a bit queer at being passed about in this manner. I mean to say as if I were a basket of fruit. Yet I found it a grateful change to be serving one who knew our respective places and what I should do for him. His manner of speech, also, was less barbarous than that of the others, suggesting that he might have lived among our own people a fortnight or so and have tried earnestly to correct his deficiencies; in fact, he remarked to me after a bit: "I fancy I talk rather like one of yourselves, what?" And he was as pleased as Punch when I assured him that I had observed this. He questioned me at length regarding my association with the Honorable George and the houses at which we would have stayed, being immensely particular about names and titles.

"You'll find us vastly different here," he said with a sigh as I held his coat for him. "Crude, I may say. In truth Red Gap, where my interests largely confine me, is a town of impossible persons. You'll see in no time what I mean."

"I can already imagine it, sir," I said.

"It's not for want of example," he added. "Scores of times I show them better ways, but they're eaten up with commercialism—money-grubbing."

I perceived him to be a person of profound and interesting views; and it was with regret I left him, to bully Cousin Egbert into evening dress. It is undoubtedly true that he will never wear this except it have the look of having been forced upon him by several persons of superior physical strength.

The evening passed in a refined manner with cards and music, the latter being emitted from a phonograph, which I was asked to attend to and upon which I reproduced many of their quaint North American folk songs, such as Everybody is Doing It, which has a rare native rhythm. At ten o'clock—it being noticed by the three playing dummy bridge that Cousin Egbert and the Mixer were absent—I accompanied our host in search of them. In Cousin Egbert's hut we found them, seated at a bare table playing at cards—a game called seven-upwards, I learned. Cousin Egbert had removed his coat, collar and cravat and his sleeves were rolled to his elbows like a navvy's. Both smoked the brown paper cigarettes.

"You see?" murmured Mr. Belknap-Jackson as we looked in upon them.

"Quite so, sir," I said discreetly.

The Mixer regarded her son-in-law with some annoyance I thought. "Run off to bed, Jackson," she directed. "We're busy. I'm putting a nick in Sour-Dough's bank roll."

Our host turned away with a contemptuous shrug that I dare say might have offended her had she observed it, but she was now speaking to Cousin Egbert, who had stared at us brazenly.

"Ring that bell for the coon, Sour-Dough. Let's have a little Scotch."

It queerly occurred to me that she made this evil suggestion merely in a spirit of bravado, to annoy Mr. Belknap-Jackson.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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A tooth paste different from others—a most delicious and refreshing antiseptic dentifrice, possessing remarkable cleansing and whitening qualities. Arrests decay and leaves the mouth in a healthy, hygienic condition.

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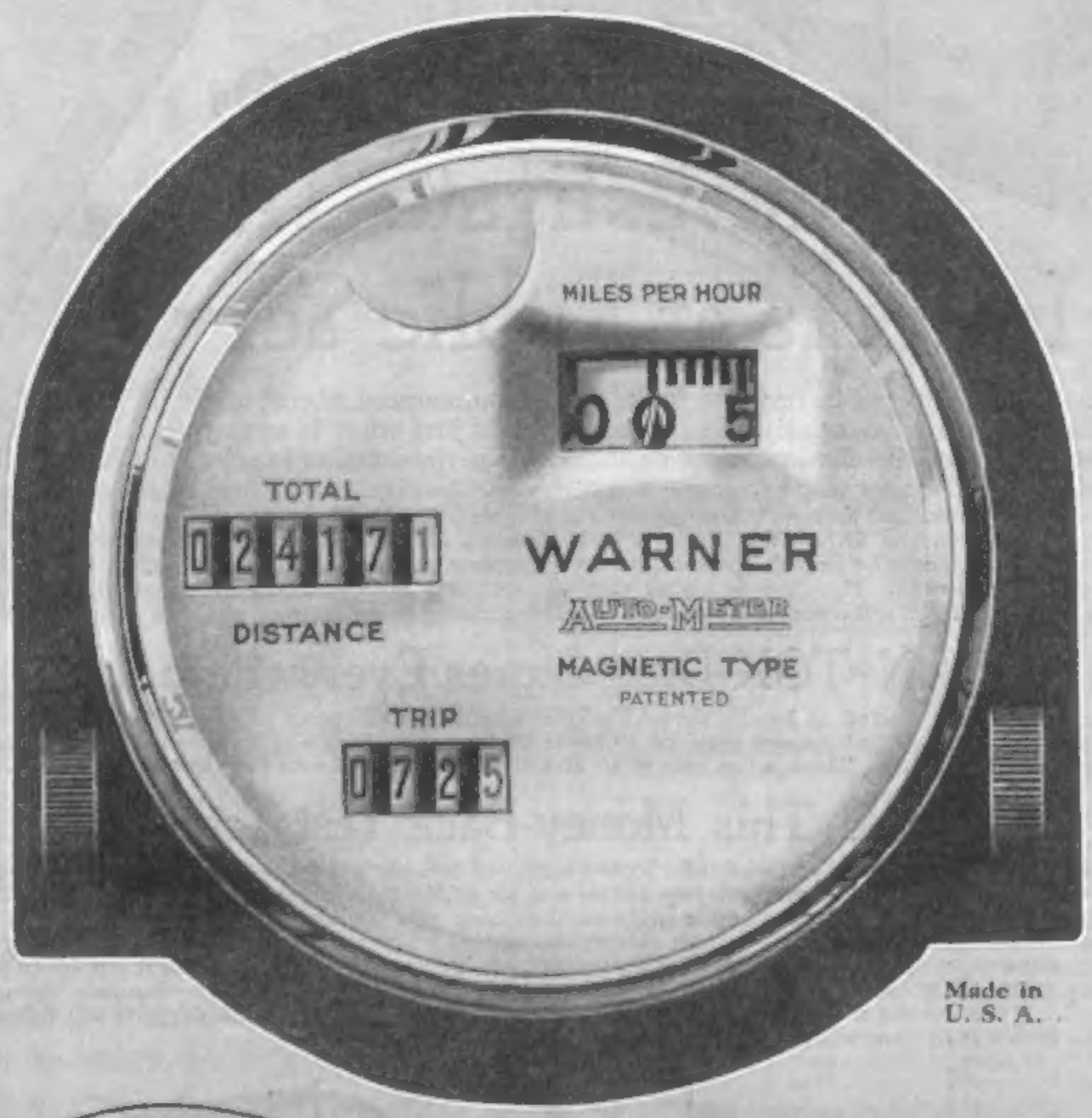

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